

Sight & Sound

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM MAGAZINE



February I I

Volume 21 Issue 2 £3.99



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DARREN ARONOFSKY
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NATALIE PORTMAN

Plus

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Danny Boyle pins
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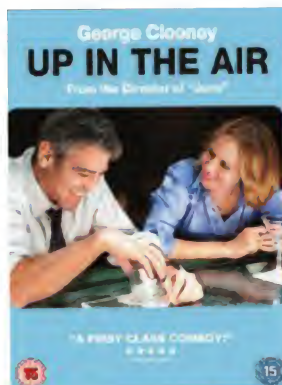
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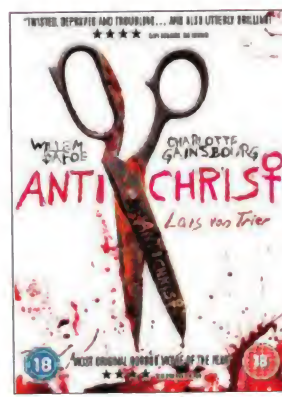
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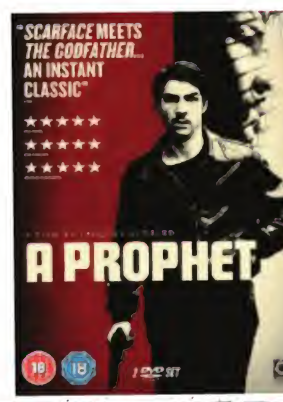
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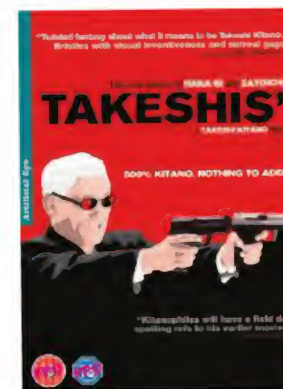
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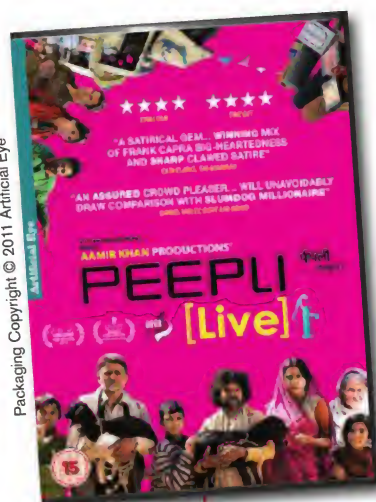
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COVER

Natalie Portman in 'Black Swan'

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NO COUNTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS

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Welcome. What does it take for a filmmaker to get a great performance out of an actor – or, more to the point, an actress? Natalie Portman (far left) was apparently pushed to the limit by her director Darren Aronofsky on *Black Swan* (p.32). The great Howard Hawks (p.24), meanwhile, preferred to construct his heroines in the glamorous image of his wife Slim – though Hawks was pretty good with the guys too, as Michael Mann attests in his analysis of a scene from *Scarface* (p.28). Staying in the man's man's world, the Coen brothers reimagine the western with *True Grit* (left, and p.16), Danny Boyle tests our endurance with *127 Hours* (p.20) and Peter Mullan – once a bit player for Boyle – revisits the Glasgow gang culture that formed him in his visceral feature *Neds* (p.38). After so much testosterone, what better than a spot of old-fashioned Disney (p.30) to soothe the nerves? **Nick James**

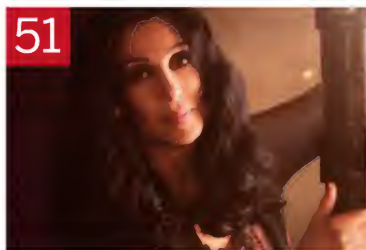
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NICK JAMES

MAKING THE CALL



The February issue is usually the occasion for this column to preview *Sight & Sound's* plans for the coming 12 months. This year, however, spectacular change has already come. Since we last went to press, the BFI has been given

the responsibility to look after the lottery funding of UK cinema, and to be the main strategic body for the UK film industry.

At the same time, in keeping with government cuts across the arts, the non-filmmaking part of the BFI must plan for a 15 per cent reduction in its existing grant-in-aid. These contradictory events have set in train a restructuring and refocusing of the BFI's role that will take time to shake down into a shape on which we can comment.

These changes do not (so far) alter this magazine's immediate plans, but they do make it hard to speculate about what might happen in British cinema. As soon as we can, however, we'll dedicate an issue to the new British cinema landscape.

In the meantime, new films that we're looking forward to covering include Terrence Malick's *The Tree of Life*, Martin Scorsese's *Hugo Cabret*, Terence Davies's *The Deep Blue Sea*, Paolo Sorrentino's *This Must Be the Place*, Gus Van Sant's *Restless*, Walter Salles's *On the Road*, Bong Joon-ho's *Snowpiercer*, Werner Herzog's *Cave of Forgotten Dreams*, Lynne Ramsay's *We Need to Talk About Kevin*, Lou Ye's *Love and Bruises*, Steven Spielberg's *War Horse*, David Cronenberg's *A Dangerous Method*, Mia Hansen-Love's *Un amour de jeunesse* and Pawel Pawlikowski's *The Woman in the Fifth*.

A special issue will look to 'The Future of Cinema', asking writers to consider the consequences of continuing technological advances, changes in audience reception and shifts in the market-place. Also planned is an issue dedicated to critically overlooked mainstream cinema. We'll be advocating films to challenge *Citizen Kane* for the title of 'the world's greatest film'. Long-term readers will remember a series called 'The Actors' that it feels timely to resurrect. In support of the BFI's cultural plans, you can expect in-depth articles on François Truffaut, Carl Theodor Dreyer, Nicolas Roeg, Ken Loach, Maya Deren, Bernardo Bertolucci, Soviet sci-fi, Vincente Minnelli and the Russian classics. It all looks very enticing to us – and we hope it will to you.

Talking of classics, the process by which a film can be determined a 'classic' has been the subject of a debate in the letters page. I'm not taking sides here, but one loose rule applied to the BFI Film Classics book series is that a film should be at least ten years old. But though no one can definitively answer Henry K. Miller's question in his letter to *S&S* this month – "How many times do we need to see [the film] before we make the call?" – it is usual to trust in long-term memory as an arbiter.

Such matters have been the seed of bitter literary dispute at least since F.R. Leavis's *The Great Tradition*, so it makes sense to consult a literary opinion. Italo Calvino's introduction to his book *Why Read the Classics?* posits a succession of definitions of the classic, but – finding each one wanting – then refines another to move on to. What follows is drawn from these definitions, but condensed and adapted to film.

Classics exercise a particular influence, both when they first imprint themselves on our imagination, and when they hide in the layers

The process by which a film can be determined a 'classic' has been the subject of a debate in the letters page

of memory. Each re-viewing offers as much of a sense of discovery as the first. Yet even when we see the film for the first time, it gives us a sense of seeing something we've seen before. The films never exhaust all they have to say. They come to us bearing the aura of previous interpretations, and trailing behind them the traces they have left in the cultures through which they have passed. A classic constantly generates a cloud of critical discourse around it, and yet always shakes the particles off. The more we think we know such films through hearsay, the more original, unexpected and innovative we find them when we actually see them. A classic is any film that comes to represent a whole universe; a film on a par with ancient talismans, to which one cannot remain indifferent, and which helps one define oneself in relation – or even in opposition – to it.

That's a tall cocktail, laced with impalpables, and it doesn't solve the 'how long is longevity' problem. But there's enough in there to provoke a deal of future discussion in the months ahead as we get nearer to our 2012 poll. It'll be interesting, too, to see which films of the coming year might measure up.



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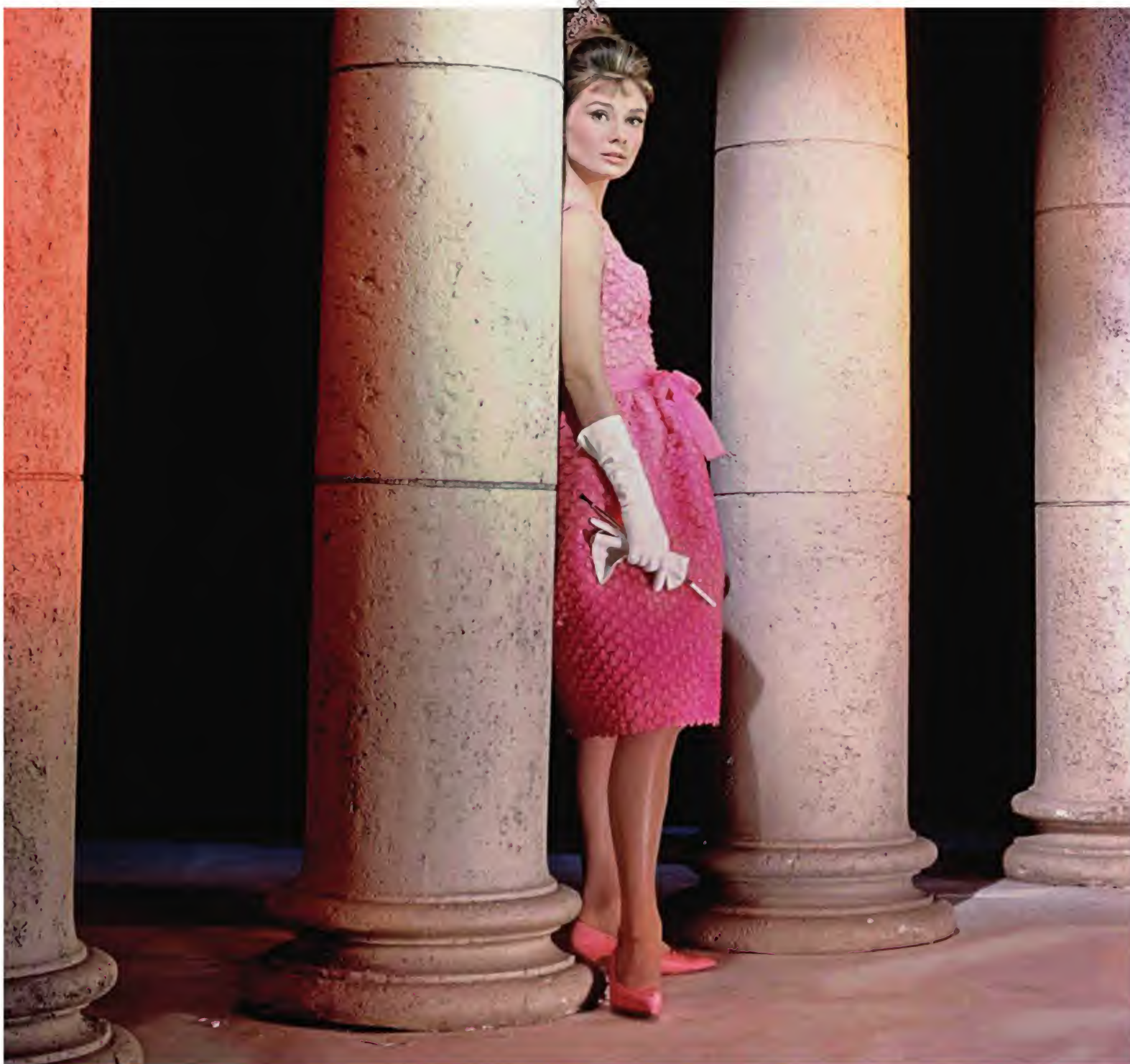
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THE BIGGER PICTURE



Going lightly

Audrey Hepburn's position as a style icon for the ages has often led people to forget just what a luminous, sparkly actress she could be – never more so than as Holly Golightly in 1961's 'Breakfast at Tiffany's' (pictured above). The film – which screens alongside such other classics as 'Sabrina' and 'Roman Holiday' as part of a Hepburn retrospective at BFI Southbank in January, and is also rereleased nationwide –

was directed by Blake Edwards (right), who sadly passed away aged 88 just as this month's issue of S&S was going to press. The story of 'Breakfast at Tiffany's' was of course Truman Capote's, but the film's light-footed wit and charm bore the unmistakable touch of its director – Edwards would bring the same qualities to such comic classics as 'The Party' and the 'Pink Panther' series.



Spirit level

With *'The Portuguese Nun'*, the work of filmmaker and poet *Eugène Green* finally arrives on UK screens. He talks to **Mar Diestro-Dópido**

Eugène Green is one of those unusual filmmakers who do not confine themselves solely to film: he's also written novels, poetry, essays about cinema and photography, and directed Baroque theatre and opera. This versatility feeds into the unique worldview and approach of his films, giving them a multi-layered richness that is rare in contemporary cinema. With the release of his most recent film *The Portuguese Nun* – the first of his films to be distributed in this country – UK audiences beyond the festival circuit will at last get a chance to judge his reputation for themselves.

Born in 1947, Green decided to become a filmmaker while watching Antonioni's *Red Desert* at the age of 16. Later, he considered trying to get into the national film school in Paris, but as he says, "I would have been very unhappy if I had got in, because in the 1970s the school was very political: you had to be a Maoist or a Trotskyite, and they only made revolutionary films." In fact it wasn't until Green was 50 that he directed his first film, having until then run his own theatre company, Théâtre de la Sapience. In 2001, Green's screenplay *Toutes les nuits*, a tale of love and friendship loosely based on an early work by Flaubert, won him the financial aid of the *avance sur recettes*, which enabled him to direct the film despite having no experience or training. It was a big critical success in France.

Two more features followed in quick succession: *Le Monde vivant* (2003), a medieval fairytale complete with an ogre and the unforgettably named Lacanian Witch, and *Le Pont des Arts* (2004), a moving portrayal of platonic love. *The Portuguese Nun*, his most fully achieved work to date, develops his preoccupations still further. Present in all of Green's films is a search for the spiritual in the ordinary, accessed partly via the unique sense of human intimacy he creates. Green's very precise understanding of the differences between theatre and cinema sheds light on this search. "Theatre is based on the assumption of its own falsity," he says, "and through that falsity you can express truth. In cinema, the raw materials are always fragments of reality. Whether you shoot a person, a



'To get out of the postmodern rut, I used references to the past. I decided to go backward in order to go forward'

stone or a tree, it has a real material existence in the world. But cinema also enables you to make the audience aware of hidden spiritual energy in the material things that you shoot."

The Portuguese Nun is based on an anonymous 17th-century book of letters supposedly written by a nun in love with a French officer who abandoned her. In the film a French actress named Julie travels to Lisbon to shoot a film based on those letters, in which she is cast as the desolate nun. Wandering through the city's streets, which seem strangely familiar to her, she hears fado music and meets several intriguing denizens of the city, most pertinently a real nun praying in a chapel overlooking the city. This encounter launches her own spiritual quest.

The obvious assumption to make is that *The Portuguese Nun* is a religious film, but in Green's work spirituality does not equal religion. "You find some of the same things in the films of Apichatpong Weerasethakul," Green says. "But he is Thai, and his religious tradition is Buddhism, so he does through Buddhist metaphors what I do through the Judaeo-Christian

tradition... Actually it's all the same sort of thing. In France anti-religious feeling is so strong there's often a very violent rejection of my films. Yet the same people have no difficulty seeing spirituality expressed in Apichatpong's films because they come from an exotic culture. They have nothing against Buddhist reincarnations, Buddhist ghosts or Buddhist monks."

In the case of *The Portuguese Nun*, what we see are parallel lives and plural identities, with three nuns coexisting in the present. "For me, the past and the future are present in the present," says Green. "So you cannot have a future if you have no present, and you cannot have a present if you have no past..."

"One young critic recently told me I had realised that, in order to get out of the rut of post-20th century, postmodern, post-1968 [existence] – to go forward, to go somewhere else, to be able to do things more freely – I used references to the past. And I think that's true. I decided to go backward in order to go forward."

■ *'The Portuguese Nun'* is released on 21 January, and is our Film of the Month on page 44

● Kathryn Bigelow has lined up Tom Hanks to star in her forthcoming film *'Triple Frontier'* (aka *'Sleeping Dogs'*). Details of the film are still sketchy, but it is reportedly a story about crime in the notorious border region between Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay known as *'la triple frontera'*. The film is due to start shooting in March.

● Aoyama Shinji, the Japanese director of the acclaimed four-hour long *'Eureka'* in 2000, will follow the rather less well-received *'Sad Vacation'* (2007) with an adaptation of *'Tokyo Kouden'*, a novel by Japanese author Shoji Yukiya, about an amateur photographer who is hired to follow the girlfriend of a colleague, and who finds that the job begins to affect his relationships with women.

● Chantal Akerman is currently completing the shooting of an adaptation of Joseph Conrad's *'Almayer's Folly'* in Cambodia. The film is the Belgian director's first narrative feature since 2004's *'Tomorrow We Move'*. Conrad's book follows a young Dutchman who has travelled to unstable Malaysia in search of pirate treasure.

● Leonardo DiCaprio (below) is to star in and produce *'Legacy of Secrecy'*, a film about the assassination of JFK, based on a book of the same name by Lamar Waldron and Thom Hartmann, which argues that Mafia godfather Carlos Marcello ordered the hit. DiCaprio is expected to play FBI informant Jack Van Laningham, who went undercover for years, becoming confidant to Marcello.

● Joe Wright, director of *'Pride and Prejudice'*, *'Atonement'* and the forthcoming child assassin story *'Hanna'*, with Saoirse Ronan, Eric Bana and Cate Blanchett (due out in spring), is reportedly considering directing an adaptation of Tolstoy's *'Anna Karenina'* by Sir Tom Stoppard. The film is being developed by Working Title, who reportedly have Keira Knightley top of their wish list to play Anna.



Stepping up

Mexico's Diego Luna talks to Maria Delgado about his debut as a feature director, 'Abel'

The Oedipal tale of a disturbed nine-year-old boy who takes his absent father's place in the family home, *Abel* marks actor Diego Luna's feature debut. Co-written with screenwriter Augusto Mendoza, it's a take on *Hamlet* that combines clear, unsentimental (and at times very amusing) storytelling with cutting observations on fatherhood and masculinity in Mexican society. **Maria Delgado: Your directorial debut 'Chávez' was a documentary about Mexican boxer Julio César Chávez. Is it very different crafting a feature?** **Diego Luna:** A documentary is an organic way to find your voice as a director. There are no rules. If you realise that you don't have what you need, you can and go back and get it again. Many times you think the documentary is going to be about one thing, and then you realise there's something much more interesting

behind a character or situation. In a fiction film you cannot shoot until you are ready and you know exactly what you want and need.

MD: You've described a first film as necessarily autobiographical.

DL: Every film is very personal, but a first film talks about that step you are making. If you go and see what directors have done as a first film, most of the time it's a coming-of-age film, a road trip, a film about a first kid or a first something.

MD: So where did 'Abel' come from?

DL: It comes from the necessity of talking about who I was as a kid, and the move to becoming a father. It's about the responsibility that means, and the father I want to be. I know this is a cliché, but having a kid redefines the relation you have with your parents – you see them from a different perspective. I wanted to do a film about that. *Abel* is about a kid that comes back home and his father is not there anymore. He needs to become the king and he's not ready.

MD: You have a wonderful central performance from Christopher Ruiz-

Esparza in the title role. Do you think having been a child actor yourself taught you about working with children?

DL: Definitely. I believe there's something a kid can deliver in a film that a professional actor would never be able to do. With young children the line between reality and fiction is not even drawn. It's unbelievable how kids can create images and fantasies. My two-year-old grabs the phone and starts to speak with his grandfather. I go to the phone and no one is there. He needed his grandfather to be there for a little while and he had that conversation, and then he moved on to the next thing. Kids have no problem being watched during this process by others – and that makes them actors.

MD: What has producing work with Canana Films – the company you established with Gael García Bernal and Pablo Cruz – taught you about directing?



DL: Once you have the clarity of what you want to say, why you want to say it and how you want to say it, then it's all about listening. The big difference, I believe, is in those who listen and are willing to be confronted and questioned to get their ideas to a better place.

You need to be humble. The first audience for an actor is a director, and the first audience that a director has is his producer. You shouldn't do films with producers whose point of view you don't trust.

■ 'Abel' is released on 7 January, and is reviewed on page 46

THE NUMBERS

Language lessons

Charles Gant looks back over the fortunes of arthouse cinema in 2010

In its annual round-up a year ago, this column made a rash prediction: that in 2010 Jacques Audiard's *A Prophet* would overcome its disadvantaged status as a violent, two-and-a-half-hour prison drama with an unknown lead actor and give 2009 hit *Coco Before Chanel* a run for its money at the box office. In the event, such a projection proved wildly optimistic. While the Chanel film played to a broad middlebrow audience, grossing £2.62 million, *A Prophet* maxed out at just over half that number, £1.33 million. Since Audiard's previous biggest hit was *The Beat That My Heart Skipped*, with £568,000, *A Prophet* achieved an impressive result – just not as impressive as some would have wished.

2010 proved a solid year for foreign-language films: nine cleared £400,000, against only six in 2009, in no small part thanks to the three hits provided by the adaptations of the Swede Stieg Larsson's *Millennium* trilogy, which grossed a collective

£4.3 million. Despite the challenge of subtitles, distributor Momentum was able to reach a wide audience, at least for the first two instalments. Grosses dipped on *The Girl Who Kicked the Hornets' Nest* – three movies in eight months was perhaps pushing luck too far.

World cinema may be pulling our attention to all corners of the globe, but France's consistent appeal

has seen it maintain its dominant position, with five entries in the 2010 top ten (see chart). *Heartbreaker* is just the kind of glossy romantic fare that has traditionally proved irresistible at the more accessible end of the arthouse market. Its £702,000 gross is a significant advance on the £476,000 achieved by 2008's similar *Priceless*.

Biopic *Gainsbourg* aimed for the same audience that turned

La Vie en rose (£1.63 million) and *Coco Before Chanel* (£2.62 million) into major arthouse hits. But despite a confident presentation by distributor Optimum, Joann Sfar's film lacked equivalent crowd-pleasing elements, and its star Eric Elmosnino was a virtual unknown. Given these factors, the resulting £600,000 was a decent number.

The biggest foreign-language hit of the year in the UK – bigger even than *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* – was *My Name Is Khan*, with box office of £2.55 million. This is the biggest ever Bollywood hit here (overtaking 2001's *Kabhi Khushi Kabhie Gham...*), helped by distributor 20th Century Fox's strategy of targeting younger Asian cinemagoers through trailering with mainstream Hollywood releases.

As for 2011, while there are no sure-fire foreign-language hits arriving imminently, arthouse cinemas are nevertheless set for a busy period. *The King's Speech*, *Black Swan*, *Never Let Me Go*, *127 Hours*, *True Grit*, Clint Eastwood's *Hereafter*, *Neds*, *Rabbit Hole*, *Blue Valentine* and David O. Russell's *The Fighter* all compete for audiences and awards attention in the first seven weeks.

Foreign-language films at UK box office in 2010

Film	Gross
The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo	£2,157,853
The Girl Who Played with Fire	£1,619,734
A Prophet	£1,331,247
I Am Love	£922,322
The Secret in Their Eyes	£776,833
Heartbreaker	£702,347
Gainsbourg	£599,686
The Girl Who Kicked the Hornets' Nest	£555,331*
Micmacs	£496,589
Leaving	£355,733

Grosses to 12 Dec 2010; chart excludes Bollywood films; *still on release

English-language arthouse films at UK box office in 2010

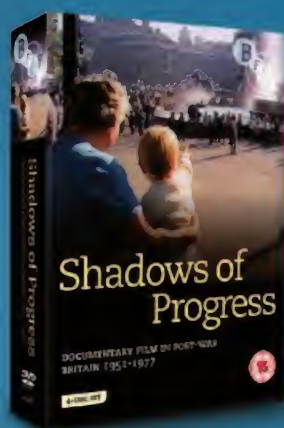
Film	Gross
Shutter Island	£10,749,887
The Social Network	£10,368,951*
Up in the Air	£6,516,292
The Lovely Bones	£6,401,466
Green Zone	£5,763,952
Invictus	£4,842,297
The Ghost	£4,086,362
Made in Dagenham	£3,657,808*
A Single Man	£3,185,724
Four Lions	£2,933,360

*Arthouse' is broadly defined; grosses to 12 Dec 2010; *still on release

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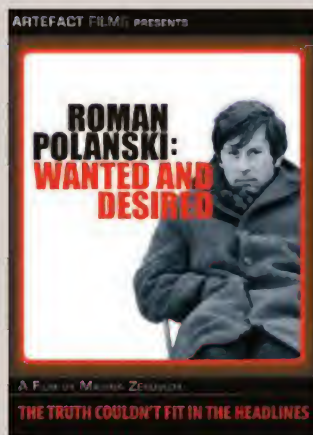
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Martin Tsai, *The Village Voice*

"An agile, dizzyingly thorough tear-wringer that's equal parts memorial, crime drama and legal-reform tract, *Dear Zachary* handily trumps *Capturing the Friedmans* as the most searingly personal doc of the past half decade."

Mark Holcomb, *Time Out-New York*



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Wanted and Desired
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Enter the void

Jim O'Rourke lauds

Alan Arkin's 1971 directorial debut 'Little Murders', a quintessentially New York story of existential angst

The first time I saw Alan Arkin's *Little Murders* (1971) was in my family's basement, the one place I was sure I would be left alone. I knew little to nothing about it, except that the discontinuity of its title and its reputation as a comedy was enticing. About ten or 15 minutes in, Elliott Gould turns to Marcia Rodd and says – with great apprehension, but also the calm that only a universal truth can bring – that he “hates families”. On that day 30 years ago, I knew I'd found the movie for me.

Based on Jules Feiffer's play, *Little Murders* was shepherded into production by star Elliott Gould, with much the same cast as the stage version. The film was the directing debut of actor – and producer, singer, composer, author – Alan Arkin (could I also nominate his second film *Fire Sale* for a future column?). It centres on photographer Alfred Chamberlain (Gould), who has become so uninterested in his life and work that he decides to float through existence, leaving no imprint, never reacting – even to a beating from strangers as the film opens. Instead he just lets life's events pass him by so he can focus all his energies on his consuming passion: taking photos of... well, that would be telling.

Alfred's apathy is in stark contrast to the engaged hyperactivity of his new girlfriend Patsy Newquist (Marcia Rodd). Despite their differences, she introduces him to her family, and they are married by a spaced-out minister played by Donald Sutherland. Their life together, though, is threatened by the fact that their home city of New York has spiralled out of control to become an ultra-violent urban dystopia, where strikes, blackouts and random murders occur daily.

Born on the cusp of the Vietnam War, and with my first memories rooted in the Nixon years, I was vaguely aware of the kind of paranoid culture that seemed to spew forth from entertainment outlets at that time, but became fully acquainted with it in a strange, time-delayed fashion. Before there was cable in Chicago there was 'scramble box' one-channel pay television, and one company in particular showed nothing but the lowest-rental films. Besides *Little Murders*, there was a never-ending cavalcade of American



Still life: Alfred Chamberlain (Elliott Gould) withdraws from the world in 'Little Murders'

negativity in films such as Aram Avakian's *End of the Road* (1969), Stuart Rosenberg's *WUSA* (1970, with Paul Newman), Peter Fonda's *Idaho Transfer* (1973), Robert Downey Sr's *Putney Swope* (1969) and *Greaser's Palace* (1972), among countless others. Downey Sr's films exerted a tremendous influence on me that lasts to this day, but there was always something about *Little Murders* that turned me into a bit of a proselytiser, insisting to friends that it was something they just had to see.

Compared to a film like *Greaser's Palace*, *Little Murders* is easier for some to watch, with roots in recognisably 'normal' filmmaking – something the uninitiated could hang their hats on. Alongside Gould's excellent turn as Chamberlain, the cast includes the wonder of Vincent Gardenia as Mr Newquist – the rather befuddled and paranoid father of Patsy and interrogator of her many would-be paramours – and the amazing dynamo of Jon Korkes as Patsy's loving brother Kenny, who has a few problems of his own. Equally appealing is the early-1970s New York flavour that now seems to be lost forever – and which was also essential to the feel of films like *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three* and *Putney Swope*.

The laughs give way to a pointed desperation that you feel in the back of your neck

Little Murders stays close to Feiffer's original play, which had a biting, acid-like sting, and shares that unhinged way of walking the line between cornball and eye-widening dissociation that I loved in the work of Downey Sr or Lenny Bruce. Most of all, the film has that endearing quality of starting off in a not very good place and going downhill from there. Of course, such a progression is not uncommon in drawing-room dramas, but a comedy that starts out having little faith in mankind – and then chooses not to redeem its characters, but instead to push the four walls closer in – doesn't come along all that often.

The film follows an unsettling course to its unforeseen destination. Early on it shows its roots as a stage play, with broad swipes at squares and social mores; but as the underlying sense grows that 'something is going on here', the

laughs give way to a more pointed desperation that you feel not in your gut but in the back of your neck. And yet we continue to laugh. It's a remarkable balancing act that pushes us beyond laughing at what we are afraid of into an almost catatonic state in which we just let things slide past, unable to veer away.

This is not as simple as a careening car without brakes barrelling down the hill (Gould would do that later in *Capricorn One*); there are some truly awe-inspiring off-ramps, and one in particular left an impression with me to this day. I read that the artist Vito Acconci was profoundly influenced and moved by Jack Nicholson's long soliloquy at the beginning of Bob Rafelson's film *The King of Marvin Gardens* (1972), which forms an almost separate short film of late-night radio storytelling, his words sent out into the void. The sequence represents a way to sidestep the screen to speak directly to the audience, without ever acknowledging them. In *Little Murders*, for me that moment comes in Alfred's pivotal central soliloquy, which threatens to split the film in two.

At a moment of crisis for themselves and their relationship, Alfred calmly and intently tells Patsy of his days in college when he was politically active and began to fear that he was being monitored for his participation in demonstrations and other political work. Feiffer takes this confessional down very unexpected roads, reaching a conclusion that is both bitingly cold and alarmingly revealing. Up to this point Alfred has seemed almost to be an empty vessel, ignoring the advice of those who tell him to engage with the world and find some meaning in his life. As he tells the story of his earlier 'engaged' life, he shows that he in fact has much more profound insights into the true meaning of his relationships than those who feel they are pulling him out of the water.

Dark clouds gather, the anti-*deus ex machina* descends and the film teeters on the brink of stifling its momentum or turning on its ear – in such a way that, as we move from spectator to confidant and back again, we realise not only that our narrator is much more reliable than we'd thought, but also that he is totally alone in his understanding of everything around him and everything he has chosen to ignore. And that includes us.

Jim O'Rourke is a musician, record producer and filmmaker. His albums include 'Bad Timing' and 'The Visitor'. He recently composed the score for Wakamatsu Koji's 'United Red Army'

What the papers said



reflection of America's darker moods, is that it breaks audiences

"['Little Murders'] falls somewhere within the category of satire... One of the reasons it works, and is indeed a definitive

down into isolated individuals, vulnerable and uncertain. Most movies create a temporary sort of democracy, a community of strangers there in the darkened theater. Not this one. The movie seems to be saying that New York City has a similar effect on its citizens, and that it will get you if you don't watch out."

Roger Ebert, 'Chicago Sun-Times', January 1971



Pop-video aesthetic: 'Attenuated Shadows' reworks 1983 glue-sniffing film 'Illusions'



Hymn to progress: 1979's 'Inkjet Printer', directed by Peter Greenaway

Cautionary tales

Rob Young surveys the golden age of the public-information film – and its recent twisting into haunting new forms

The past couple of years have seen the great British costume drama move closer to the present, with Shane Meadows's *This Is England '86*, Channel 4's adaptation of David Peace's *Red Riding* and others. As examples of mainstream drama attempting to show the 'darker side' of British life in the 1970s and 80s, they achieved their purpose; but other memories are being dug up across the fields of film reissue and experimental music.

The latest in the BFI's exemplary DVD repackages of Central Office of Information (COI) films, *Stop! Look! Listen!* compiles health-and-safety films from four decades, concentrating on the golden age of such shorts in the 1970s and early 80s. Some of these have become greatest hits in their own right: *Lonely Water* (1973) surely spooked the collective memory of an entire generation of viewers, with the Grim Reaper (voiced by a calmly psychotic Donald Pleasence) hovering around a river bank to preside over a variety of chilly child deaths. *Apaches* (1977) was screened mainly in rural areas, disseminating a ludicrously hyperbolic homily about farm safety, in which a small troop of precocious kids gets picked off by being drowned in a slurry pit, smashed by a plough, crushed by a runaway tractor etc.

There's a degree of realism to these films that stems from the unvarnished domestic and roadway locations shot with available light,

the semi-professional actors and school-age extras, yet these factors often jar against the stilted scripts. It's 'accident porn' with inbuilt grisliness; tension is continually set up with the most banal of scenarios – a suburban house, a commuting husband on his way to work, farmhands innocently loading a cart with hay bales. But we know that some atrocious hazard is fast approaching, and that someone is going to end up on the tarmac with ketchup trickling from his or her ear.

All this has made for ripe pickings for certain British musicians, such as the 'hauntology'-minded Ghost Box label, Moon Wiring Club and others. The enigmatic Pye Corner Audio also taps into this era of public-information films with analogue synth pieces – that strange juxtaposition of pagan modernism, half-baked and not-yet-user-friendly digital technology, all teak-veneered computers and throbbing menace. And the De Wolfe Music Library label has just issued a collection of classic television and radio themes from 1960-82, including those from hoary old daytime favourites like *Seeing and Doing*, *Farmhouse Kitchen*, *Vision On*, *Crown Court* and *Roobarb and Custard*. Ghost Box artist Jon Brooks, meanwhile, has just released *Electronic Music in the Classroom* on his Café Kaput label, a selection of plangent synthesiser miniatures made mostly by children in the 1970s under the supervision of teacher D.D. Denham.

What links all this material is a propensity for the morbid and the uncanny, and the discomfiting sense – as in classic British sci-fi/horror such as the *Quatermass* films, *Village of the Damned* or *Night of the Demon* – that unruly forces are bursting to

break through the veil of modernity. This *unheimlich* notion is the key to another BFI DVD, *MisinforMation*, credited to COI + Mordant Music. Here British electronic musician Baron Mordant (real name undisclosed) was granted the run of the COI's vast time-coded VHS archive and invited to "scroll, trawl, stumble, wind, rewind and generally pratfall across some of the wonderfully diverse films", as the BFI's Tony Dykes puts it.

Mordant's sawtooth synths are a signature scrawled across many of the 14 selected films (all of which have been retitled for this reissue). On *Mindless Reverie* (originally titled *Magpies: House*, 1987) – an anti-burglary advert in which a flock of thieving magpies ransack a house – the effect is hypnotic. The new soundtracks beef up the weirdness: the teenage glue-sniffers in *Attenuated Shadows* (aka *Illusions*, 1983) stare into handheld cameras in a trope common to pop videos, while the plastic bags of solvent held to their mouths bulge and convulse like extra organs. Apart from running the famous *AIDS: Iceberg* (1986) backwards, Mordant leaves the visuals untouched, but transplants sampled chunks of soundtrack across this and other films. So *A Dark Social Template* (aka *New*

New soundtracks beef up the films' weirdness... Shots of barrows vibrate to a drilling drone

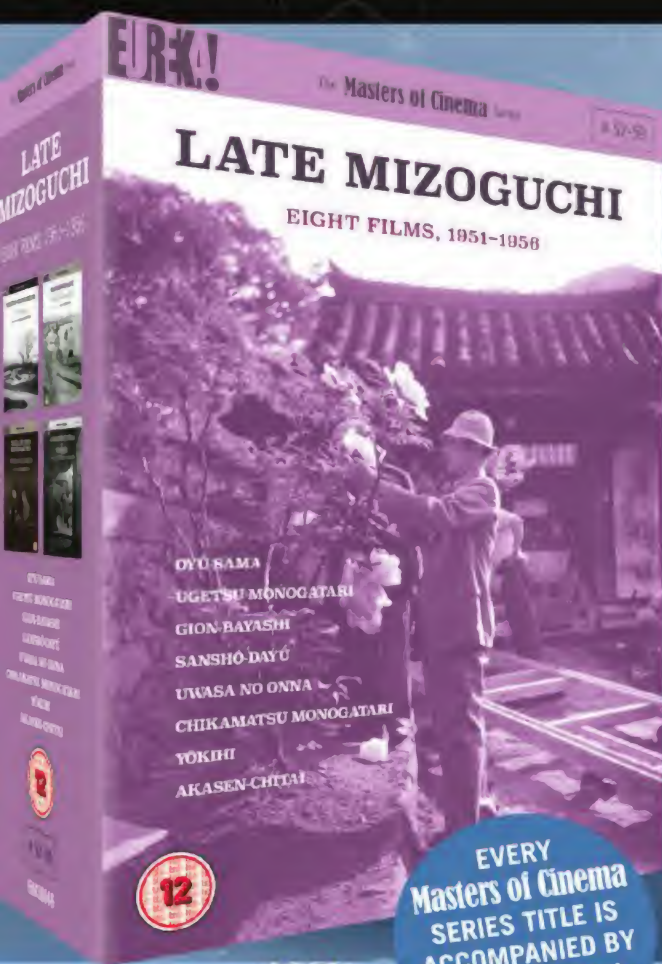
Towns in Britain, 1974) carries subliminal messages like "Your child is at risk" over its optimistic footage of lakeside housing estates, while a voiceover about the spread of fungus spores accompanies the science-lab visit in *Black and White Sound* (aka *Culham Labs*, 1984).

At the other end of the scale, the brilliant *Ridyll* (aka *Looking at Prehistoric Sites*, 1982) plays things fairly straight: misty winter long-shots of stone circles, burial chambers and barrows (the bits labeled in gothic type on Ordnance Survey maps) vibrate to a drilling yet reverential drone that speaks to the monuments' agelessness. A Morris Marina might chunter past, or a cagouled band of archaeologists appear on the hill, but these are temporal will-o'-the-wisps; deep cosmic time mocks the temporary creations of man.

Most of Mordant's choices are not 'warning' films but video hymns to technological or social progress. The Sinclair pocket TV, rapturous close-ups of an inkjet printer (filmed in 1979 by Peter Greenaway) and lovingly built scale models of new housing projects – mini-Utopias destined to become sink estates – are pieces of living memory whose ingenuity has been superseded by advancements or dilapidation. Mordant's sonic treatments emphasise the remove at which we now observe – perhaps even mourn – these lost innovations. For at their root all these films, including those on *Stop! Look! Listen!*, are concerned with the death of innocence.

■ 'MisinforMation' and 'The COI Collection Volume Four: Stop! Look! Listen!' are out now on BFI DVD

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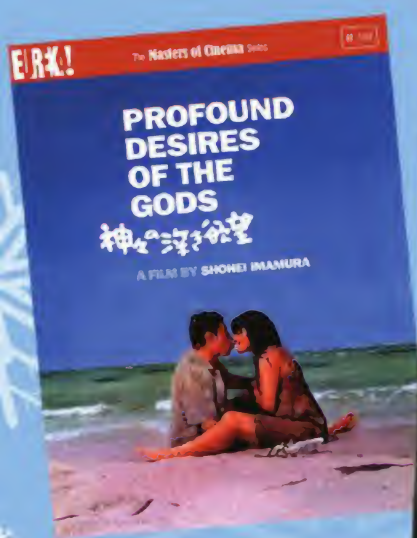
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Hooked on Hollywood

One of the less headline-grabbing WikiLeaks revelations – perhaps because it seemed so self-evident – was that David Cameron sent pre-election messages to the Obama administration to the effect that, this time, there was going to be lots of Mr Nice Guy. The new government would be (even) friendlier to the US, buying plenty of US-made things (like weapons systems) and generally looking across the Atlantic before looking across the Channel.

The country as a whole was, in other words, going to be just like the movie industry, where that behaviour has prevailed throughout most of the last decade (and, in certain respects, forever). The result? American product accounts for 85 per cent of the market. Precise statistics are not that easy to come by, since the UK Film Council – the main statistical source – has spent a decade muddying the distinction between US and UK films, counting such studio-financed movies as the Harry Potter series as UK productions because they were, for tax purposes, registered in the UK. As a result, 'our' share of 'our' market looked much bigger than it really was. Then, in a classic case of having your cake and eating it, 'inward investment' on such productions was entered into the credit column, showing just what a healthy film industry we had. As if.

Statistical sleight-of-hand aside, none of this is new: it has been part of the British film industry's USP since the dawn of cinema. The last serious attempt to reverse the trend – the short-lived import quota proposal – is now over half a century old. But of course it still rankles (a verb in which older readers might like to spot some wordplay). Imagine if, every Saturday, tiny crowds wrapped up warm to watch footballers in home-made strip playing in local parks across the land while the big stadiums housed sell-out crowds watching American gridiron. Or, as Ken Loach said in his keynote speech at last autumn's London Film Festival: "Just imagine if you went into the library and the bookshelves were stacked with 63 per cent to 80 per cent American fiction, 15 per cent to 30 per cent half-American, half-British fiction, and then all the other writers in the whole world just three per cent."

This is something the present government is no more likely to change than its predecessors. Its economic policies – including much-reduced support for the arts – coincide with the country's pro-American stance (rather one-sidedly



The government's economic policies – including much-reduced support for the arts – coincide with its pro-US stance

described as the Special Relationship) and its wariness (if not hostility) towards our neighbours in Europe. A case in point is the Council of Europe-backed film support scheme Eurimages, subscribed to by 34 of the COE's 47 member states. Guess who isn't a member (and is the only significant absentee, having been taken out by John Major in 1993)?

You might think that, with the EU larger than the North American Free Trade Agreement (the US, Canada and Mexico) as a population base (500 million against 444 million), only slightly smaller as a consumer market (22 per cent against 26 per cent) and built around a free-spending bureaucracy dedicated to preserving national ways of life (French farmers, Portuguese cork growers), Europe would be gaining and not losing strength as both a supplier and a consumer of its own cultural product. After all, the MEDIA Programme – *Mesures pour encourager le développement de l'industrie audiovisuelle* (although I prefer Measures to Encourage the Development of Interesting Acronyms) – devotes €750 million to helping this happen (admittedly that doesn't sound like much these days).

But Europe hasn't gained strength in this regard because, to be blunt, there is no such thing as a European film. As a result, there is nothing called 'European cinema' to rival 'Hollywood' as a brand. Hollywood, after all, is a marketer's dream – a brand so freighted with meaning it can embrace television game shows and the film industries of any country whose name can be melted into it (Bollywood, Nollywood). In Europe, by contrast, there are French

films, German films, Italian films, Icelandic films... But there aren't any European films as such.

I need to hold my hand up here: I have been involved in one way or another – through the European Film Academy – with the idea of European film for over a decade. And I want to believe in European film. I accept that, broadly, there is a kind of film that seems native to Europe. It usually consists of drama (*The King's Speech*) rather than action (*The Expendables*), character rather than genre. But sometimes it is action too. And sometimes genre. Being more specific is difficult.

It's much easier to say what characterises French cinema or Spanish cinema or Russian cinema, above all at a particular moment in time – especially if that moment is in the past: think French New Wave, Romanian new wave, New German Cinema, Italian neorealism. And that, really, is the point. Unless you're looking at it from the perspective of a different culture (I doubt Americans have any difficulty spotting a European film, mainly because it's got words written across the bottom) or a different time period, European film remains simply itself, not part of a trend or a brand. Which is good cultural news but a bad commercial proposition. Only those countries that combine a major population base with a distinct culture – India, Japan, increasingly China – can produce films in which, to paraphrase Hanns Zischler's character in Wim Wenders's *Kings of the Road*, the Americans haven't colonised our subconscious. And, of course, cornered our markets.

◆ Nick Roddick

● **Curzon On Demand** is a new service launched by the Curzon Artificial Eye group to stream new films online simultaneously with their release in Curzon cinemas. Once ordered, viewers have up to seven days to watch the film. The scheme launched in December with Mathieu Amalric's 'On Tour' and Brian Welsh's 'In Our Name'. See www.curzoncinemas.com for more details.

● **The Long Goodbye: A Cinematic Memento Mori** is a season exploring cinema's treatment of death and time passing in films such as Leo McCarey's long-overlooked masterpiece 'Make Way for Tomorrow', Kurosawa's 'Ikiru', Jacques Demy's 'Une Chambre en ville' and Cristi Puiu's 'The Death of Mr Lazarescu'. Season curator Geoff Andrew also hosts a talk on the subject. BFI Southbank, London, until 29 January.

● **Ben Rivers**, the British artist and filmmaker, screens his intriguing new film 'Slow Action' at Matt's Gallery this month. Described as post-apocalyptic science-fiction, it was filmed at various places across the world and constructed from four 16mm works. Continuing his fascination with landscape, ecosystems and biogeography, it imagines the earth as it may appear in 100 years time, when sea levels have risen. Matt's Gallery, London, 26 January to 20 March.

● **Capturing the Invisible: Spirituality in Cinema** is a season of films that touch on themes of spirituality and faith, including Robert Bresson's 'Diary of a Country Priest', Maurice Pialat's 'Sous le soleil de Satan', Apichatpong Weerasethakul's 'Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives' and Alain Cavalier's 'Thérèse'. Ciné Lumière, London, 17-29 January.



● **Slapstick Festival 2011**, now in its seventh year, celebrates Chaplin's Little Tramp and hosts a screening of Buster Keaton's classic short 'Neighbors'. Other films showing include Clara Bow in Victor Fleming's 'Mantrap', Laurel and Hardy's 'We Faw Down', Chaplin's 'One A.M.' and Harold Lloyd's 'Get Out and Get Under' (above). Various venues in Bristol, 27-30 January. See www.slapstick.org.uk.



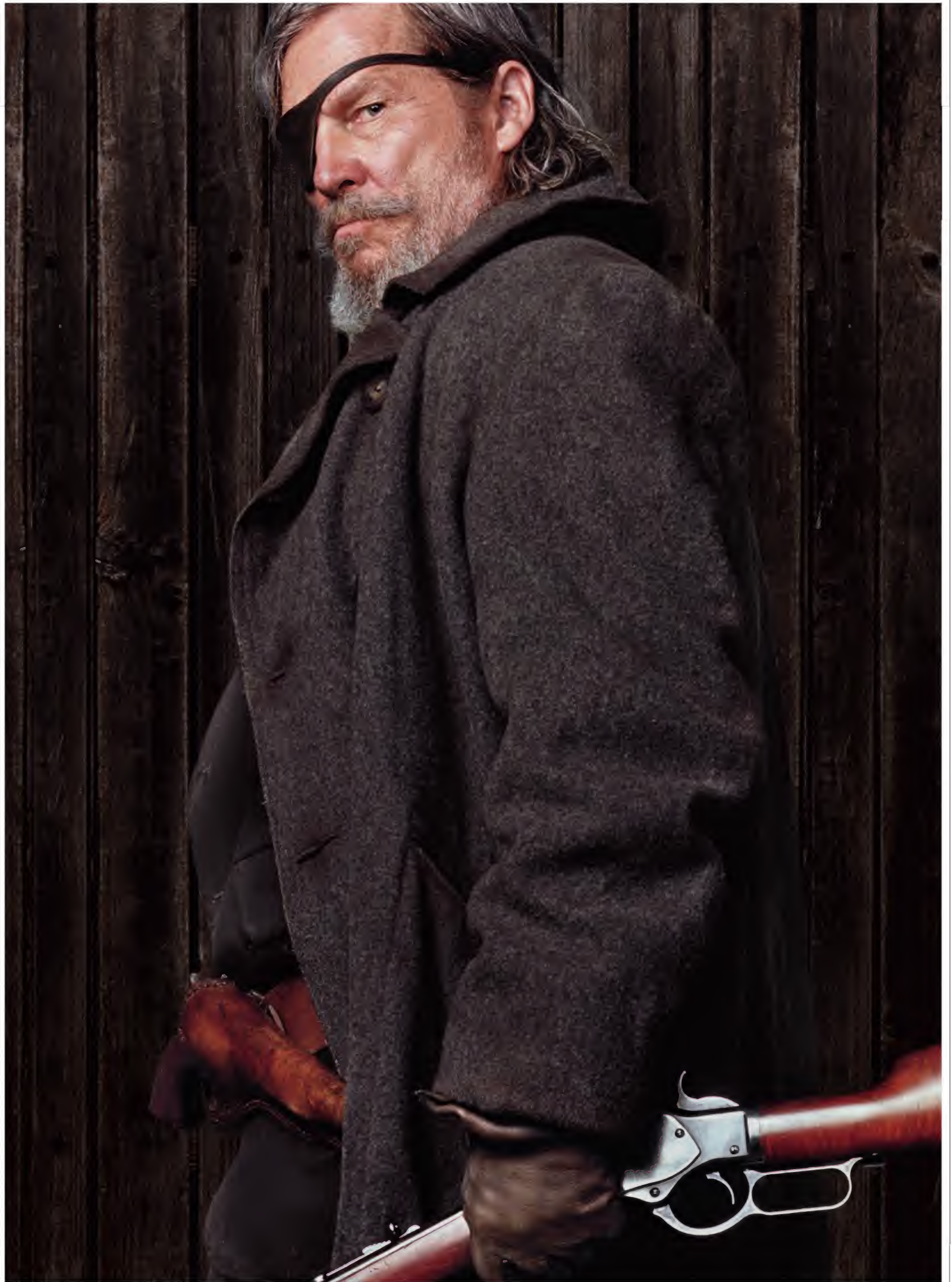
NO COUNTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS

*It's the western's turn to get the Coens treatment, but the brothers' makeover of the John Wayne Oscar-winner 'True Grit' is free of their usual self-consciousness, says **Graham Fuller***

One hundred years before Ed Tom Bell (Tommy Lee Jones), the ageing sheriff who laments the passing of the safer Texas of his youth as he expresses intimations of mortality in Joel and Ethan Coen's *No Country for Old Men* (2007), there was Deputy Marshal Reuben J. 'Rooster' Cogburn, a lawman who lived by a different ethos in a more retributive West. A fictional character modelled on such late 19th-century lawmen as Heck Thomas, Chris Madsen and Bill Tilghman, Cogburn is the deputy marshal in Charles Portis's deft semi-historical novel *True Grit*, a frontier equivalent of *Huckleberry Finn* with a business-minded adolescent girl as its hero instead of an unmoored youth.

Unlike Bell, Cogburn is pragmatic about the necessity of killing, and has shot 23 men in his four years in office. John Wayne, of course, won his only Oscar playing the fat, one-eyed, whisky-soaked Cogburn in Henry Hathaway's 1969 adaptation of *True Grit* (and donned the eye patch again for a 1975 follow-up named after the character). Following the realist westerns of the 1970s and ➡

AN EYE FOR AN EYE
Jeff Bridges, right, follows in John Wayne's footsteps as Rooster Cogburn in 'True Grit', remade by the Coen brothers, above left





The Coens do not elicit actorly shtick from Bridges, as in 'The Big Lebowski', or reference his own iconography – growl, bark and lumber though he does

O SISTER WHERE ART THOU?
After her father is killed, Mattie Ross (Hailee Steinfeld, right) hires deputy marshal Cogburn (Bridges, above with Matt Damon) to track down the murderer



◀ such milestones of the diminished genre as *Unforgiven* (1992), *Dead Man* (1995), the TV series *Deadwood* (2004-6) and *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford* (2007), the Coens' new version of *True Grit* is inevitably the more reflective, violent and realistic version of the two – and a film untouched by the self-consciousness the brothers have brought to such genre makeovers as *Barton Fink* (1991) and *The Hudsucker Proxy* (1994).

The story is the same in both films. In the burgeoning West Arkansas town of Fort Smith – from where, in reality, the reluctant hanging judge Isaac Parker purged the region of its murderers, rapists and robbers – the hard-bargaining 14-year-old Mattie Ross (in the Coens' film, the redoubtable Hailee Steinfeld) hires Cogburn to hunt down Tom Chaney (Josh Brolin), the employee who killed her father. Against Mattie's wishes, they team up with the dandyish Texas Ranger LaBoeuf (Matt Damon), who's seeking Chaney for the killing of a senator. Then they follow the fugitive into the rugged Choctaw Nation in the south-eastern part of the Indian Territory (modern Oklahoma) – a "sink of crime", as it's called by the horse trader Stonehill in Portis's novel – where he has joined train-robber Ned Pepper (played by Barry Pepper) and his grimy white-trash crew.

Whereas Hathaway's film drew unashamedly on Wayne's monolithic image, the Coens do not elicit actorly shtick from Bridges, as they did in *The Big Lebowski* (1998), or reference his own sizeable iconography – growl, bark and lumber though his Cogburn does. Their mythmaking is integrated into the narrative, though by the end Bridges's Cogburn is a legend only to one woman, a couple of old men and the film's viewers, like Wayne's Tom Doniphon in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962).

Some people in the preview audience with whom I saw the film in New York laughed when Cogburn's name was referred to, before he appears, as the meanest deputy marshal in Fort Smith – less anticipation for what Bridges would do in the role, perhaps, than acknowledgement of what Wayne had done 41 years before. The Coens introduce him quietly, but with great power. As pigtailed Mattie enters the courtroom where Cogburn is giving evidence on his decimation of the homicidal Wharton clan, the camera tracks behind a row of men so that we get fleeting glimpses of him seated alone, before it moves imperceptibly closer, ending on a medium shot. It reveals not the vagabond he is much of the time, but a watchful, sceptical citizen neat in black, his beard trim, his hair slicked back. His sober, blunt testimony – which he interrupts with a single laugh at the expense of a surviving Wharton's defence counsel – shows how efficiently lethal he is when dealing with murderers. The impression he leaves is of a far more ruthless man than Wayne's piratical Cogburn, which makes his gradual amelioration by the fatherless Mattie more moving than that of Wayne's Cogburn by Kim Darby's Mattie in Hathaway's film.

Into strangeness

A director of tough westerns characterised by spasmodic violence, Hathaway was more than the journeyman he is sometimes made out to be, but he

wasn't a consistent auteur like John Ford, Howard Hawks or Anthony Mann. His *True Grit*, solid and conventional, was anchored by Wayne's loveable curmudgeon, capably supported by Darby (more school-marmish than girlish) and Glen Campbell as LaBoeuf – with Robert Duvall, Dennis Hopper and Jeff Corey among the outlaws. It was blessed by the autumnal cinematography of Lucien Ballard, who shot another 1969 western, Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*, the bloody *götterdämmerung* of which makes Cogburn's mounted two-gun charge on the outlaws seem like a walk in the park – heroic act of a superannuated Missouri bushwhacker though it is.

In adapting Portis's novel for Hathaway, the once-blacklisted Marguerite Roberts preserved the snake-bitten arm Mattie loses in the book and killed off LaBoeuf; the Coens sacrifice the arm and keep LaBoeuf alive, though he disappears (as he does in the novel) after discharging his duty. Roberts honoured much of Portis's sublime frontier dialogue – which ranges from the ornate to the cretinous – but stripped the narrative of the novel's naive, didactic and scripture-sprinkled monologue, which Mattie delivers as a 40-year-old churchgoing spinster and ardent Democrat looking back on the defining adventure in her life.

The Coens restore this crucial framework with an introductory voiceover and a coda, set in 1903, in which the older Mattie (Elizabeth Marvel) seeks out Cogburn at the Wild West show that in real life starred the retired outlaws Cole Younger and Frank James. At the end of Hathaway's film, Mattie invites Cogburn to rest in her family's burial plot when his time comes; in the Coens' film (as in the novel), her feelings for him are more complicated than those of a grateful daughter, or of the "baby sister" he affectionately calls her, but she remains unaware of their nature. That unfathomable emotion is central to the movie's key mystery.

But mysteries abound. Having been deserted temporarily by LaBoeuf (who, though a fellow Southerner, was offended by Cogburn's having fought with Quantrill's murderous raiders during the Civil War), Mattie and Cogburn find themselves riding a sparsely wooded trail, the deputy marshal regaling her with tales of his lawless past and his desertion by his wife and son. (When Wayne's Cogburn tells Darby's Mattie these stories they have a bathetically sentimental lilt.) They are soon confronted by the sight of a man dangling from a bough some 60 feet from the ground. Who he is and why he was hanged is never disclosed. Mattie, who has already seen three men take a legally sanctioned drop in Fort Smith, gives only a momentary start at this fresh example of frontier justice. Cogburn is naturally unfazed and continues with an anecdote as he sends Mattie shinning up the tree. She cuts the rope, the bough jolts, nearly dislodging her and, from her dizzying perspective, we see and hear the corpse hitting the ground with a loud thump. (Remember that jolt – the teenager is plucky but small, and later the kick of her father's huge Colt Dragoon, which she fires at Chaney, knocks her backwards into a pit of hell.)

"I do not know this man," Cogburn says on examining the corpse, and as viewers we're inclined to smile at his incredulity after Mattie's gone to all that trouble. It's the second example of



FOLLOWING THE TRAIL
The Coens' bleaker take on 'True Grit' has more in common with their own 'No Country for Old Men', right, than with the original 1969 'True Grit', left, starring Kim Darby, John Wayne and Glen Campbell



literal gallows humour in the film. Whereas the two white men on the scaffold in Fort Smith were allowed to say their pieces before they were hanged, the Indian beside them was silenced with a hood and dispatched before he could complete a sentence. The Coens similarly brought this bleak comedy to *Fargo* (1995), to parts of *No Country for Old Men*, and to their film noirs, *Blood Simple* (1983) and *The Man Who Wasn't There* (2001). Neither the body with the ruined face lying on the ground beside Cogburn nor the doomed Indian is funny *per se*, but both provoke nervous laughter, because Cogburn's response is so incongruous and the hangman's racism so matter-of-fact.

We might laugh more freely at the scene in which Cogburn knocks an Indian boy off a hitching rail and kicks his small brother in the backside for tormenting a mule (clearly he would do the same if they were white). This incident indicates that the gruff old man is essentially compassionate – earlier he cocked a revolver at LaBoeuf for taking a switch to Mattie, the first indication that he is developing a fatherly protectiveness towards her – but it has an additional effect. These Indian boys live in a rough timber outpost, not a teepee, and their plight looks as miserable as those of the reservation Sioux in Yves Simoneau's mournful HBO film *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* (2007), condensed from Dee Brown's seminal account of the despoliation of Indian lands. Despite the establishment of law and order in towns like Fort Smith, the wider world of *True Grit* is pitiful: the Civil War, 12 years over, has populated the West with riff-raff; the "big shaggies is about all gone," says Cogburn, regretting the passing of the buffalo; the Indians have been displaced. Mattie's guide to this world in flux, Cogburn too is marking time – he lives in the back of a Chinaman's store with a cat and nothing except his professional pride.

The Coens came up with the scene of Mattie cutting down the corpse (it's not in the novel) and

follow it with a sequence, also their invention, that steers the movie into strangeness. An Indian comes along, his face unseen, and relieves them of the body, parts of which – clothes? teeth? – have trading value for him. A gun booms, the Indian's warning to Cogburn and Mattie. They wait – and we wait with them – for what seems an age. A bear approaches on horseback in the falling snow – actually an old white man with a bear's hollowed-out head on his head and its fur wrapped round him. Heavily bearded, like a mountain man, with an insane look in his eyes, he claims to be a dentist and mumbles that he has medicine to sell. Then he's gone. He could have stepped out of the dystopic West of *Dead Man* or Cormac McCarthy's novel *Blood Meridian*, but he's less the phantom he seems to be than a genuine crazy, typical of those who must have ridden the land in which Cogburn's real-life antecedents moved. Another madman is an outlaw in Pepper's gang – common to Portis, Hathaway and the Coens – whose only utterances are maniacal gobbles and squawkings. He is a throwback to the degenerates in *Dirty Little Billy* (1972) and the inbred Cleggs in Ford's *Wagonmaster* (1950). Such is the West.

The traditional western revived a little over the last decade with films like *The Missing* (2003), *Open Range* (2003), *Broken Trail* (2006), *Seraphim Falls* (2006), the *3:10 to Yuma* remake (2007), *September Dawn* (2007), *Appaloosa* (2008) and *Comanche Moon* (2008). Only *The Assassination of Jesse James* and the Coens' *True Grit* are putative classics (though Kelly Reichardt's upcoming feminist pioneer drama *Meek's Cutoff* breaks new ground). Like the great twisted tree trunk that Mattie passes as she leaves the scaffold in Fort Smith – and like Rooster Cogburn in his cups – the western lies close to the ground, but it's somehow immovable.

■ 'True Grit' is released on 14 January, and is reviewed on page 80

I like characters having odds stacked against them,” says Danny Boyle. “I love that dynamic.” For a director who refuses to make the same film twice, that preference might be the closest we have to a Boyle archetype.

Trainspotting’s Renton is addicted to heroin “right in the middle of an [HIV] epidemic”, but somehow pulls through. Likewise the protagonist in *28 Days Later...* (2002) manages to avoid the rage-inducing virus that has ravaged the population. In *Sunshine* (2007), an astronaut must reignite the sun — “a pretty tall order,” laughs Boyle — while the director’s last film, the Oscar-winning sensation *Slumdog Millionaire*, sees an uneducated Mumbai teen outwit a popular game show.

Still, nothing compares to the odds faced by Boyle’s latest character, the first real-life one in his films: Aron Ralston. Adapted by *Slumdog* writer Simon Beaufoy from Ralston’s 2004 book *Between a Rock and a Hard Place*, *127 Hours* tells of the 27-year-old climber’s excruciating five-day ordeal after he went hiking in Utah’s Bluejohn Canyon. Having told nobody where he was planning to hike, Ralston wound up stranded in a crevasse, pinned to its wall by a rock that fell on his right arm. What happened next has already entered modern folklore: Ralston somehow contrived to cut off his own limb with a blunt penknife.

For the 54-year-old Boyle, the story presented a double dilemma. First, how do you convince financiers (in this case *Slumdog* backer Pathé and its distributor Fox Searchlight) to bankroll a movie with such a fundamental yet grisly scene? And second, how do you construct a film with such a well-known outcome without it completely overshadowing the narrative? For Boyle, the success of *Slumdog* — with its \$377 million take at the global box office and eight Oscars, including Best Director and Best Picture — was key; that’s a language Hollywood understands. “You have a certain amount of power after a success like that,” he says.

Boyle claims he didn’t want to abuse the cachet *Slumdog* gave him, but instead use it to get “an unfilmable story” made. “I thought the big danger



Never one to repeat himself, Danny Boyle follows his exuberant ‘Slumdog Millionaire’ with the bare-bones one-man show of ‘127 Hours’. **James Mottram** talks to him

GRACE IN THE HOLE



I got involved with 'Alien Resurrection' at one point, years ago. I realised, 'That's not the kind of filmmaker you are'

was that the studio would want to change it," he says, though he credits executives for not pressuring him into watering down the gruelling amputation scene. Calling Ralston's description of the incident "an extraordinary piece of writing", Boyle admits he didn't want to rush the scene, since in reality it took the climber over 40 minutes to sever his arm.

"These are amazing machines we live in," says Boyle. "They're not that easy to change, like he had to in the circumstances. It does involve a series of levels of pain, which are very uncommon to men, especially." Wary of turning the film towards exploitation, Boyle claims he took care not to "sensationalise" the sequence or "push it into horror" – so much so the camera refuses to linger over the severed stump when Ralston finally cuts his way through.

Boyle's restraint didn't stop audience members from fainting at the film's world premiere in Toronto in September. "I've been at a few screenings where that has happened," says Boyle. "That's wonderful, in a way. It shows the empathy with James [Franco, who plays Ralston in the film] is intense. It's not like being at a horror movie, where you're so appalled that you just flee it. It's like a pop concert when you're a teenager and it all gets a bit too much for you." Of course this only adds to the film's notoriety, something Boyle admits is a worry. "If all the publicity surrounds this one scene, it distorts the film really."

Chain of connection

Indeed, as the title suggests, *127 Hours* is about far more than a man cutting off his own arm. As the rush-hour crowds in the split-screen opening credits hint, it's really about the idea that "we're part of a chain that we're all connected to" – something Ralston innately comes to understand during the course of his ordeal.

"I was obsessed with it being about people," says Boyle. "There's an amazing quote from Cormac McCarthy, in which he says that grace is the thing that has the power 'to heal men and bring them to safety long after all other resources are exhausted'.

And what grace is, is humility – and that's what you get. Aron makes that spiritual journey after realising what he's been like to people."

In the film such insights come via the videotaped messages Ralston recorded during his ordeal – some of which Beaufoy's script uses verbatim – lamenting his all-too casual relationships with parents, friends and lovers. Still, whatever Boyle says, *127 Hours* is really about one person – and that person can't move, a fact that presents remarkable problems for a director. Even Robert Zemeckis's *Cast Away* (2000) – another largely one-man show – allowed star Tom Hanks to walk about the island he's stranded on. Boyle has dealt with isolation before – not least in *28 Days Later...*, in which Cillian Murphy's protagonist wanders a deserted London. But here Ralston's predicament is such that Boyle has no option but to depict his character's crumbling interior. Recalling Renton's surreal cold-turkey sequence in 1995's *Trainspotting* (with a baby crawling on the ceiling and a fake Dale Winton-hosted game show), here we see Ralston endure wild hallucinations as a consequence of dehydration, with a giant inflatable Scooby-Doo and an appearance by Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid's chef Blue John preying on his mind.

While Franco deserves credit for holding our attention for so long, so does Boyle for bravely filming a virtually plot-free narrative that boasts about as much momentum as the boulder wedged on Ralston's arm. Which begs the question, why does Boyle so rarely get the credit he deserves? As Hannah McGill pointed out in her review of Amy Raphael's *Danny Boyle: In His Own Words* (S&S, January), the director has "never been regarded as a chin-stroking visionary with a back catalogue firmly stamped with unmistakable idiosyncrasies". Perhaps because in his nine films to date he's worked across multiple genres, both inside and outside Hollywood, and with a variety of writers and producers, he is seen as the very antithesis of the auteur.

As shown by his fruitful relationship with screenwriter John Hodge and producer Andrew

Macdonald – which stretched from their feature debut *Shallow Grave* (1994) to *Trainspotting*, *A Life Less Ordinary* (1997) and *The Beach* (2000) – Boyle is a true collaborator. Unlike the pre-fall Ralston, he can't operate in isolation (his adaptation of Alex Garland's paradise-lost tale *The Beach*, for instance, led to a subsequent collaboration with the novelist, who scripted *28 Days Later...* and *Sunshine*). Arguably it's Boyle's need to feel connected to others that accounts for his ability to nail the zeitgeist, as he has in at least two of his films – *Trainspotting* and *Slumdog Millionaire*.

Yet on the other hand, he's not a Hollywood storyteller either. "I'm not very good at those kinds of films," he says. "I know enough about myself to know they're not really my forte. Why do something that you're not very good at? I've had a couple of flirtations with it – once with *The Beach*, which was much more money than I normally work with, and I didn't enjoy the experience. It was no one's fault but my own. But it's silly to not learn. And I got involved with *Alien[Resurrection]*, eventually directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet] at one point, years ago. Again I realised, 'That's not the kind of filmmaker you are.'"

So what kind of filmmaker is he? One who at the very least is unafraid of experimentation. This month also sees the opening of his debut at London's National Theatre, where he is directing Nick Dear's new adaptation of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, which tells the story from the Creature's point of view. Then Boyle will turn his attention to the 2012 Olympics. In charge of directing the opening ceremony, he promises "a more intimate spectacle" than the one Beijing delivered at the last Olympics. But he also wants to "reinforce" the function of the ceremony: "to welcome these games and these athletes – this extraordinary connection of the whole world – to the city". If anything, this ambition sums up Boyle – a 'people's filmmaker' in the best sense of the word.

■ *'127 Hours'* is released on 7 January, and is reviewed on page 70. *'Frankenstein'* opens on 5 February at the Olivier Theatre, London

OUTWARD BOUND
James Franco as Aron Ralston in '127 Hours', right and facing page, the new film from Danny Boyle, top



Reader offers

COMPETITIONS

MIZOGUCHI KENJI: Three box-sets to be won

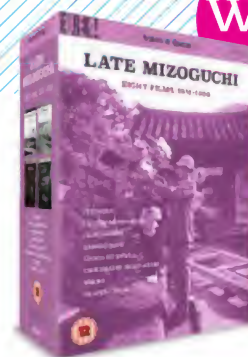
Eureka! present 'Late Mizoguchi' – eight of the Japanese filmmaker's greatest works in one fantastic collection. The box-set includes: *Oyû-sama* (1951), a poignant tale of two sisters and their ill-fated relationship with the same man; *Ugetsu monogatari* (1953), the acclaimed lyrical tragedy about

men lured away from their wives; *Uwasa no onna* (1954), about a mother and daughter living in a modern geisha house; and the film Kurosawa hailed as a great masterpiece, *Chikamatsu monogatari* (1954), the tragic story of a forbidden love affair. We have three sets to give away.

To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. What was Mizoguchi's final film?

- a. Akasen-chitai
- b. Shin heike monogatari
- c. Yukihi



WIN

BFI FILM CLASSICS:

Three sets to be won

The latest in the BFI Film Classics series sees *Bringing up Baby*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Night and the City* and *Shoah* added to the list. Each book provides a comprehensive study of the films, exploring such contexts as the American dream of independence (*Bringing up Baby*), post-war modernity (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*), the hybrid of contrasting American and European noir traditions (*Night and the City*) and Holocaust representation (*Shoah*). We have three sets to give away.

To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. In the 1978 version of 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers', who does Don Siegel play in a cameo?

- a. A taxi driver
- b. A chef
- c. A policeman



WIN

MILOŠ FORMAN:

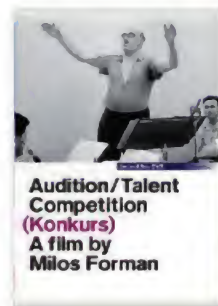
Three copies of 'A Blonde in Love'

Miloš Forman's Oscar-nominated 1965 romance *A Blonde in Love* is released by Second Run on DVD, a tender drama of a Czech girl who falls in love with a musician after a one-night stand. With the backdrop of Communist Czechoslovakia, this comedy-drama is also a social satire of life under totalitarianism. We have three copies to give away of this and Forman's debut feature that launched the Czech new wave – the documentary *Audition/Talent Competition*.

To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. For which one of these films was Miloš Forman nominated as Best Director at the Academy Awards but did NOT win?

- a. One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
- b. The People vs. Larry Flint
- c. Amadeus



WIN

GARLAND & DORS: Three pairs of books to be won

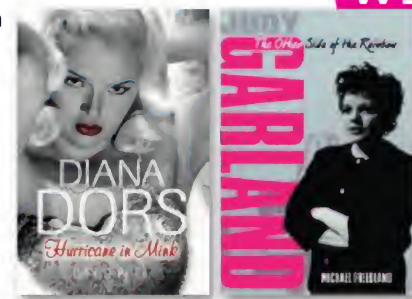
JR Books' latest additions to their showbiz biographies are of screen legends Judy Garland and Diana Dors. In *Judy Garland: The Other Side of the Rainbow*, author Michael Freedland reveals several personal stories from those who knew Garland, highlighting the immense pressures she felt throughout her life-long career.

In *Diana Dors: Hurricane in Mink*, author David Bret uncovers Dors's rise to stardom, her lavish lifestyle and the dark truth of the blonde bombshell's personal life.

We have three pairs of the books to give away. To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. Which one of these J. Lee Thompson films did NOT star Diana Dors?

- a. The Weak and the Wicked
- b. Yield to the Night
- c. The Good Companions



WIN

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Email your answer, name and address, putting either 'Mizoguchi collection', 'Miloš Forman DVDs', 'Garland & Dors books' or 'BFI Film Classics' in the subject heading, to s&scompetition@bfi.org.uk. Or send a postcard with your answer to either 'Mizoguchi collection competition', 'Miloš Forman DVDs competition', 'Garland & Dors book competition' or 'BFI Film Classics competition', Sight & Sound, BFI, 21 Stephen Street, London W1T 1LN

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Barney Platts-Mills, 1969

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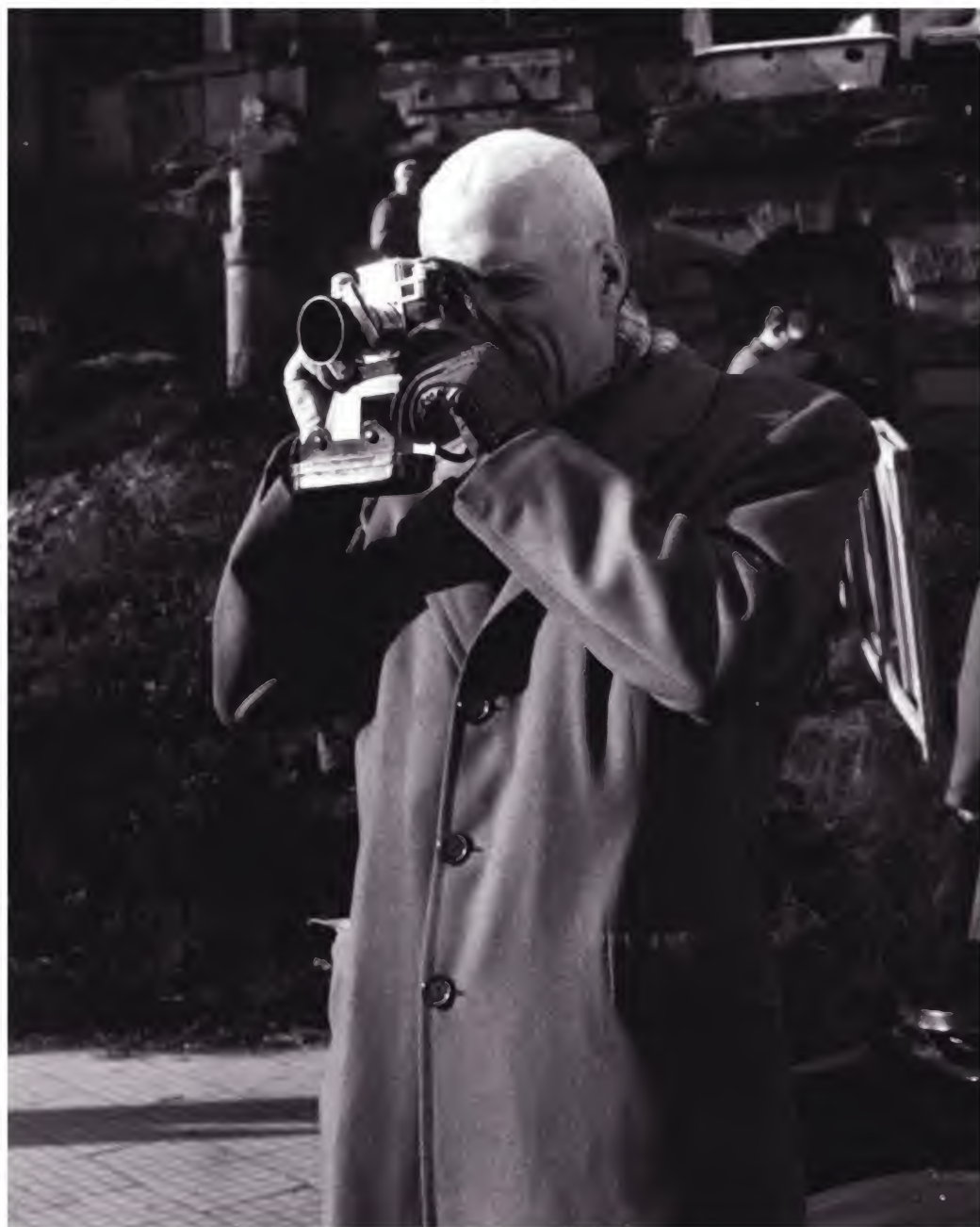
SLIM

HIS GIRL FRIDAY
Nancy 'Slim' Hawks,
right, the second wife
of director Howard,
opposite, provided the
model for the look,
attitude and smart
dialogue of the female
characters in his films



AND THE SILVER FOX

*The years Howard Hawks spent with his second wife Nancy – aka ‘Slim’ – were the richest of his film-directing career, as her style and influence inspired him to live out a recurring dream of their relationship on film. By **David Thomson***



The Slim years were very rich. You may decide they were the best in the career of Howard Hawks. In which case doesn't his wife Slim Hawks deserve some credit? We are talking about 1939 to 1946, which means: *Only Angels Have Wings*, *His Girl Friday*, *Sergeant York*, *Ball of Fire*, *The Outlaw* (he started it before Howard Hughes dropped him), *Air Force*, *Corvette K-225* (which he produced), *To Have and Have Not*, *The Big Sleep* and *Red River*, which was shot in the autumn of 1946, though not released until 1948. Not a bad war.

Nancy Gross met Howard Hawks on 30 August 1938. She was 20; he was 42. She was born in Salinas, California – *East of Eden* country – and her father owned several fish canneries in Monterey. She was extraordinarily beautiful and a convent girl, but when the time came, adventure took her to the Furnace Creek Inn, a classy resort in Death Valley, not far from the Nevada border. There she met movie stars: William Powell (he called her the “Slim Princess”), Warner Baxter, David Niven, Cary Grant. Next thing, she was invited to San Simeon and became friendly with William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies. Very soon she was in Los Angeles. On that August day, she had been to the fights with two men – actor Bruce Cabot (“seriously dumb”, she said) and Cubby Broccoli (“truly intelligent”). After the boxing they went to the Clover Club, the most fashionable gambling nightclub in town.

She was dancing with Broccoli when a tall, grey-haired, immaculately dressed man passed by – it was Howard Hawks, just a few months off *Bringing up Baby* (a flop in its day). He was known as the ‘Silver Fox’, and he was watching her. Watching would prove to be Howard’s most loving form of attention. He asked her to dance and then he gave her the usual line: so, she wanted to be in movies? “No,” she said, and she meant it – though in the end she would affect Hawks’s work more than any other woman. Hawks kept a little black book with the names and numbers of pretty women who



Lauren Bacall's 'Slim' in 'To Have and Have Not' wore a beautifully cut hounds-tooth suit exactly like the ones Slim Hawks favoured

■ did want to be in pictures, and he called on them sometimes. He asked Nancy to come up to his house for a swim next day, and she accepted. They were soon in love.

Hawks had been married since 1928 to Athole Shearer, the sister of Norma Shearer and Douglas Shearer, the sound recordist at MGM. It was Athole's second marriage (she had a son, Peter, by her first husband). But Athole was not always well. Norma would say that her sister had first been disturbed by so many Canadian guys they had known (they were from Montreal) being killed in the Great War. Athole was depressed. She took to her bed. She heard voices or ghosts.

Athole was very pretty and she appeared in a few films; she's at the dance in D.W. Griffith's *Way Down East* (1920). In 1927 Norma Shearer married Irving Thalberg, so Hawks's marriage to her sister saw him joining Hollywood society. His biographer Todd McCarthy is properly sceptical of the suggestion that Howard didn't know about Athole's condition. They had two children, Barbara and David, but by the time Howard met Slim he told her his wife "was ill a great part of the time". What did "ill" mean, especially when California law forbade the divorcing of certified spouses? Athole's illness had not gone that far.

You may feel this is more gossip than film commentary, but the way Howard Hawks looked at women, or fantasised them into movie life, is at the heart of his work. Athole Hawks lived until 1985, spending much of her last years in institutions. On Wikipedia she is said to have been "bipolar", but that diagnosis came along later and is fashionable now to the point of stupidity. It's clear she was disturbed some of the time (but not all of it) – and a husband's infidelity can assist that. We know that Hawks had affairs – with Ann Dvorak and Joan Crawford, for example – and it's evident that he was in the habit of 'discovering' young women as radiant as Frances Farmer.

Hawks gave us some of the most arresting women in American film – beautiful, smart, brave and seemingly 'independent', yet ultimately

obedient to the man's dream. In *His Girl Friday* (1939), Hildy Johnson (Rosalind Russell) is on the point of marrying someone else, but her ex, rascal newspaper editor Walter (Cary Grant), wins her back. These women are often loners, like Marie 'Slim' Browning (Lauren Bacall) in *To Have and Have Not* (1945), who contrives somehow to be alone on Martinique in the middle of war, under the guise of an actress no more than 19. This 'Slim' is a million miles from Hemingway's Marie in the novel, and famously Hawks warned Humphrey Bogart that Bacall would outdo him in insolence. Well, yes, if it's cross-talk foreplay you're interested in (and Hawks was wild for it), but the girl's independence dwindles away until she's ready to soft-shoe dance out of Frenchy's place and go with her Harry into the new dawn.

To Have and Have Not comes on sultry tough, and we all know the film's famous lines, with Bacall holding up a doorway in case it faints. It's a film with marlin fishing, gunfire at sea and creepy Vichy cops (especially Dan Seymour), but it's as complete and serene a fantasy as anything Fred Astaire ever made – and it does keep edging towards being a musical, led by the droll Cricket (Hoagy Carmichael). For a moment Bacall had the reputation of a slinky *noir* girl with an acid tongue.

Of course, this is the central film of the Slim years. There is, by now, an unshakeable legend (and I'm not seeking to dislodge it) that, one day at home, Slim saw a picture of a pre-Bacall Betty Joan Perske in *Harper's Bazaar* – the fashionably dressed young woman outside a blood bank, with the look of a vampire – and tossed the magazine over to Howard. Maybe as the magazine was in mid-air the wife had second thoughts. Did she guess that Howard might take a fancy to her discovery? But Slim Hawks had great instincts about film, and perhaps she divined Perske's promising look when Howard might not have seen it.

The movie was under way from that moment, and the machinery of Hollywood's dream surged into high gear. Betty Perske was located. She was put under a personal service contract to Howard



CHANGE PARTNERS
The Bogart-Bacall relationship in Hawks's 'To Have and Have Not', top, was modelled on the director's own relationship with Slim, above, who later left him for agent Leland Hayward, below



HOWARD HAWKS PAPERS, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY (1)

CORBIS (1) KOBAL COLLECTION (1)



FIELD OF BATTLE
Hawks films such as 'Only Angels Have Wings', above, and 'His Girl Friday', left, follow the same template of sparring between the sexes

and taught to lower her deep voice. (Her Jewishness was tactfully overlooked by the Hawks couple.) As a script developed – for which Jules Furthman didn't bother to keep a word of Hemingway – the man in the film would call the girl "Slim" and she would call him "Steve".

These were the pet names Howard and Nancy had for each other. Hawks started to ask Slim what she'd say in certain of the film's situations – Furthman admitted he took some of the lines from Slim's lips, like the whistling stuff. Moreover, 'Slim' in *Martini* ended up wearing a beautifully cut hound's-tooth suit exactly like ones Slim Hawks favoured. A rare game was being played, good enough for a Hawks comedy, in which a director is ready to fall for his actress, but keeps his wife around to pretend it isn't so. When Bacall and Bogie fell in love, Howard was taken aback. He said their romance was spoiling the picture. Try to find a place where that is so! Bacall burst into tears; Slim said, "But what do you do, Howard, if you're stuck on a guy? How do you handle it?"

Slim knew that difficulty. She had been torn over living with Hawks in 1938-9 and recognising the awkward reality of Athole (whom he finally divorced in 1940). But she went along with the compromise. She found Hawks not just sophisticated and dry, but a complicated man who tried to make everything as smooth as his camera style.

"If anything, he was slightly frightened of moviemaking, and, I suspect, surprised that he was able to do it at all," she recalled in her memoirs, *Slim: Memories of a Rich and Imperfect Life* (written with Annette Tapert, and published in 1990, the year Slim died). "He used to tell me that on the first day of shooting a new picture he would stop the car, get out, and throw up a couple of times on his way to the studio. That process would go on for about a week until he got into the rhythm of the work and the movie started rolling along..."

"Although his talent lay in being able to tell a story," she continued, "it always seemed to me that he told the same one over and over. The characters never had any intellectual reactions, only

emotional ones. This always puzzled me because as a person, Howard's emotional thermometer was stuck at about six degrees below 98.6. He was frozen there. He did not take emotion into any part of his existence; neither through his children, his wife, nor, I think, his work."

Now *that's* film commentary.

Sex on the screen

Slim and Howard married and had a daughter, Kitty Steven, born in 1946. Hawks had more affairs – Slim named Dolores Moran (who plays the Free French wife, Helene de Bursac, in *To Have and Have Not* – the woman 'Slim' would like to anaesthetise); then there was Ella Raines, who is in *Corvette K-225*. But Slim was restless too. She and Ernest Hemingway certainly noticed each other, and in 1946 she started an affair with the agent Leland Hayward – but not before Hayward had brought his new client Montgomery Clift over to see Hawks about playing Matthew Garth in *Red River*.

Clift was not keen on doing a western, so Slim took him for a walk in the garden. He told her he couldn't ride a horse, wear a six-gun or walk in funny boots. She said Howard and John Wayne would teach him those things (though the task actually fell to a wrangler named Richard Farnsworth). When they came in from the garden, Clift said, sure, he would do it. The shoot took off for Arizona, but Slim went with Hayward.

So Slim's years stretch from Cary Grant teasing Jean Arthur in *Only Angels Have Wings* (1939) to *Red River's* Joanne Dru, who starts off with Clift by slapping him in the face. In the middle there is the timeless screwball bickering of Bogart and Bacall, perhaps the sexiest talk in an American movie to this day. Hawks could do a two-shot of a man and a woman – with her rubbing at her knee (call it her lower thigh) and him telling her to scratch – that any halfway sane censor would have stopped. And Slim presided over such relationships and scenes, though she saw the colder side of Hawks that was hidden on screen. She also realised why he had been at the Clover Club that night: he was a

chronic gambler. (No one knows the inside story of Hollywood without understanding the gambling.)

"I don't know which was more unpleasant, Howard's gambling or his infidelity," Slim wrote in her memoirs. "Beneath that jaunty exterior, I think there was a great deal of sexual confusion and insecurity within Howard. When I look at the role of sex in his films and compare it with his life, it's very interesting. The love scenes in the movies are invariably the same. There's a terrible fight, the woman insults the man, he insults her back, she insults him again, and then suddenly they're in each other's arms and slashing round in the hay. This scenario was, I think, a way for Howard to put sex on the screen that didn't make him want to gag. In his own life, he had a very tough time with tenderness or sentimentality. Even at the height of our courtship he was a tentative partner. Sex was simply a physical need that had no relation to the person he was with."

Red River was to have been the making of them. In the Slim years Hawks had prospered. With hit after hit his salary rose; *Red River* was his own production, and he hoped to clean up. But the expenses on the picture got out of hand, and then Slim left him for Leland Hayward. Hawks's salary was deferred against profits on the film, and the profits weren't declared for a few years. The divorce was a long-drawn-out financial quarrel in which Hawks resisted paying child support for Kitty.

As Todd McCarthy puts it: "Hawks's behaviour in relation to Slim and Kitty is hard to fathom, although it certainly stemmed from some combination of arrogant stubbornness, a conviction that he needn't pay since Leland Hayward and Slim had far more money than he did, a lack of liquid cash and a lingering resentment of Slim for having left him. Relations between the two were strained when they existed at all, and Hawks undoubtedly knew that Slim bad-mouthed him to her show business and society friends. Slim remained very close with Bacall, Bogart and Hemingway, whereas Hawks did not." Bogart may have known how much Hawks went after Bacall; Hemingway could



FORK IN THE TRAIL
'Red River' marked the launch of Montgomery Clift's career – and the end of Slim and Howard's marriage, when she left him for Clift's agent

■ not forget that his most political novel had been turned into an airy fantasy.

But the new Hawks season may be the occasion for a reappraisal. There was a time when it was stressed how Howard Hawks had flown planes and driven fast cars – how he made films about men doing a dangerous job with laconic professionalism. There was a suggestion of realism. In fact he re-enacted a dream, with hard-boiled dialogue and allegedly blunt confrontations. Laconic was like italic. He made absurdist, floating comedies (*The Discreet Charm of the Cowboys*, perhaps, with the herd never reaching a railhead?) in which men pretended to be strong and the women challenged them and then subsided. It's like *Rio Bravo* (1959), where Angie Dickinson tells John Wayne not to mess up her life with his preconceived notions, talks him into a heap of wet laundry, but ends up guarding his door and wearing tights for him.

By the time I met Slim she was no longer slim, but she was great fun and a storyteller, who gave not the least hint she was dying. I got to see her by sending her a piece on *Red River* written for this magazine (in 1977) – a serious, heartfelt essay, though it did realise that the strenuous cattle drive was usually the same valley shot from different angles. Slim thought Howard would have liked the piece – he admired admirers. She was fond of him again by then, I think, though he was dead.

Then, gently, she tried to explain the kind of man Howard Hawks was: talented, cold, a fantasist, a gambler. I believe that is film commentary, and an insight into how American films functioned once upon a time. I doubt Hawks liked being laughed at in life, but he was a fabulous poker-faced comedian who dreamed the same dream over and over again – in which a man and a woman play word games and then decide they are in love. Until the next picture. The reason Walter has lost Hildy in *His Girl Friday* is to permit the fun of winning her back again.

■ A Howard Hawks season plays throughout January and February at BFI Southbank, London

ALMOST AMOROUS

Michael Mann on why he loves Howard Hawks, and in particular the 1932 gangster classic 'Scarface'

Howard Hawks's *Scarface* has a special significance for me because [producer] Marty Bregman called me up, probably in 1982, and asked was I interested in doing a remake. I'd seen the original in film school, and I watched it again and thought, "This movie is so brilliant I can't possibly think what would make me want to redo it, or how I would redo it." That was before he had the much better idea of setting it in Miami with Cuban immigration, and got Oliver [Stone]'s fantastic screenplay and made a brilliant movie. So I've loved Hawks's movie for a long time.

The particular moment that has a lot of resonance for me is at the end of the film when the police are arriving and Tony Camonte is in his apartment. His sister Cesca shows up with a gun, because Tony has killed her husband and lover, and so she enters the scene seeking revenge. The scene is a little micro-classic within a larger classic, and what's so stunning about it is the total dialectic of the film form and content and the way everything is choreographed with such precision that it becomes universal. It stands up today – you would light the film the same way.

Tony's in the room and has the lights turned off. There are harsh streetlights outside, a very linear white light coming in through all of the windows, casting these very deep shadows. Streetlights used to be that way in the 1920s, 30s and 40s, before sodium vapour and diffused lights – I remember as a small child the way streetlights used to be this very linear, high light. So there are these hard shadows, and they also back-light all the curtains. Cesca comes in and walks right into one of these hard lights – it's a very brutal light that's hitting her. She has a gun in her hand – she's come to kill him – and she's caught in this direct streetlight.

Then we hear police sirens, and Tony is in jeopardy. Her emotion shifts to alarm for Tony, and she says, "They're coming," and drops the gun and runs to him in the centre of the room, where there is no light. The two of them are in this profile, and they're in a kind of umbra – a pool of shadow, somewhere between half-tone and dark, between shadow and total darkness; they're framed there and it's almost like they're in a separate realm when they enter that zone of half-light – and that's the realm in which they have their love for each other. There's a suggestion that he has this savage protection of her that's almost amorous – suggestive of incest, with those kind of complexities – and that's the realm where the private emotions between this brother and sister exist.

All of those choices – the lighting, where they stand in a room, where they walk, how she walks out of the harsh light into the centre where there's no light, and the mood that's around them – are quite perfect. It's an exquisitely choreographed dialectic of film form and emotion, and the history of these characters and the story between them. It's one of those things that you analyse, and the act of analysis is already false, because the perfection of the organic unity of what's going on there – and how that impacts upon you – is so consummately elevated. That's Howard Hawks to me at his best.

Maybe Hawks had been influenced by Murnau, as many in Hollywood had been at the time, and

PARTNER IN CRIME
In his most recent film 'Public Enemies', right, director Michael Mann, below, revisits the style and era of Howard Hawks's 1932 classic 'Scarface'; top right, which stars Paul Muni as Tony Camonte and Ann Dvorak as his sister Cesca



CORBIS (3) BFI STILL, POSTERS AND DESIGNS (1)



REUTERS AND DESIGNS

What's so stunning is the way everything is choreographed with such precision that it becomes universal

was moving the camera and was interested in deep shadow from seeing German expressionism in cinema and its impact on Hollywood. But it doesn't really matter to me – the historical origins of this, or why he was interested in that, or who he was building off – because we all build on work that's come before us. It's just a really stunning moment of artistry and storytelling.

I don't know that I could have worked in the studio system in the way he had to, but another

view is that what Hawks wanted to do coincided with what the public wanted to see and what the studios wanted to make, and that's a fortunate convergence of intents. He's too good in his best films for it to be somebody who is conforming and not doing exactly what he wanted to do – he's too in love with what he's doing. I say that because the best work comes from that authentic sense that you love doing this thing, and that's why you're good at it. You can't be that good at it unless you sincerely have the impulse to be doing exactly that – and Hawks is that good. The way that system operated, I think that a lot of directors of my generation from the 1970s and 80s would have had a lot of difficulty – though I think some directors from this decade would have been very comfortable in the studio system.

As to whether anything in my own films is especially influenced by Hawks, I could answer that in a different way and say that there are a couple of things in my films that I probably wish had been influenced by Hawks but were not! The dialogue – his facility with that, inventing it to a certain extent, but also working with great writers: on *Scarface* there are four writers listed, including Ben Hecht and W.R. Burnett, who's brilliant.

Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart's *double entendres* in *The Big Sleep*, when she's talking about saddling up, come to mind. She says to him, "What do you usually do when you're not working?" And he says, "Play the horses." She says, "Well, that figures" – I'm paraphrasing. Then she says, "You like to get out in front, open up a little lead, take a

little breather in the back stretch and then come home free." It's just these amazingly overt sexual *doubles entendres*.

I've certainly appreciated – either collaterally or driving from Hawks – that sense of using all of the modalities of expression in storytelling, in the sense that you write the movie many times: you start with the screenplay, then you write it with light; the final mix is the final authoring of the picture – not just the sound, but when all of everything is together at the same time. The ability of a beam of light hitting a bit of fabric to generate a mood or an ambience in a powerful scene that's not dialogue-driven necessarily, but is driven by expression or gesture, and the music that's playing with it – all of that.

You asked if I see a kinship between my films and Hawks's in terms of a focus on groups of professional men. Actually I don't, because when I've had those kind of thematic concerns, I don't extol professionalism for its own sake. [For me] it's a little bit different: I am very interested in the struggles that people make under very arduous circumstances to live authentic lives, or lives they define in an authentic way as the lives they want to lead. I've always been very interested in that struggle, going back to *Thief* in 1980, so if there is a thematic concern, that's mine – it's not to extol professionalism for its own sake. At the same time, when I'm attracted to a subject, I'm usually attracted to people who are quite good at it.

■ Michael Mann was talking to James Bell



Disney, the studio whose name was once synonymous with animation, has lost its edge. As 'Tangled', its 50th film, is released, **Andrew Osmond** asks what went wrong

DISNEY AFTER DISNEY



This February marks a minor anniversary for fans of animated feature films. The Oscar ceremony will be the tenth to include a category for Best Animated Feature. The first winner, in 2002, was the Dreamworks studio's *Shrek*, a barbed parody of the Disney tradition. Over the following years there have been five wins for Pixar; one win for Britain's Aardman Animations (*Wallace & Gromit in the Curse of the Were-Rabbit*, 2005); one for Japan's Studio Ghibli (*Spirited Away*, 2001); and one for George Miller's dancing-penguin epic *Happy Feet* (2006).

Over the same period, Disney released nine 'canonical' cartoon features, supposedly part of the series that began with *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* in 1937 and continued through *Fantasia* (1940), *Sleeping Beauty* (1958) and *Beauty and the Beast* (1991). The Disney films of the noughties began with excursions into sci-fi (*Atlantis the Lost Empire*, 2001; *Treasure Planet*, 2002); they moved into CGI (*Chicken Little*, 2005; *Bolt*, 2008); and they made a brief return to drawings and fairytales in 2009's *The Princess and the Frog*. None of them won the Animated Feature Oscar.

Let's repeat that: none of this century's films from Disney, the studio that defined animated features, won the Best Animated Feature Oscar. Few came close, with the exception of *Lilo & Stitch* (2002), a quirky girl-meets-alien piece with a solid dramatic core. As reviewer Glen Kenny noted, it was the first Disney animation with lines like: "The social worker's gonna be here any minute."

Last year, *Lilo's* directors Chris Sanders and Dean DeBlois released another much praised animated film, the CGI adventure *How to Train Your Dragon*, which grossed nearly half a billion dollars worldwide. But it wasn't by Disney; Sanders had creative differences with the management, so he and DeBlois went to the rival Dreamworks studio. Seasoned Disney-watchers had seen it before. Sometimes it seemed that the most interesting filmmakers in animation had all at some point quit or been fired from Disney: Don Bluth (who went on to make *An American Tail* for Spielberg in 1986); Brad Bird (*The Iron Giant* for Warner Bros, 1999; *The Incredibles* for Pixar, 2004); and Henry

Selick, who left Disney, then made films for it (*The Nightmare Before Christmas*, 1993) and for other studios (*Coraline*, 2009).

Another Disney exile was John Lasseter, now the most famous figure in Hollywood animation thanks to his pioneering CGI work at Pixar from *Toy Story* (1995) onwards. In 1982 Lasseter was hired as a young animator at the Disney studio, which had been waning since Walt's death in 1966. Roy O. Disney, Walt's brother and financial champion, had overseen the studio until his passing five years later; subsequently the leadership went to Ron Miller, Walt's son-in-law.

For some fans, the 'real' Disney died with Walt, though his studio had changed drastically since the 1940s, when Walt lost much of his interest in animation and turned to other media. (The first wholly live-action Disney feature was *Treasure Island* in 1950; Disneyland came five years later.) The hubris and adventure in *Snow White*, *Pinocchio* (1940) and *Fantasia*, and the seemingly effortless balancing of cuteness, wit and wonder in *Dumbo* (1941), were mostly gone by the end of World War II. Lasseter himself thought the studio reached a "plateau" with the urbane canine comedy-thriller *101 Dalmatians* (1960). "Somehow I felt that the films after that, while they had wonderful moments and characters, they were just the same thing," he has said.

Hybrid possibilities

In 1982, the year Lasseter came to Disney, the studio released the computer fantasy *Tron*. Enthused by the possibilities he saw, Lasseter started developing a hybrid feature, *The Brave Little Toaster*, which would have mixed traditional cartoon characters with CGI backgrounds. He pitched the film to his bosses, only to be met with blank hostility. One executive told him: "The only reason to do computer animation is if we can do it faster and cheaper." Lasseter's employment ended the same day. (*The Brave Little Toaster* was later released by Disney as an independent, traditionally drawn film in 1987, and has a fond following.)

Lasseter's experience was a hinge of fate. If only the executives had done what they claimed to do and followed Walt's example. Walt embraced innovations with gusto – indeed he built his studio



with them. The coming of sound first lifted Walt into stardom with his Mickey Mouse cartoon *Steamboat Willie* (1928). A decade later he spent thousands of dollars on 3D shots through a multi-plane camera (most prominently in *Pinocchio*), and thousands more on the customised, multitrack 'Fantasound' for *Fantasia*. Had his studio kept Lasseter on four decades later, then computer animation might have been Disney's new miracle. Pixar might be unknown today, and Disney still the king of feature animation.

In the real world, there was a management coup at Disney in 1984, triggered by Walt's nephew Roy E. Disney. (A note of clarification: Roy E. Disney, who died in 2009, was Roy O. Disney's son and Walt's nephew. Because both Roys bore a striking physical resemblance to Walt, and they were hugely important at different times in Disney's history, they're sometimes confused.) The coup brought in the management team of Michael Eisner, Jeffrey Katzenberg and Frank Wells, who had reportedly been considering ending Disney animation, had Roy not stepped in.

Under Eisner, Disney animation returned to prominence, though not by a direct route. Even before Eisner's takeover, there had been concern that Disney's name was becoming a liability, so Ron Miller had launched the more adult Touchstone Pictures division. We think of the Disney fairytale being revived by *The Little Mermaid* (1989), but a racier contender was Touchstone's debut, the live-action *Splash* (1984), which had the biggest opening in Disney's history, up to that point. The



HIDEBOUND
Long the home of hand-drawn animation such as Mickey Mouse, far left, Disney uses CGI for its new film 'Tangled', left, while sticking to its old pretty-princess subject-matter

bare-breasted mermaid (played by Daryl Hannah) was sexed up beyond anything the Disney brand could accommodate. She was Snow White's big sister for a youth market that – a survey of the time confirmed – wouldn't be caught dead watching traditional Disney.

Splash was followed in 1988 by *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. Though a Disney co-production, *Roger Rabbit* didn't use Disney's in-house animators, apparently not deeming them up to the job. Instead producer Steven Spielberg and director Robert Zemeckis gave the work to London animator Richard Williams. According to the book *DisneyWar*, Roy (E.) Disney deemed *Roger* "too risqué" for the Disney name. The reason: a Mae West-ish quip in the script, "Is that a rabbit in your pocket, or...?" Like *Splash*, *Roger Rabbit* was released under the Touchstone label, and excluded from Disney's 'canonical' 50 features – as are the gnarly stop-motion films that followed, *The Nightmare Before Christmas* and *James and the Giant Peach* (1996), both directed by Selick.

The bubble bursts

Disney animation's official comeback arrived in a renewed set of fairytales and animal sagas: *The Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast* (which was Oscar-nominated for Best Picture in 1991), followed by *Aladdin* (1992) and *The Lion King* (1994). Directly and indirectly, these films were shaped by the lyricist Howard Ashman, who stressed the affinity between cartoon drawings and the painted scenery of stage musicals. "We watch

in a different way," he argued of these media, "therefore it may be easier to sing." Disney's comeback is depicted in enthralling depth in a Disney documentary feature, *Waking Sleeping Beauty* (2009), now available on DVD (Region 1).

What followed is told in another documentary, 2005's *Dream on Silly Dreamer* (which *wasn't* released by Disney; the DVD is hard to find, though worth tracking down). It tells of the bursting of the Disney bubble, as animators' salaries rocketed and production was ramped up to a film a year, not counting despised cartoon 'cheapquels' such as *The Jungle Book 2* (2003). The implosion began in 2002, when more than 200 animation artists were laid off at Burbank, followed by similar carnage at Disney's other studios. *Dream on Silly Dreamer* heaps much of the blame on Disney's 'blockbuster' mentality (each new release 'had' to do as well as *The Lion King*) and executive interference with the story process. This may be true, though history tends to blur with ideology; animators and their fans are keen to demonise executives who can't draw – which would arguably have extended to Walt Disney. (A weak artist, he stopped animating

John Lasseter pitched a cartoon/CGI hybrid to his Disney bosses, only to be met with blank hostility

in the 1920s, well before Mickey Mouse.) I've interviewed several directors and animators who worked on *Atlantis the Lost Empire* and *Treasure Planet* who seemed genuine in their enthusiasm for these films, much as the results disappointed.

These sci-fi excursions reflected a search for a new identity for Disney. The Disney producer Don Hahn told me that if the studio stuck to fairytales, "the animated form [would] wither and die." But by now Disney was eclipsed by Pixar, the *Toy Story* studio led by Lasseter. Officially they were partners, Pixar's films being released by Disney. Right from the start, though, viewers saw them as competitors. Even when Disney and Pixar merged in 2006 – a \$7.4 billion deal engineered by Eisner's successor Robert Iger – the perception didn't change. Today, we think of *Up* (2009) and *Toy Story 3* (2010) as Pixar films, and *Bolt* and *The Princess and the Frog* as lesser Disneys.

At the moment, Disney's new CGI film *Tangled* – officially its 50th animated feature – looks to be its most popular cartoon in a decade. For all its pleasures, though, I think many of the young adult demographic who cheered *Toy Story 3* wouldn't be caught dead going to this pretty-princess Disney – any more than Spielberg fans in the 1980s would have gone to *The Fox and the Hound* (1981). Even ignoring Hahn's warning about fairy stories, both *Tangled* and *The Princess and the Frog* have to overcome too many negative impressions to feel like true rebirths. With a hand-drawn *Snow Queen* in development limbo, the next film on the Disney slate is a return to a decades-old comfort blanket, *Winnie the Pooh*. Nowadays, Pixar is the studio with an iconic identity, while Disney seems a mirage, less *Sleeping Beauty* than a Ghost of Christmas Past. But Disney has been here before. Last time around, this was when John Lasseter came in (and was thrown out) – and then Eisner and Ashman, and a brand new incarnation of Disney. Perhaps the next few years will see the final, quiet death of Disney animation – or another comeback in a form not even Lasseter could foresee.

■ Disney's first 50 animated features will screen chronologically at BFI Southbank during 2011; 'Tangled' is released on 28 January, and is reviewed on page 75





Darren Aronofsky has followed *'The Wrestler'* with *'Black Swan'*, this time finding his trademark obsession, restlessness and bone-crunching self-harm in the ultra-formal world of ballet. **Nick James** talks to the director

DANCER IN THE DARK

TASK MASTER
Darren Aronofsky, above, has drawn an extraordinary performance from Natalie Portman in *'Black Swan'*, left

Ever since Darren Aronofsky's breakthrough film *Pi* (1998) opened on the image of a face bisected by glass, his signature style of filmmaking has been 'up close and personal'. Repeated sequences of very fast cuts between image combinations – such as the dazzling needle-vein-eyeball shuffles in his career-making addiction drama *Requiem for a Dream* (2000) – are a trademark. For most of the intervening years since *Pi*, frenetic cuts and looming faces have been in heavy rotation in cinema and TV as a signifier of edginess or 'youth'. Recently, however, there seems to have been a general move away from the choppy, follow-my- ➤

Darren Aronofsky Black Swan

actor mode, at least among the kind of films that are up for awards in this awards season – a shift towards a more measured approach to framing and movement (as in David Fincher's *The Social Network*, for instance). This change in fashion may militate against the chances of Aronofsky's new film *Black Swan*; if it doesn't, it'll be thanks to a high-risk performance from his lead, Natalie Portman, and the intriguing collision of his style with the film's subject-matter: ballet.

Aronofsky's last film *The Wrestler* (2008) revived the fortunes of Mickey Rourke by coaxing an intensely physical performance out of him, much of it in close proximity to a very agile camera lens. In *Black Swan*, however, this eyeballing, sinewy approach immediately creates an intriguing hybrid form, simply because ballet is such a formal discipline, usually viewed at a distance. That's why, right from the beginning, the on-the-shoulder camerawork that follows Natalie Portman's dancing protagonist Nina around in the centre of the theatrically lit stage action has a transgressive, treading-on-toes feel.

The welfare of toes, as it happens, is a crucial matter in the life of a ballerina. As part of the film's building attack on our physical comfort zones, we see toenails splitting, blood oozing from cuticles, a sense of the agony of feet made to do the unnatural load-bearing of *pointe* work. The sweaty gooseflesh of junkies may have been a prominent feature of *Requiem for a Dream*, but here Portman's human

'swanflesh' is soon subject to rashes, scratch marks and bursting follicles – phenomena that point towards the film's bravura transformative ending, an astonishing feather-bristling metamorphosis that pushes the film away from performative fantasy towards outright grand guignol horror – and that in itself is worth the price of a ticket.

The Black Swan is, of course, a character from Tchaikovsky's ballet *Swan Lake*: Odile, daughter of the sorcerer Von Rothbart. The White Swan is Odette, a princess who is turned into a swan by the sorcerer's spell; only at night does she turn back into a woman. When, by chance, Prince Siegfried sees Odette in human form, he falls in love with her – and eternal love is the key to breaking the spell. But Von Rothbart disguises the seductive Odile as Odette, so it's to Odile that the prince declares his love – thereby imprisoning Odette forever in the form of a swan. The same dancer usually plays both the Black and the White Swan – and that is the heart of Nina's dilemma.

In Aronofsky's film, this classic ballet myth has been seasoned with a dash of Dostoevsky's *The Double* and a soupçon of *All About Eve*. Nina is a promising chorus dancer who's told by impresario Thomas Leroy (Vincent Cassel, in full preening mode) that, while she's perfect for the White Swan, she's too out of touch with her sexual nature to play the Black Swan. (Leroy feels this way, that is, until he tries to force a passionate kiss on her – and she bites his lip.)

Every woman who surrounds Nina is, it seems, both a rival and her double – including suicidal, washed-up former principal dancer Beth (Winona Ryder); the seemingly friendly, sexy rival Lily (Mila Kunis), who wants to take Nina out clubbing; and even her jealous mother Erica (Barbara Hershey), who's terrified of Nina growing up and having a real success that she cannot share. As Nina tries to follow through on Leroy's injunction to discover her inner Black Swan, she begins to experience dangerous thrills, and to see unknown aspects of her personality in mirrors and/or projected on to others.

Black Swan is a kind of anti-Ophuls movie, where you're swirled into a film-long dance that's not at all about how easy it is, but about how tough and nerve-wracking and body-breaking performance can be. In its vertiginous spin towards a bloodstained whiteout apotheosis, it is not a film for all cinephiles. As in all of Aronofsky's films, there's little counterpoint or subtlety – and plenty of overload. We remain inside the head of the frigid ballerina discovering the Black Swan of sex and adulthood through characters who mirror her as doubles and hem her in to the brittle, precious world of the dance.

Perfectionism is of course a way of life for the ballet dancer, and the film shows how suffocating that love of 'perfection' can be – right down to the kitsch trinkets and music boxes that lure little girls into the sub-anorexic world of those who would sacrifice themselves to the medium. If I say that in its best moments *Black Swan* combines the lurid melodrama of Powell and Pressburger's *The Red Shoes* (1948) with the delicious kitsch of Robert Aldrich's *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* (1962), I must add that this does not happen nearly often enough; instead we have to rely on the shock value of Aronofsky's perennial subtext, self-harm.

Aronofsky himself seems to have been having a tough time of late. He only recently split from his fiancée Rachel Weisz, with whom he has a four-year-old son. On the David Letterman show in November, Natalie Portman was critical of the way she was treated on the set of *Black Swan* after she lost 20 pounds for the role and then dislocated a rib. She received medical treatment but then, it has been alleged elsewhere, Aronofsky would not allow her to break character and wanted to carry on filming even though she was in pain.

If true, this would place Aronofsky in a tradition of directors who – like the impresario Lermontov in *The Red Shoes* – push their stars to the limit. But I'd heard none of this when I met him on a crisp autumn morning during the London Film Festival. He did look very pale and fragile, however; he told me that, after the gala screening of the film, some London friends had persuaded him to go out dancing. He hadn't done that in a while, he said – but at least he wasn't on points.

Nick James: When you finished *'The Wrestler'*, did you know that a film like *'Black Swan'* – something with touches of horror about it – was the next film you wanted to make?

Darren Aronofsky: We finished *The Wrestler* a week before Venice [in 2008]. No one had seen it finished or in any form when we showed up, and then on Saturday we won the Golden Lion and on Sunday night, at 5am, we sold it to Fox Searchlight.



'I was always turned on by the idea of reinventing the werewolf movie with a were-swan film'

CENTRE STAGE
Natalie Portman with Darren Aronofsky, below, and opposite with Vincent Cassel, top right, and the three women who mirror her in 'Black Swan': Winona Ryder, top left, Barbara Hershey, bottom left, and Mila Kunis, bottom right

I half-believed all the hype about, "What are you doing making a film about Mickey Rourke and wrestling?" We had to really rush the film to open in Venice, and you really don't know what you have. You put all your ideas down and you think you might affect the audience that way.

I still don't know fully [about *Black Swan*] – it seems to be going pretty well. Audiences seem to be getting creeped and spooked out by it, having a good time with it. So – so far, so good. To be honest, even up to a few weeks before we started shooting, I was terrified of *Black Swan*.

NJ: After 'The Wrestler' you must have become the 'go to' guy for every actor who wanted their careers revived, but here you're working with someone who is young and successful and in the career groove.

DA: When we develop projects it's like they're all starting a marathon. The ones we go back to are the ones that make it across the finish line, and the reason we go back to them is there's something about them that pulls us in. I was always turned on by the idea of reinventing the werewolf movie with a were-swan film, turning Natalie Portman into some sort of creature. I was also really interested in exploring the ballet world, seeing what it was all about. So that's what pulled us back.

The script showed up about ten years ago and it was basically [about the] off-Broadway world, and I lost control of it. It was developed for many years without me. We acquired it about five years ago. I liked the engine of that original script, even

though it wasn't set in the ballet world. It took a lot of time to switch. The acting world and the ballet world are very different. There's the physicality, of course, but there's also [in ballet] a more intense, closed-off, incestuous world. Acting is much more connected to the planet. Ballet is very archaic.

NJ: When did Portman become part of the project?

DA: I first met Natalie about the project eight years ago in Times Square. I was always a fan of hers and – with that incredible carriage, neck and head – I thought she'd make a lovely ballerina. It's interesting that she's always cast as a girl when she's clearly become a woman. I wanted to be the director to scandalise her a little bit. It turned out that she was really into ballet. She had studied it from the age of four to 13 and she's a fan. She goes to the ballet a lot, and knows a lot of dancers.

NJ: So what was the training ritual for her like?

DA: Pretty brutal: for about a year she worked five hours a day doing ballet, swimming – all different types of stuff. She got to be in awesome shape and live a dream that she's had since she was a little girl, so I think she had a pretty good time.

NJ: How did you win over the notoriously standoffish ballet world?

DA: There were enough fans of *The Wrestler*: one dancer here, one dancer there, and pretty soon they couldn't deny us. Benjamin Millepied [who plays the Prince and is Portman's current boyfriend] was a big deal because he's a very respected choreographer and a principal dancer with the New York



City Ballet. He became a big supporter of ours. So slowly but surely they opened up. They were still very difficult to work with – to schedule was a nightmare. Dancers take a lot of abuse in their world and so they're very paranoid about being taken advantage of. They didn't know us from Adam and they couldn't really see what the upside for their careers could be. So there was a lot of paranoia and not much willingness to work with us.

NJ: The audience point of view is mostly inside the dance. To what extent did you have a choreographer work it out so that the camera's moves could work with those of the dancers?

DA: Benjamin Millepied and I went through *Swan Lake* and agreed the sections we wanted to focus on. I would tell Benjamin what was going on in the story and he would turn it into movement, based on classical choreography, but modernised and updated. He'd work it out with the dancers, then the DP, Matty [Matthew Libatique], would come down with a video camera and we'd start dancing with them and videotaping. When we would get to the real stage, we'd try to emulate that, but there would be all sorts of complications because of gear and shadows and reflections. We were really close to the dancers, so it was really easy to cast shadows. We had to pick out the different things one by one and solve them.

NJ: Did your camera operators have to go into training?

DA: It was two different guys. We cast the operator like we'd cast a role in a movie. There were call-backs and stuff to get the right person who could move well enough. It worked out pretty well.

NJ: There are things about ballet in the film that you don't usually get to see, like the massage scene.

DA: The woman in the film is a real physical therapist who, I think, was on-staff masseuse for ABT [the American Ballet Theatre] – and she actually helped Natalie a lot. I went to her once and thought, "Oh, I've got to put this on film. Would you do this for a scene?" We called her in at the last minute and just shot that.

NJ: The face swapping that goes on with Natalie and the other dancers she projects on to as her doppelgänger is fascinating. It happens so fast it's hard to tell, but does that also happen with Winona Ryder's character, the washed-up 'Dying Swan'?

DA: Not really, but because they look a lot alike, people are seeing it that way. Natalie is often in Winona's clothes. During the face-stabbing scene at a certain point it becomes Natalie – but it is just Natalie sitting there, it's not face-replacement. And in the apartment it's Natalie in Winona's clothes and some people see Winona, some people see Natalie, some people see the mom [Barbara Hershey], but that's just because of the casting. I tried to get this pixie look of all these different girls. It limited the palette – I mean the casting choices – but it homed me in to it.

NJ: It's a world of unchanging archetypes.

DA: Yeah, I don't know what generates what. You just see examples of it non-stop: ballet mothers who are very intense and not very self-aware. It can be very destructive, but there's a lot of beauty there too. To put yourself through that type of pain, you have to love ballet.

■ 'Black Swan' is released on 21 January, and is reviewed on page 49

DOUBLE VISIONS

The duplicated woman is a largely male fantasy that's inspired some of cinema's most imaginative works. Here **Nick James** looks at some of the more daring examples



METROPOLIS

Fritz Lang, 1927

We can't be sure if Thea von Harbou (Lang's screenwriter wife) consciously stole from *Swan Lake*, but when workers'-rights campaigner Maria (Brigitte Helm) – already a mix of Christ and the Madonna – is replicated by evil genius Rotwang's female robot, the echoes are deafening. Doubling usually strengthens a male character's power, yet – as we see here – it nearly always weakens a female's.



SISTERS

Brian De Palma, 1972

Worth a look for its prescient 'Peeping Tom' game show and its Guy Maddin-like surgery fantasy, *Sisters* is the schlockiest example of the 'are there two or just the one?' version of the doubled female. More brilliant examples, such as Hitchcock's *Vertigo* and Bergman's *Persona* put De Palma's piece in the shade, of course, but neither of those has separated Siamese twins at the heart of its darkness.



THE DOUBLE LIFE OF VERONIQUE

Krzysztof Kieslowski, 1991

The myth of the doppelgänger – the double as harbinger of doom – is usually reserved for men. Here the post-wall East-West dichotomy is given flesh by Irène Jacob as two identical singers, Weronika and Véronique, momentarily in the same location shortly before one expires and the other changes. Games with mirrors and synchronicity abound in this gorgeous hymn to the poetry of fate and agnostic mysticism.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, 1943

Like the less loveable subject of Thomas Hardy's novel *The Well-Beloved*, old-school fair-play gent Colonel Blimp (Roger Livesey) falls in love with three different women at different times in his life, all of whom look the same (and all played by Deborah Kerr). But in this most romantic version of 'new wife syndrome', death takes each one away before the quietly doting Blimp stumbles miraculously across another.



THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE

Luis Buñuel, 1977

All our examples here are male fantasies. But Buñuel's gambit of having the coy mistress of Fernando Rey's smitten bourgeois played in rotation by two physically distinct actresses (the tall, skinny-chic Frenchwoman Carole Bouquet, and the shorter, more fleshly Spaniard Angela Molina) underlines the absurdity of male projections of the power of the virgin tease. The doubling blurs the woman.



MULHOLLAND DR.

David Lynch, 2001

When ingénue Betty Elms (Naomi Watts) finds an amnesiac woman called Rita showering in her aunt's LA apartment, little do we know that she may simply be reimagining herself as a much nicer person than the suicidal Hollywood veteran she perhaps really is. The qualifiers I'm using here use indicate how slippery female (and actress) identity becomes in Lynch's abstruse nightmare.

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Peter Mullan is already well known as one of Britain's most intense screen actors. But with 'Neds' he cements his reputation as a director whose commitment to emotional truth transcends social realism. By **Demetrios Matheou**

GLASGOW BELONGS TO ME



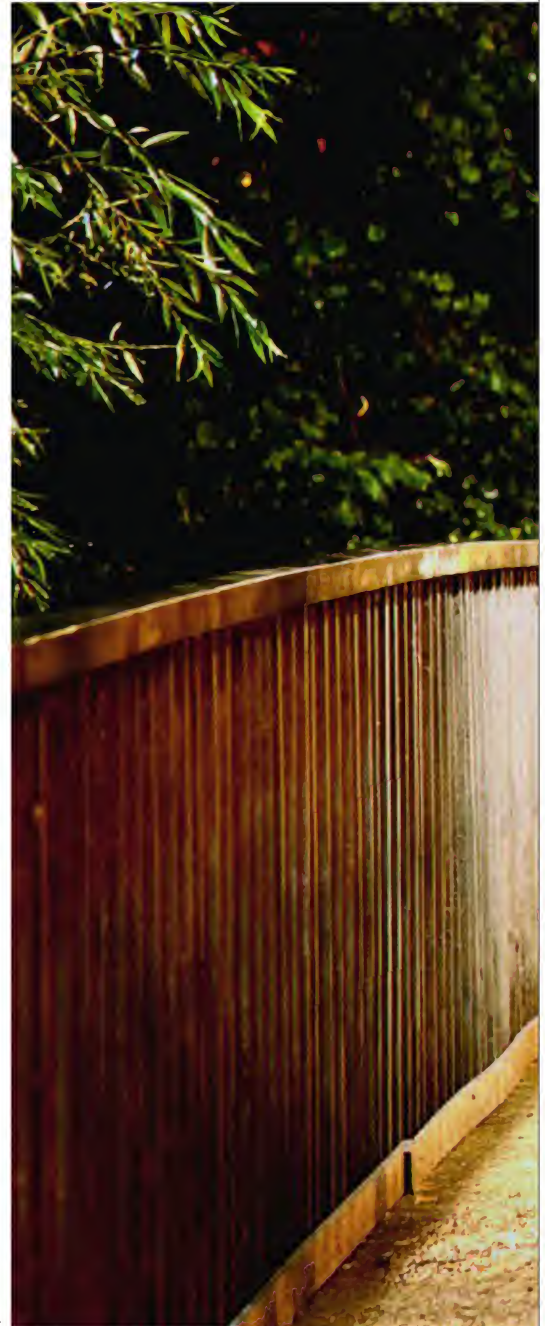
MAN AND BOY
In 'Neds', John (Conor McCarron, facing page) follows the violent path taken by his father (Peter Mullan, above, who also directs)

Peter Mullan recalls reading a newspaper report about the murder of an eight-year-old boy in Edinburgh: "This boy and his friend had watched a fight in the street involving two older boys. They knew nothing about it. After the fight, the victor chased after these two kids, just because they had been cheering for the other lad. And when he caught up with them, he beat one of them to death with a brick."

One might imagine that this is a story out of today's newspapers, at a time when street gangs and rising knife crime are a major concern (one recent report suggested that as many as 50,000 British teenagers are involved in gangs). In fact it was a cutting – presumably a yellowed one – from 1893. "When I read it I was really shocked, because the story was so familiar," says Mullan. "But this act of seemingly random violence, where a child lost his life, was well over a hundred years ago."

"So for me, today, you can't just blame society," he continues. "This problem is a massive, complex cocktail that stretches back to the beginnings of time. In England and Scotland you can date it to the industrial revolution, when you start seeing groups of young lads creating these weird territorial divides, only defined amongst themselves, with no particular financial gain to be had. It's about disaffected youth, having fuck all to do, not knowing who you are. It's aligning yourself with your peers – and you can only do that if you have another set of peers to align yourself against. You find your little grouping and you go, 'OK, what are we going to do? We'll take on that group, and that group. Let battle commence.'"

Insights such as this inform *Neds*, the Glaswegian's third feature as a director, steering the story of a 15-year-old's destructive dabbling with a gang of 'Non-Educated Delinquents' away from the stale sub-genre of contemporary British films about teen violence and hooliganism – which are so often little more than exploitation dressed as 'rites of passage' – towards something more thoughtful and resonant. ➡





BROTHERS AND SISTERS
'Neds', right and below,
is Peter Mullan's third
film as director,
following 'Orphans'
and 'The Magdalene
Sisters', opposite left
and centre, and prize-
winning acting
in 'My Name Is Joe',
opposite right



■ Set in the early 1970s, it follows the fortunes of John McGill, an intelligent working-class boy who looks set to transcend his impoverished background and escape the violent tendencies of both his father and elder brother. But his community doesn't make it easy: at school he's demoted to an inferior stream, merely because of his brother's reputation; later, during a fateful summer break, his crass, class-informed rejection by the mother of a well-to-do friend propels John into the welcoming bosom of a local gang, the Young Car-Ds. Before long, the mild-mannered newcomer has become the gang's resident monster.

Initially Mullan intended to look at the issues involved in gang culture. "I wanted to look at the nature of tribalism, education, the role of family, the church," he explains. "But as I was writing, I realised it was less about issues and more experiential. This is about adolescence. This isn't about gang, tribe, family, church – they're there, but it's really about the travails of youth and what happens between prepubescent and post-pubescent worlds.

"Of course, it would have to be set in an area of industrial decline," he continues, "but bringing no great mention of that industrial decline. I made a conscious effort to not look into these people's work lives, the employment issues of the time, the political culture. To really evoke adolescence, you have to be true to it, and when you're in the middle of that experience you don't give a monkey's fuck what's happening in the rest of the world. You care about your haircut, about how you're dressed, about who you're meeting tonight, if you're going to get off with somebody. It's purely hedonistic and narcissistic. I didn't want to be a middle-aged man forcing my view of the world upon this group of kids."

Realism and fantasy

It's now eight years since Mullan's last feature as director, *The Magdalene Sisters*. His powerful indictment of the Catholic church's incarceration and abuse of women in Ireland won the Golden Lion in Venice, while overcoming the obstructions of a

very vexed Vatican to achieve awards and sterling box office worldwide.

That film's success consolidated the reputation of Britain's most accomplished actor-director, a man whose work either side of the camera is characterised by its integrity and blistering authenticity. His first film *Orphans*, a visually vibrant, emotionally torrid tragicomedy about a Glasgow family, also won prizes in Venice back in 1998 – the same year Mullan picked up the best actor award in Cannes for his terrific turn as a recovering alcoholic in Ken Loach's *My Name Is Joe*.

At that point, the 'overnight sensation' had already been working for some years: first in Scotland's political theatre, then – following a

supporting role in Loach's *Riff-Raff* (1991) – in small parts in such significant Scotland-based films such as *Shallow Grave* (1994), *Braveheart* (1995) and *Trainspotting* (1995). At the same time he'd also been directing some terrific short films: *Close* (1994), *Good Day for the Bad Guys* (1995) and the award-winning *Fridge* (1995) – films that portrayed Glasgow working-class life with a combination of gritty realism, gallows humour and fantasy that anticipated the style of his feature work.

Mullan – who's speaking to me now from behind the giant white beard he's grown for his role in Steven Spielberg's film of the hit WWI play *War Horse* – never gives less than his all in his acting assignments. In Michael Winterbottom's



'I couldn't offer John redemption, because there is none. It's not as easy as John being allowed back to school'



'I get bored with social realism. If one has an imagination, one should use it... Let's go more towards Greek tragedy'

The Claim (2000), for instance, he was so focused on his snowbound death scene that he slipped into hypothermia without anyone realising. But one senses that his greater interest lies behind the camera. So why has there been such a long delay since *The Magdalene Sisters*?

"I got offered lorry-loads of scripts after *Magdalene*, from the States," he recalls. "And the challenge of working there would have been good, particularly after the American success of *Magdalene*, which helps your confidence no end. But nothing took my fancy. Nothing. I remember Peter Weir's statement, that unless you can relate a script to your soul, don't do it. It's not enough to think 'clever idea', because you've got to live with it for so long. In the meantime I was earning a living as an actor. Finally about four years ago I thought, 'I need to sit down and write something myself.'"

Within a year of finishing his script for *Neds*, he was turning the camera. "We were dead lucky," he admits. "The UK Film Council – who then existed – ring-fenced some money for us. Then Scottish Screen did the same. We got private funding from France. It was done really quickly. Then I just had to work out how we could shoot this film for the budget, £3.5 million, which was problematic. But had we tried to get the money six months later, we would never have managed it. We got it just before the banks collapsed."

Fact and fiction

Watching *Neds*, one can't help but draw parallels with what we know of Mullan's own life. Like John McGill, he came from a poor family, and his father was a violent alcoholic; he himself was a member of the Young Car-Ds and – despite being a bright, bookwormy boy – played truant from school for the entire year of his gang career. And yet the director has pointedly diverted such comparisons in his own statement about the film being "personal, but not autobiographical". So where does he draw the line?

"If you were going to do an autobiographical piece, you would have to remain completely faithful to at least your own version of the truth,"

he says. "Whereas this is easily 90 per cent fiction, albeit very much influenced by things I saw, heard about and experienced. There were tiny bits of pressure, way back – people saying it would sound better if it's 'a true story'. But it's not a true story, so it felt more honest to say so, in advance."

The border between fact and fiction is at its most intriguing in Mullan's own performance as the boy's father, who fits the description he once gave me of his own father: "one of those people who come into a room with the smell of death, and suck the life out of it". He says that he and his brother Lenny, who cast the film, decided early on that he would be 'plan B' for the father. Only when they failed to secure their desired actors, and money started to get tight, did Mullan take the role – for the princely sum of £400.

"At that point, Lenny was a bit concerned that it could fuck me around mentally," he recalls. "I had no such worries, because I knew it was just a character – it was not my dad – and playing him was ridiculously easy. Funnily enough, if I'm honest, every word that he says in the film is verbatim from my own experience. My father did say those things, and do those things. But it was not a case of working out issues with my dad, but presenting that kind of behaviour as starkly as I could."

He describes his performance, with some relish, as "borderline over the top". This was in keeping with his instruction to his adult cast, which includes his *My Name Is Joe* co-stars Gary Lewis, Louise Goodall and David McKay. "I wanted the kids to be very much rooted in the real world. To differentiate between grown-up and child, I wanted a slightly older-fashioned acting style, more akin to 70s acting, less obsessed with distilled naturalism. So I told the adult actors not to be afraid to go towards *Please Sir!*, or a bit *Play for Today* – not to be afraid to float a couple of inches above reality and" – he laughs – "just out of range of being hammered by the critics."

This attitude typifies a directorial style that is not as close as one might assume to the social realism of, say, Loach and Alan Clarke; indeed, that's a tendency Mullan consciously resists.

While Conor McCarron, who plays the older John, reminds one of Ray Winstone in Clarke's *Scum* (1979), comparisons with that film fade in the light of John's Jesus fantasies and his epiphanic encounter with a pride of lions.

"I get bored with naturalism and social realism – unless it's beautifully served to me, in the case of somebody like Ken Loach," Mullan confesses. "I get restless with it. If one has an imagination, one should use it – in my book. Towards the end of the story I thought, 'Let's let go of any form of social realism. Let's go more towards Greek tragedy and – fuck it – pantomime.' The rest of the film is all well and good – low-key, understated, social this, social that. Personally, when it goes off into never-never land, I find it far more exciting."

The flamboyance of the film's final reel coincides with Mullan's decision to move beyond his initial ending (when John is allowed back to school), in the process confounding our conditioned assumption about the boy's redemption.

"I couldn't offer John redemption, because there is none," he says – as if that's no bad thing, redemption being a solution too easily offered up by fiction. "There is a journey out of this, but it's not as easy as John being allowed back to school," he says. "If I had finished the film then, it would have been more akin to some of Alan Clarke's work, which is very much about people being fucked over by society. No offence, I adore his work – but for me that's too simplistic."

Mullan is particularly frustrated by the 18 certificate given to *Neds* by the BBFC, because the audience he's really aiming for is the same age as his protagonist. "I'm under no illusions," he says. "They are not going to sit there and go, 'You know what, chaps, I say we get rid of the fucking blades and go back to making carrot cake?' But if any kid sees what John ends up doing in *Neds*, I would love to think he will say, 'I don't wanna do *that*. That's where I draw the line.' And that's when I will have achieved something."

■ *'Neds'* is released on 21 January, and is reviewed on page 68



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The King's Speech Though he never overplays the pathos, Colin Firth's Bertie makes us feel it in the simplest lines. "What are friends for?" asks his speech therapist. Bertie stares at him bleakly. "I wouldn't know," he responds **p62**
.....

Book of revelations

The Bressonian style and metaphysical concerns of Eugène Green may be an acquired taste, but they achieve their most perfect expression in his new film 'The Portuguese Nun'. Peter Matthews finds himself ripe for conversion

The Portuguese Nun

Eugène Green, 2009

Checking in at a Lisbon hotel, actress Julie de Hauranne tells the receptionist about her current project, a minimalist exercise composed of silent visuals and a 17th-century French text to be read entirely off screen. Unimpressed, the receptionist replies: "I never see French films. They're for intellectuals." Speaking later to a make-up girl, Julie euphemistically describes the approach as "unconventional". "Boring, you mean," is the tart rejoinder. Julie's quiet demurrals – "I hope not. The story moves me" – perhaps supplies the key to writer-director Eugène Green's ravishing new work.

Far from wishing to pull rank on the philistine tastes of dressers and concierges, Green wryly and stoically acknowledges that his *recherché* style won't grab everyone. With its zombified performances, oracular dialogue and tone of deliberate mystification, *The Portuguese Nun* is apt to strike the uninitiated as howlingly pretentious, and then some. Like Rossellini or Rivette or de Oliveira (two of whose stock company appear here), Green sits dangerously on the cusp between the sublime and the absurd. Surmounting the intransigent oddity of his films possibly demands a certain leap of faith. Yet it often happens that those most bitterly agnostic are the ripest for conversion. So if you feel utterly nonplussed, wait and see. You may find that you have been seduced by stealth and entered the small, growing band of devotees for whom Green's cinema comes near to fulfilling an absolute.

The simple, episodic narrative might be labelled metaphysical-picaresque. When she isn't busy shooting, Julie impulsively roams the city, visiting fado bars, riding on a tram, enjoying the touristy sights, but always returning to the same still point – a hilltop chapel that serves as one of her film's locations.



Green's films owe so little to the ethos of speed, bombast and encrusted formulas that watching them is like having the mote sprung from your eye

While these desultory wanderings recall Antonioni, there's a big difference. In Green's neoplatonic universe, essence precedes existence and chance is just another word for the divine will.

Julie's peregrinations lead to a series of cryptic rendezvous with fellow lost souls, each forming a vital piece in the cosmic jigsaw she puzzles over. Among them are down-at-heel aristocrat Henrique, ennui-laden and suicidal; her co-star Martin (Green perennial Adrien Michaux), restless in his settled bourgeois marriage; and most poignantly, street urchin Vasco, crying out for a mother's care. Dispensing favours impartially to all she meets, Julie learns that nothing whatever divides secular from ideal love –

which as it turns out is also the moral of her experimental costume drama, an adaptation of Comte de Guilleragues' novel *Letters of a Portuguese Nun*, concerning the heroine's illicit passion for a military officer. In a prankish touch, Green casts himself as the auteur of this impecunious epic, Denis Verde, who, after shaking his booty unavailingly at a disco, delivers the jaded *pensée*: "Hipness can be pretty depressing."

That could stand as the general maxim for a cinema that renounces passing trends and unswervingly

JULIE OF THE SPIRITS

Visiting Lisbon, French actress Julie (Leonor Baldaque, all pictures) meets her co-star Martin (Adrien Michaux, below) and the reincarnation of a 16th-century king (Carloito Cotta, above)



follows its own inner light. Green's films owe so little to the modern, hyper-industrialised ethos of speed, bombast and encrusted formulas that watching them is like having the mote sprung from your eye. What many will condemn as whimsical affectation represents a stringent attempt to jolt the audience out of sensory sloth and restore its original, pristine vision (never was a filmmaker more suitably named).

His characters might be invaders from Mars for the relation they bear to ordinary psychological realism. Bresson's stolid, robotic 'models' are an obvious antecedent, and though Green employs trained actors, his spiritual wager is similar. By forfeiting the pat emotional intensities of naturalism, he hopes to win the viewer a glimpse of something ineffably larger. As Julie, Leonor Baldaque persistently breaks the fourth wall with her great bulging stare – less an instance of Brechtian distancing than the open, empathetic avowal that we are all of us seekers. Aficionados will recognise this solicitous direct address as one of the systematic devices that was born fully fledged in Green's 2001 debut film *Toutes les nuits* (an austere reinvention of Flaubert), and which he has plied with scant variation ever since.

You wonder where Green can go after *The Portuguese Nun*, for it seems to consummate his method, achieving the Apollonian calm of a valedictory statement. There were still discreet vestiges of melodrama in Green's last feature *Le Pont des Arts* (2004), which pits two romantic dreamers against an irredeemably fallen world embodied by academic poseurs and cultural mafiosi. In that film, the chief nemesis is a diabolical conductor who destroys the heroine, a Monteverdi singer, for no other reason than abomination of her lyrical gift.

Now, however, Green himself has burned off any lingering rancour and gained a total clarity of means. The customary tics – a flattening of Renaissance perspective in rigid, centred compositions, an Ozu-like insistence on depopulated space, a Bressonian obsession with



ambulatory feet (the better to show pilgrims on their journey) – are all present and accounted for. But they no longer bespeak a faintly dandified refusal of norms, this time holding a purely ceremonial intent.

As Julie flits from one obscure encounter to the next, her allegorical progression increasingly suggests the rituals of the mass, or it may be the stations of the cross. In virtually every case, a lengthy, tableauxque two-shot of the characters in profile yields to a quicker shot-reverse-shot pattern in frontal close-up (another Ozu speciality) when the conversation reaches its climax. Green's repetitive, iconographic *mise en scène* steadfastly witnesses an invisible order above mere temporal contingency. Reciprocally, his inchmeal panning and tracking reveals Lisbon *sub specie aeternitatis* – as no horizontal city, but the product of a more vertical inspiration.

Julie might be a sister to one of Rohmer's tenaciously fanciful women, and sceptics will doubtless rate her comparably unendurable. Late in the film, she hatches the invincible idea that a young man is the reincarnation of 16th-century Portuguese king D. Sebastião, but then ducks his advances with a coy promise of third time lucky. Why?

"It's always three times in stories." The trustful magic of that line evokes Green's 2003 *Le Monde vivant*, a quasi-medieval fairytale in which a blue-jeaned knight's dog is a lion just because he says so. This evidently flippant conceit boasts a long pedigree in Western theology,

where it goes under the title of 'Logos' or 'the Word made flesh'. Overturning generations of deconstructive thought, Green resacralises language – claiming back its ancient, mystical role as the creational principle in action.

Julie's final, decisive epiphany

occurs with the eponymous nun, who keeps a prayerful vigil each night in that supernal chapel. Lamenting her artist's fate to "show the truth through unreal things", she is reassured that He did likewise when He fashioned the world. The nun could be defining the vocation of cinema, at least as Green practises it. Symmetrically arranged on either side of her in the image are two candelabra, their tiny rows of flame pointing (where else?) upward. If Green's style dematerialises photographic reality into so many abstract ciphers, it's his way of insinuating that the book of nature is equally the Book of God.

Having already swooned twice when the kneeling postulant seemed to vanish into thin air, Julie understandably requires elucidation. It arrives via the transcendental counsel that we should love until we no longer exist. Our adventures duly interprets the runes and elects to pitch her tent with the needy Vasco. It's probably a good sign that Green ends the film on this modest, humanist gesture. His baroque Christian sensibility is undeniably vulnerable to charges of conservatism and escapism, but here for once he comes down to earth.

For credits and synopsis, see page 71

A path to liberty

Eugène Green on faith and fado in 'The Portuguese Nun'

There is a demagogical reflex that consists in denouncing cultural references found in an art work as manifestations of 'elitism'. The enemies of elitism in general also require a film to have a political message. I don't believe that cinema can directly change relations of power, nor that that is its role. But a cinematic experience can change the viewer's mind. In that way 'The Portuguese Nun' may be a political film, because it could open up in those who see it a path to liberty – which is, above all, an inner state.

Because Lisbon is one of the leading characters of the film, it seemed essential to include its audible soul, which is fado. This musical and poetical form represents what is most essential in Portuguese culture: the meeting, in the present, of memory and desire, of past and future. I was fortunate enough to obtain the collaboration of two of today's greatest fado singers, Camané and Aldina Duarte.



EUGENE GREEN

It was also important to me to include in the film the presence of the 'Encoberto' – the Hidden One – who is the subject of the most important Portuguese myth: the expectation of the 'Fifth Empire', incarnated by King D. Sebastião, which is subjacent in 'The Portuguese Nun', but on a metaphorical level. In a world that seems every day more like a conglomeration of fragments with no connection between them, it is the search, illuminated by hope, for a path that would give meaning to human existence.

Abel

Mexico/USA 2010
 Director: Diego Luna
 With Karina Gidi, José María Yazpik, Christopher Ruíz-Esparza

This debut feature from Mexican actor-turned-director (and Gael García Bernal's other half in the production company Canana) Diego Luna is a stylish, offbeat fable with a satirical bite. The eponymous nine-year-old protagonist has spent the last two years in a psychiatric hospital because he's stopped talking – presumably after his father Anselmo left to work in the US, a far from uncommon domestic situation in Mexico. Abel's mother struggles to raise his younger brother Paúl and older sister Selene, but still takes Abel back into the family for a week, in an attempt to help him snap out of his condition before he's transferred to a children's hospital. But when Abel does start talking again, he appears to have assumed the identity of his father, giving us his own skewed version of patriarchal order; at times this feels profoundly strange, at others crudely funny, as when Selene invites Abel to the Father's Day celebrations at Paúl's school, or when Abel consoles her when she's dumped by her boyfriend.

There is a genuine charm to *Abel*. Locating the story mainly within the walls of an isolated, rambling old house on the outskirts of a provincial Mexican city, Luna creates a peculiar mood that permeates the whole film – an impishly fresh take on outdated magical realism. With the help of a playful soundtrack and clever sound cues he constructs the innocently disturbing fantasy world of a child – Tim Burton in a more naturalist mode. Visual gimmicks such as repeatedly flickering lights and bursting pipes give the impression that reality is in a constant state of tension.

Luna's assured direction and pacing, together with a sharp script (co-written with Augusto Mendoza), fuse most touchingly in the depiction of the relationship between bemused mother and her newly assertive son. The director never lets this slip into cuteness or sentimentality but instead continually understates it, creating vivid, everyday tableaux filled with almost palpable warmth.



Boy wonder: Christopher Ruíz-Esparza, Gerardo Ruíz-Esparza

It's a strategy that also holds the story's melodramatic potential in check, and most importantly gives credibility to scenes that otherwise could have been toe-curling, such as an attempt by Abel to perform his sexual duties as a husband.

Of course on one level *Abel* works as a metaphor for an infantilised patriarchy in Mexican society, and sure enough, soon after Abel's transformation, his father Anselmo materialises. Unfortunately, the minute the adults' world assumes authority over the children's, heavyhanded Freudian symbolism takes precedence over straightforward, albeit off-kilter drama. Out of the blue, we get a full dose of Oedipal analogies in an overblown penultimate scene involving a swimming pool, which consequently leads to Abel's regression.

Still, the film's open ending is as enigmatic and enticing as its beginning. Even though the origin of Abel's behaviour is loosely related to his father's abandonment of the family, there are never specific explanations about his condition, nor indeed are there any clues about what will happen to him in the future; all of which creates the necessary mystery and ambiguity to keep us wanting more, and, paradoxically, the reassuring feeling that we've actually got to know these characters in some depth.

♥♦ Mar Diestro-Dópido

SYNOPSIS Aguascalientes, Mexico, the present. Nine-year-old Abel has been in a psychiatric ward for two years after he suddenly stopped speaking. His mother Cecilia takes him back home for a week to his little brother Paúl and older sister Selene in an attempt to cure him. After one day back home Abel starts speaking, but assumes the role of their father (who left two years ago, supposedly to work in the US). Afraid that he might suffer a relapse if anyone confronts him about it, everyone in the family plays along. Not long afterwards, Abel's father Anselmo returns from his travels and is told by Cecilia to pretend that he's Abel's cousin, much to his consternation. In fact, Anselmo never went to the US but instead started a new family in another Mexican city, and now wants to sell the family property to generate cash. After an argument in which Anselmo tells the doctor about Abel's assumption of the paternal role, and recommends he be taken back into care despite Cecilia's opposition, Abel takes Paúl to the swimming pool to teach him how to swim (even though he himself can't swim). When they learn about this, the family set off in pursuit. Just as the two children are about to drown in the pool, Cecilia saves them. Anselmo leaves and Cecilia accepts that the best thing is for Abel to go to the children's hospital in Mexico City; once there, he stops talking again. She visits him regularly.

CREDITS

Director
 Diego Luna
Producer
 Pablo Cruz
Screenplay
 Augusto Mendoza
 Diego Luna
Director of Photography
 Patrick Murguía
Editor
 Miguel Schverdfinger
Production Designer
 Brigitte Broch
Original Music
 Alejandro Castaños

©Canana and Fondo de Inversión y Estímulos al Cine (Fidecine)
Production Companies
 Canana, Aguascalientes Gobierno del Estado, Sedec – Fideicomiso de Inversión y Administración para el Desarrollo Económico del Estado, ICA – Instituto Cultural de Aguascalientes, Fondo de Inversión y Estímulos al Cine (Fidecine-México), Nuevos Negocios de San Luis, S.A. de C.V., Promecap, S.C., Canana and Mister Mudd
Executive Producers
 Lianne Halfon
 Gael García Bernal
 John Malkovich
 Geminiano Pineda
 Russell Smith
Unit Production Manager
 Rafael Cuervo
Production Manager
 Aura Santamaría
Production Co-ordinator
 Agustín Gutiérrez
Production Accountant
 David Nava
Location Manager
 Milenco Galipienzo
Post-production Supervisors
 Mexico:
 Keila Ferrer
 LA:
 Jack Schuster
Assistant Directors
 1st: Manuel Hinojosa
 2nd: Stephanie 'Tuty' Correa
Script Supervisor
 Julia Riveros

Casting Director
 Natalia Beristáin
Camera Operators
 B: Kenji Katori
 B: Iwao Kawasaki
Steadicam Operator
 Gerardo Manjarrez
Gaffer
 Leonardo Julián
Key Grip
 Roberto Oviedo
Computer Animation/Visual Effects
 Tabbo
Special Effects Supervisor
 Arturo Marín
Art Director
 Juan Pablo García
Set Decorator
 Francisca 'La Paca' Maira
Property Master
 Claudio Castelli
Construction Manager
 Sergio Fuentes García
Costume Designer
 Anna Terrazas
Wardrobe Master
 Carlos 'Pollo' Munguía
Hair/Make-up Designer
 Carlos Sánchez
Hair stylist
 Maribel Romo
Titles
 Oliver Meneses
MUSIC SUPERVISOR
 Lynn Faichtein
Soundtrack
 "Abel" – Julieta Venegas; "El ausente" – Los Luceros; "Pum Pum" – Esmeralda Smith; "Macho Man" – The Village People; "Como tú ninguna" – Los Barón de Apodaca; "Nunca más me iré" – Cornelio Reyna; "Mirala" – Los Llamadores de Cartagena
Sound Designers
 Pablo Lach
 Salvador Félix
Sound Recordist
 Santiago Núñez
Re-recording Mixers
 Pablo Lach
 Jaime Baksh
 Michell Couttolenc

CAST

Karina Gidi
 Cecilia
José María Yazpik
 Anselmo
Christopher Ruíz-Esparza
 Abel
Carlos Aragón
 Dr Mondaréz
Geraldine Alejandra
 Selene
Gerardo Ruíz-Esparza
 Paúl
Gabino Rodríguez
 Clemente
Lucero Trejo
 Esperancita
María Elena Cervantes
 cook
Marcela Ruíz-Esparza
 teacher
Úrsula Pruneda
 Dr Islas
Norma Angélica
 taxi driver
Mauricio Isaac
 policeman
Francisco Franco Alba
 spa employee

Dolby Digital In Colour [2.35:1] Subtitles

Distributor
 Network Releasing

Amer

Belgium/France 2009
 Directors: Hélène Cattet, Bruno Forzani
 With Cassandra Forêt, Charlotte Eugène Guibbaud, Marie Bos
 Certificate 18 90m 34s

Near the beginning of *Amer*, as a mother (Bianca Maria D'Amato) adjusts her belt buckle, her young daughter Ana (Cassandra Forêt) puts her fingers in her ears to block out the scratching of metal on metal. The noise is amplified to unnaturally loud levels on the film's soundtrack, though whether this represents what Ana can hear through her sound-suppressing fingers, or rather what she imagines she would hear, remains unclear. For in *Amer* the subjective experiences of impressionable, hypersensitive Ana are presented as a stylised blur of blinkered perceptions, readily supplemented and exaggerated by her fantasies and fears.

Following two award-winning short films – *La fin de notre amour* (2004) and *Santos Palace* (2006) – Belgian writing/directing team Hélène Cattet and Bruno Forzani's feature debut is a psychodrama in triptych, with its three acts unfolding in and around an ancestral villa, each representing a formative episode in the life (and death) of Ana (her three-lettered, palindromic name reflecting the film's tripartite, cyclical structure). In the first part, after witnessing her grandfather's corpse being furtively attended by the family's housemaid, the pagan 'witch' Graziella, and catching her parents *in flagrante*, the young girl succumbs to a horrifying, Svankmajer-inflected wet dream in which she must struggle to escape the clutches of Graziella and grandfather alike in her shadowy bedroom. In the second part, as adolescent Ana (Charlotte Eugène Guibbaud) grows aware of the power and allure of her burgeoning sexuality, her mother, whether out of protectiveness or jealousy, cuts her down in her prime. In the third part, Ana, now a sexually repressed adult (Marie Bos), returns to the villa, where she plays out in her disturbed psyche – and possibly also in reality – all her desires and fears to do with men.

Amer is a surrealist homage to the thematic preoccupations, visual stylings and musical cues of Italian genre cinema. Here all the primal scenes, sinister bewitchings, gloved killers and colour codings are borrowed from *gialli*, while the eclectic score has been appropriated directly from various 1970s *poliziotteschi*, and the beautifully styled erotica of the middle section recalls the fetishistic softcore of Tinto Brass. Yet the dynamic manner in which Cattet and Forzani integrate their sources is exemplified by their selection of the musical theme from Massimo Dallamano's *What Have They Done to Your Daughters?* (1974) – which features a murderous motorcyclist – to underscore the teenage Ana's yearnings for a transgressive 'ride' with some macho bikers, as well as her mother's refusal to let her daughter go.

SYNOPSIS Young Ana and her parents move into a villa; the body of her recently deceased grandfather is laid out downstairs. Ana is curious about the corpse, and terrified of Graziella, the elderly housemaid (dubbed a witch by Ana's mother). One night, after stealing a fob watch from her grandfather's dead hands (only to see his eyes open), and catching her parents having sex, Ana has a feverish nightmare about water, witchcraft and wings.

As an adolescent, Ana attracts the male gaze in a way that her mother no longer can. While her mother is having her greying hair coloured in the local town, Ana, drawn by the sound of engines, strays to the town's limits. There she sees a gang of young bikers – but as she approaches them her mother appears and slaps her. The two return to the villa.

The adult Ana arrives by taxi at the now dilapidated villa, fantasising on the way about being raped by her driver. She leaves her headscarf behind in the cab. Later, while masturbating in the bath, Ana is attacked and nearly drowned by a mysterious gloved figure. That night, she awakens in bed, her legs covered in blood, and hears someone moving about. She sneaks into the garden but is grabbed from behind by the gloved figure and menaced with a razor. The cab driver, who has come to return her headscarf, is bloodily murdered. Ana, herself now wearing the black gloves, awakes by his body. She is chased by the dark figure, before confronting and stabbing him.

Ana's naked body, with wrists slashed, lies on a mortuary table. As hands arrange her corpse, Ana's eyes open.

For *Amer* is no mere pastiche, but a mosaic of hints and suggestions for a narrative that remains elliptical and ambiguous to the end. It is a story with almost no accompanying dialogue to pin its meaning down, a murder mystery without a detective to solve it – and its coda, far from providing an explanation, serves up a series of irrational echoes (hands on flesh, dripping water, opening eyes, the living dead) that will send viewers flailing back through all that has preceded in search of a way to make more than partial sense of the film's impenetrable sequence of spiralling signifiers.

The result is an uneasy mood piece that will leave audiences both enthralled and not a little puzzled – and for all its engagement with a kind of Italian cinema long past and for some viewers long since forgotten, its exquisite crafting makes it stand out as a true original in today's horror market. **Anton Bitel**

CREDITS

Directed by
Hélène Cattet
Bruno Forzani
Produced by
Eve Commenge
François Cognard
Written by
Hélène Cattet
Bruno Forzani
Director of Photography
Manu Dacosse
Film Editor
Bernard Beets
Art Director
Alina Santos

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Tobina Films
Production Companies
Anonymes Films,
Tobina Films present a
film by Hélène Cattet,
Bruno Forzani

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l'Audiovisuel de la
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Télédiffuseurs
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With the support of La
Région Provence Alpes
Côte d'Azur in
partnership with CNC
With the support of La
SACD Belgique
Production Manager
Eve Commenge
Production Supervisors
Stéphane Secq
Stéphane Collige
Assistant Director
1st: Joël Godfroid

Script Supervisor
Bruno Pons
Camera Operator
Manu Dacosse
Steadicam Operator
Guillaume Renoir
Gaffer
Juan Fontes Salinas
Key Grip
Guillaume Renoir
Digital Special Effects
Daniel Bruylant
Set Decorator
Julia Iribarria
Property Master
Daniel Bruylant
Construction Managers
Renan Hamon
Gaspard Berlier
Wardrobe Mistress/Make-up/Hair
Charlotte Sidénius
Special Make-up Effects
Lionel Lè

Soundtrack
"La coda dello scorpione seq. 1" from
La coda dello scorpione/ The Case of the Scorpion's Tale by
Bruno Nicolai; "Un Uomo si è dimesso" from
La tarantola dal ventre nero/ Black Belly of the Tarantula by
Ennio Morricone; "La polizia sta a guardare" from
La polizia sta a guardare/ The Great Kidnapping; "La polizia chiede aiuto" from
La polizia chiede aiuto/ What Have They Done to Your Daughters?; "La polizia ha le mani legate" from
La polizia ha le mani legate/ Killer Cop by
Stelvio Cipriani; "Furore" by
Adriano Celentano, Ezio Leoni, Piero Vivarelli
Sound Recordist
Iannis Heulme
Re-recording Mixer
Luc Thomas
Sound Editor
Daniel Bruylant
Animal Trainer
Animal Contact

CAST

Jean-Michel Vovk
father
Harry Cleven
taxi driver
Bianca Maria D'Amato
mother
Cassandra Forêt
Ana as a child
Marie Bos
Ana as an adult
Charlotte Eugène Guibbaud
Ana as an adolescent
Delphine Brual
Graziella
Bernard Marbaix
dead grandfather
Thomas Bonzani
Nono
Charles Forzani
farmer/man with red car
Jean Secq
male grocer
Béatrice Butler
female grocer
Benjamin Guyot
Yves Fostier
refuse collectors
François Cognard
silhouette
Francesco Italiano
embalmer at morgue
Henriette Raimondé
old lady behind the curtain
Christophe Da Silva
André Farncol
Nicolas Léandri
Damien Gossa
Arnaud Mariani
Laurent Lafont
Frédéric Miniutti
Gordon Butler
Elia Zanzo
Cyril Dellerba
Jérôme Konté Deloste
Stéphane Pernagoli
William Boutaleb
Maxime Lefort
Reda Oualla
Florian Grolier
Jérôme Herrera
Mathieu Ambid
Juan Fontes Salinas
Daniel Bruylant
bikers
Sylvain Giraud
Stéphane Collige
Georgy Volkaerts
Guillaume Renoir
Daniel Bruylant
Colin Lévêque
Juan Fontes Salinas
Joël Godfroid
passengers on train

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[2.35:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Anchor Bay
Entertainment UK

8,151 ft +0 frames

Báthory

Slovakia/United Kingdom/
Hungary 2008

Director: Juraj Jakubisko

With Anna Friel, Karel Roden,
Vincent Regan, Hans Matheson
Certificate 15 140m 23s

In the four centuries since her death in prison, Countess Erzsébet Báthory (1560-1614) has become the most notorious of all Europe's aristocratic monsters, her reputation capped by a *Guinness World Records* entry as the most prolific murderess ever. Unsurprisingly, she's no stranger to the cinema, having been played by Ingrid Pitt (*Countess Dracula*, 1971), Delphine Seyrig (*Daughters of Darkness*, 1971), Paloma Picasso (*Immoral Tales*, 1974) and many others, while the name Báthory is a frequent signifier of blood-curdling evil – *Hostel II* (2007) offering a recent example.

So the most immediately striking aspect of Juraj Jakubisko's film is that despite being marketed on the back of the 'bloody countess' legend (its German and Brazilian titles even include that phrase), its thesis is that Erzsébet Báthory is an even more unjustly maligned victim of political propaganda than Richard III. In Jakubisko's version, she killed some people, but nowhere near the 650 of legend, and the virgins' blood in which she allegedly bathed was a harmless herbal concoction. So far, so intriguing – and Jakubisko's multi-hyphenate involvement makes it more enticing still. Although little known in English-speaking countries, the so-called 'Slovak Fellini' has long displayed one of the more baroque cinematic imaginations to emerge from the former Czechoslovakia in the past five decades, attracting deserved comparisons with compatriot Juraj Herz and the latter's friend and occasional colleague Jan Svankmajer.

Báthory apparently boasted the biggest budget in Slovak film history, and one can certainly see where the money went: each widescreen frame is typically packed with so much meticulously crafted detail as to make Josef von Sternberg and Peter

Greenaway seem minimalist, while the latter's work is also recalled by the copious nudity. However, while the eye is constantly seduced, the ear has to cope with horribly clunky English dialogue delivered in a variety of Central European accents, many of them all too genuine. Regular outbreaks of voiceover narration by the film's onscreen chronicler, the monk Peter, attempt to make sense of the background rivalry between the Habsburg and Ottoman empires.

More seriously, the attempt to revise the historical record is undermined by a central romance between Erzsébet and the painter Caravaggio for which there is no evidence bar an unexplained gap in his biography. While this offers Jakubisko a perfect excuse to indulge in appropriately chiaroscuro imagery, it also makes his central argument impossible to follow – if the apparently crucial Caravaggio episode is wholly fictional, how seriously should we treat the film's other claims? As Erzsébet, Anna Friel tries hard in a thankless role, but the film's determination to present her as an often passive victim of tragic circumstance offers her little opportunity to let rip in the grand style of her predecessors, for all her extravagant costumes and hairstyles.

Each of the film's three main parts is named after a dominant figure in her life: her husband Ferenc Nádasdy (though he takes a back seat to the Caravaggio shenanigans, spending much of the time on the battlefield fighting Turks and Catholics), the witch Darvulia, and Habsburg Count Thurzó, primary instigator of the Báthory legend and the film's main villain. The Darvulia episode sees the film at its most self-consciously hallucinatory, as she plies Erzsébet with various mind- and image-bending substances (including magic mushrooms) in the guise of helping to preserve her youth – though none of the resulting visions matches the startling early sequence in which Erzsébet commissions Caravaggio to paint her stillborn child, clad in red and perfectly preserved in a block of ice. But the occasionally unexpected ingredient and decorative flourish doesn't make this Euro-pudding any more palatable. **Michael Brooke**

SYNOPSIS Cachtice, Hungary, 1593. While her Protestant husband Ferenc Nádasdy fights in numerous battles between Catholic Habsburg and Muslim Ottoman forces, Erzsébet Báthory meets the Italian painter Merisi Caravaggio and commissions him to paint her dead baby, preserved in a block of ice. She confesses to a fascination with her aunt Anika, with whom she shares a distinctive birthmark. Their romance blossoms; the Habsburg Count Thurzó tells Ferenc about her infidelity, and attempts to poison Caravaggio. Erzsébet accidentally drinks the poison, and is cured by the witch Darvulia. Intrigued by Darvulia's claim that she can preserve her youth, Erzsébet agrees to a regime involving potions and herbal baths. Rumours spread that Erzsébet bathes in the blood of murdered virgins (whose bodies are found marked with the Báthory crest), and Ferenc is killed in battle. Erzsébet's cousin Gábor vows to protect her from Thurzó's machinations. Darvulia's potions trigger hallucinations, and Erzsébet is increasingly unsure of her own mind, stabbing a servant to death for a minor infraction, and has Darvulia imprisoned. She is briefly reunited with Caravaggio during a masked ball. Thurzó spreads rumours that Erzsébet is in league with the devil. Darvulia dies after writing Thurzó's name in blood. Tensions between Erzsébet and Thurzó break out into open conflict, culminating in her arrest. Her associates are tortured and killed, and she is sentenced to life imprisonment.

In 1614, in the Black Tower, Erzsébet burns herself to death.



Read my lips: 'Amer'

CREDITS

Directed by
Juraj Jakubisko
Produced by
Deana Jakubisková-
Horváthová
Producers
Markéta Zahradníková
Mike Downey
Zorana Piggott
Sami Taylor
Jaroslav Kucera
Vladimír Bednár
Written by
Juraj Jakubisko
**Directors of
Photography**
F.A. Brabec
Ján Duris
Edited by
Christopher Blunden
Patrik Pass
**Production Design &
Key Artwork by**
Juraj Jakubisko
Music Composed by
Jan Jirášek
Simon Boswell
Maack

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Slovakia s.r.o., Jakubisko
Film s.r.o., Film and
Music Entertainment
Ltd., Eurofilm Studio
Kft., Česká televize,
Slovenská televízia
**Production
Companies**
Eurimages, Ministry of
Culture of the Slovak
Republic, Ministry of
Culture of the Czech
Republic, Czech
Television in association
with Slovak Television
and Inwicta Capital,
Jakubisko Film Slovakia,
Jakubisko Film, Film
and Music
Entertainment. Eurofilm
Studio present a Juraj
Jakubisko film
The film was supported
by Eurimages,
Ministerstva Kultúry
Slovenskej
Republiky/Ministry of
Culture of the Slovak
Republic, Státní fond
České republiky pro
podporu a rozvoj České
kinematografie/State
Fund of the Czech
Republic
In co-operation with
Česká televize/Czech
Television, STV, Inwicta
Capital
Executive Producer
Deana Jakubisková-
Horváthová
Co-producer
Eurofilm Studio:
Peter Miskolczi
Line Producer
Jakubisko Film Slovakia,
Jakubisko Film:
Kevan Van Thompson
Associate Producer
Jakubisko Film Slovakia,
Jakubisko Film:
Martin Spott
Production Managers
Czech TV Production:
Jiří Kostýr
Ivan Filus
Petr Spíchal
Roman Bartoníček
Heads of Development
Czech TV Production:
Ivan Hubac
Slovak TV Production:
Dana Garguláková
**Production
Co-ordinators**
Petra Tlačová
Markéta Porubová
Ivana Buková
Petr Wágner
UK:
Hannah Longbottom
**Production
Accountant**
Eva Nietschová

Location Managers
SK:
Vlado Magál
CZ:
Antonín Prazsky
**Post-production
Supervisor**
Cinepost:
Felix Nevrela
Splitter Unit Director
Július Matula
Assistant Directors
1st: Biser A. Arichtev
Set 1st: Tomáš Pavlacký
2nd: Roman Janecka
Set 2nd: Martin
Pavlacký
Continuity Supervisor
Barbora Cervenková
Casting
Jessica Horváthová
Lucy Bevan
Ingrid Hodálová
**Additional Script
Material Written by**
John Paul Chapple
Pavel Krumpár
Stephen Jeffreys
Barbora Cervenková
Jiří Reichel
Simon Pellar
Martin Daniel
Lubomír Feldek
Martin Spott
Alexandra Buchler
Steadicam Operator
Filip Halaska
Gaffers
Vladimír Holzknecht
Gusto Čížek
Václav Kovarik
Key Grips
Michal Procházka
Splitter Unit:
Ota Kobylák
**Visual Effects
Supervisor**
Karel Spindler
**Set Special Effects
Supervisor**
Alexander Mucha
Film Edited by
Christopher Blunden
Patrik Pass
Juraj Jakubisko
Associate Editor
Emil Pawinger
Painted by
[Written, Directed &
Painted by]
Juraj Jakubisko
Set Designers
Karel Vacek
Jan Zázvorka
Jan Kodéra
Set Decoration
Jiří Macke
Jan Kodéra
Key Decorators
Jan Dvorák
Martin Míka
Václav Sébek
Stanislav Černý
Prop Master
Jan Kodéra
Head of Construction
Luděk Pokorný
Costume Designer
Jaroslava Pecharová
**Hair/Make-up
Designer**
Jana Radilová
**Hairdresser/Make-up
Artist**
Ivo Strangmüller
**Special Effects
Make-up Artist**
René Stejskal
Key Hair Stylist
Suzanne Stokes-
Munton
Hair/Wigs
Bohumil Sobotka
Additional Music
Tatiana Miková
Andrej Turok
Igriczek
Music Recorded with
Czech National
Symphony Orchestra
Studio Symphony
Orchestra
City of Prague
Philharmonic Orchestra
Prague Singers Chorus

Solo Viola
Jiří Zigmund
Solo Sopranos
Zuzana Lapoková
Gábina Urbánková
Conductors
David Firman
Leos Svárovsky
Jan Chaloupecky
Richard Hain
Stanislav Vavřínek
Prague Singers Chorus:
Stanislav Mistr
Music Orchestrated by
Jan Jirášek
David Firman
Tatiana Miková
Andrej Turok
Sound Designers
Martin Maryska
Jon Johnson
Set Sound Recordists
Igor Pokorný
Tomáš Bělohradský
Karel Martinek
Re-recording Mixers
Patrick Cycone Jr
Elliott Tyson
**Slovak/Czech Version
Mixed by**
Martin Jilek
**Supervising Sound
Editors**
USA:
Jon Johnson
Martin Maryska
Sandy Gendler
UK:
Matthew Skelding
Stunt Co-ordinator
Jiří Kuba
**Battle Scenes
Choreographer**
Roman Špáčil
Historical Consultants
Gábor Várkonyi
Tünde Lengyelová
Pavel Haban

CAST

Anna Friel
Erzsébet Báthory
Karel Roden
Count Thurzó
Vincent Regan
Ferenc Nádasdy
Hans Matheson
Mersi Caravaggio
**Deana Jakubisková-
Horváthová**
Danuša
Bolek Polívka
Peter
Jiri Mádli
Cyril
Antony Byrne
Pastor Ponický
Lucie Vondráčková
Lucia
Monika Hlímerová
Countess Czobor,
Thurzo's wife
Franco Nero
King Matthias II
Míra Nosek
Miklós Zrínyi
Marek Majesky
Gábor Báthory
Jana Olhová
Dora
Sandra Pogodová
Sara
Eva Elsnarová
Beniczka
Andrej Hryc
village mayor
René Stúr
Thurzo's captain
Karel Bělohradský
Ficzko
Pavel Skrípal
Batthányi
Tim Preece
Cardinal Forgách
Petr Meissel
Zavodský
Zdeněk Podhúrsky
Imre Megyeri, tutor
Tatiana Medveková
Orsolya Nadasdy
Upír Krejčí
monk
Radek Hanacki
innkeeper

Marek Vasut
Bethlen
Michaela Drotárová
Erika
Beata Greneche
Ilona
Hana Vagnerová
Margita
Karel Dobry
royal guard commander
Vincenzo Nicoli
Zsigmond Báthory
Pavel Kocí
István, footman
Pavol Boczářsky
Pálffy
Jan Vlasák
Judge Sirmiensis
Zdeněk Maryska
Forenczy
Zuzana Frenglová
landlady
Jiří Hajdyla
Count Druget
Petr Jákl
bald hunchback
Derek Pavelcik
Pál
Ester Honysová
Anna
Marie Boková
Anna (4 years)
Gracie Friel
Katalin, the baby
Katerina Petrovová
Erzsébet (14 years)
Pavel Mádl
Cyril (9 years)
Ester Honysová
Anna
Katarína I. Hanzelová
Katalin
Anicka Jurková
Erzsébet (9 years)
Martin Cerca
Ferenc (18 years)

**Dolby Digital
Colour by**
Barrandov Film
Laboratories
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Metrodome Distribution
Ltd

12,634 ft +1 frame

Biutiful

Mexico/Spain/
United Kingdom 2009

**Director: Alejandro
González Iñárritu**
**With Javier Bardem, Maricel
Álvarez, Eduard Fernández**
Certificate 15 147m 27s

When presenting *Babel* at Cannes in 2006, Alejandro González Iñárritu signalled that the film marked the end of the porous, scrambled, multi-protagonist narratives that had defined his three features with screenwriter Guillermo Arriaga. *Biutiful* breaks new territory in a number of ways: it's a return to González Iñárritu's native Spanish; it's set in Europe, which hasn't appeared in his films to date; and it forges a collaboration with Javier Bardem, arguably the most arresting Spanish-language actor of his generation. Like *Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives*, *Biutiful* is about what being close to death reveals about life. Both films have at their centre a terminally ill man attempting to put his affairs – spiritual in the former case, material and spiritual in the latter – in order.

Bardem's Uxbal lives on the margins: a *chamengo* whose family travelled up from southern Spain to the industrialised cities of the north in search of a better life during the boom years of the Franco era. He's presented as an outsider, more humane than his sleazy brother or the employers who also benefit from the market in illegal labour he promotes. Estranged from his bipolar wife Marambra, he demonstrates compassion for her predicament, while himself facing terminal cancer.

The camera follows Uxbal relentlessly across a Barcelona far removed from Woody Allen's picture-postcard *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2008). As with *Amores perros*'s unfolkloric Mexico City, González Iñárritu offers a gritty, hyperrealistic landscape; corruption and exploitation abound, with the police implicated in a culture where turning a blind eye can often be as dangerous as wilful aggression. The metropolis has been reconfigured by migration, and the pockets revealed by González Iñárritu – largely the northern

suburbs of Santa Coloma and Badalona – are far removed from the art-deco tourist hotspots of the Catalan capital.

Bardem dominates the film in a way that none of González Iñárritu's previous characters – not even the alluring Gael García Bernal in *Amores perros* (2000) – have managed. He is rarely off screen, and the probing close-ups of his drawn features underline the tragic dimensions of a tale in which the split-second decision to save a few euros on a heater has horrific consequences for the Chinese labourers Uxbal ostensibly watches over. This is a tragedy in the classical sense of the term, with a protagonist at its centre who is both an agent and victim of his own misfortune. Events unravel with a grim inevitability, and with a supporting cast of seers, hedonists and children caught in the family crossfire; Marambra (a bundle of nerves, self-loathing and vulnerability in Argentine stage actress Maricel Alvarez's impeccable performance) is a contemporary Cassandra whose insights are tempered by insanity.

The transition from plot-to character-driven cinema has not involved the jettisoning of the Mexican filmmaker's habitual traits and motifs. As in *Babel*, the ethics of the global economy, transnationalism and the policing of the border again feature as recurring themes; the image of regeneration and renewal offered by the flock of birds circling over Sean Penn's dying Paul in *21 Grams* (2003) is deployed at a similar crisis point for Uxbal. Saturated colour, grainy textures and a swinging camera – coming into its own during a pulsating action sequence that sees traders pursued by police across the city centre – continue to shape the visual palette; distressed interiors evoke Nan Goldin's disarming photographs. Time again expands and contracts to accommodate the otherworldly (as in the film's opening sequence, when the dying – or dead – Uxbal is brought face to face with his long-dead father in a snow-covered forest). And while the subplot concerning the death of the Chinese workers remains an unnecessary digression, *Biutiful* is González Iñárritu's most accomplished film to date: a sombre, moving tale of atonement played out across the rapacious economic realities of globalisation.

◆ Maria Delgado

SYNOPSIS Barcelona, the present. Uxbal, who is dying of prostate cancer, seeks to be a good father to his children Ana and Mateo. He ekes out a living by managing networks of illegal immigrant traders who peddle their wares on the streets or work long hours in the rag and construction trades. He also has a sideline as a psychic, receiving payment from grieving relatives who ask him to converse with the spirits of the dead.

After a police assault, Ekweme, one of Uxbal's Senegalese traders, is arrested and then deported. When Uxbal moves back in with his bipolar ex-wife Marambra – who is also sleeping with his brother Tito – he offers Ekweme's wife Igé and their baby his old flat. He later returns to the flat with his children after Marambra leaves Mateo home alone. Uxbal buys a cheap gas heater for the Chinese immigrants employed by Hai, the factory owner who produces the goods sold by the traders. A gas leak from the heater suffocates the workers, including Uxbal's childminder Li and her small child. Hai's male lover/colleague Liwei dumps their dead bodies in the sea, where they are discovered by the authorities. Uxbal asks Igé to take care of Ana and Mateo after his death.

The opening scenes are replayed at the film's close: a dying Uxbal passes his mother's ring to Ana and then converses in a snowy forest with a young man revealed to be his dead father.



The pain in Spain: Javier Bardem

CREDITS

Directed by
Alejandro González
Inárritu

Produced by
Alejandro González
Inárritu
Jon Kilik
Fernando Bovaira

Written by
Alejandro González
Inárritu
Armando Bo
Nicolás Giacobone
Based on a story by
Alejandro González
Inárritu

**Director of
Photography**
Rodrigo Prieto

Editing
Stephen Mirrione

Art Director
Brigitte Broch

**Music by/Music
Performed by**
Gustavo Santaolalla

©Menageatroz S. de
R.L. de C.V., Mod
Producciones S.L. and
Ikiru Films S.L.

**Production
Companies**
Menage Atroz, Mexico
MOD Producciones,
Spain in association with
Focus Features
International and the
participation of
Televisión Española
A film by Alejandro
González Inárritu
With the collaboration of
ICAA, Ministerio de
Cultura
With the participation of
Televisió de Catalunya
In co-production with
Ikiru Films (Edmon
Roch)
A co-production
between Menage Atroz,
Mod Producciones and
Ikiru Films

Co-producers
Sandra Hermida
Ann Ruark

Associate Producers
Alfonso Cuarón
Guillermo del Toro

**Unit Production
Manager**
Ann Ruark

Production Manager
Sandra Hermida

**Production
Supervisors**
Nico Tapia

Plaza Cataluña:
Raquel Saera

**Production
Co-ordinators**
Guillem Vidal-Folch
Almudena Cormanzena
For AGI:
Priscila Amescua

Financial Controller
Mark Beaumont

**Production
Accountant**
Laura Mateos

Location Manager
Juan Reguera

**Post-production
Supervisors**
Marian Brizozo
US:
Michael Tinger

Assistant Directors
1st: Javier Soto
2nd: Olga Pujalte
2nd: Andrés Curbelo
2nd: Mamen Zahonero

Plaza Cataluña
1st: Gerard Verdaguer

Script Supervisor
Nuria Casanueva

Casting Directors
Eva Leira
Yolanda Serrano

Casting Spain
Leira y Serrano Casting

Casting China
Rosanna Ng

Casting France
Hervé Jakubowicz

**B Camera Directors
of Photography**
Daniel Aranyó
Navarra:
David Acereto

Camera Operators
B: Daniel Aranyó
Navarra
B: David Acereto

Special Scenes
Oscar Faura
Albert Carreras
Severine Voxholt
Albert Pascual

Gaffer
José Luis Rodríguez

Special Visual Effects
El Ranchito

**Special Effects
Supervisor**
Pau Costa

Special Effects
Efe X Efectos Especiales

Set Designers
Marina Pozanco
Sylvia Steinbrecht

Set Decorators
Laura Musso
Joan Sabaté
Luisa Ferré

Properties
Esther García Alonso

Montse Soler

Property Master
Héctor Gil

Construction Manager
Ricard Valverdú

Costumes
Paco Delgado

Make-up
Alessandro Bertolazzi

**Special Make-up
Effects**
DDT Efectos Especiales

Supervisors:
David Martí
Montse Ribé

Hairstylist
Manolo García

Titles
Laser Pacific

End Roller
Scarlet Letters

**Additional Music
Performances**
Anibal Kerpel
Alejandro González
Inárritu

Music Supervisor
Lynn Fainchtein

Music Produced by
Gustavo Santaolalla

Anibal Kerpel
Alejandro González
Inárritu

Soundtrack
"Como te extraño mi
amor" – Café Tacuba;
"Shudder/King of
Snake" – Underworld,
contains a sample of "I
Feel Love"; "Let the
Music Play" – Barry
White; "Ritmo de la
noche" – Lorca; "Poppy
Smoke" – Meng
Hongmao, Tobias John
Record, Ashley Witt;
"Loco (Tu forma de
ser)" – Los Auténticos
Decadentes;
"Meditación #9" –
Sebastián Escofet;
"Piano Concerto in G: 2.
Adagio Assai" by
Maurice Ravel – Zoltán
Kocsis, Budapest
Festival Orchestra

**Sound Design/
Supervision**
Martín Hernández

**Production Sound
Mixer**
José García

Re-recording Mixers
Jon Taylor
Bob Beemer

Stunt Co-ordinator
Ignacio Álvarez
Film Stunts

CAST

Javier Bardem
Uxbal
Maricel Álvarez
Marambra
Eduard Fernández
Tito
Diaryatou Daff
Igé
Cheick Ndiaye
Ekwerre
Cheng Taisheng
Hai
Luo Jin
Liwei
Hanaa Bouchaib
Ana
Guillermo Estrella
Mateo
Samuel George
Chubukwem
Chukwumah
Samuel
Li Lang Sofia Lin
Li
Yodian Yang
obese Chinese man
Tuo Lin
barman at Hai's bar
Xueheng Chen
Chinese man in cellar
Zhang Xiaoyan
Jung
Ye Ailie
Hai's father
Xianlin Bao
Hai's mother
Ana Wagener
Bea
Rubén Ochandiano
Zanc
Karra Elejalde
Mendoza
Nasser Saleh
lad
Tomás del Estal
mourning man
Ángel Luis Arjona
dead boy
Dolores Echeparas
woman at funeral
Adelfa Calvo
large woman
Manuel Solo
doctor
Violeta Pérez
nurse
Germán Almodros
surgeon 1
Isaac Alcaide
surgeon 2
Nacho Moliné
surgeon 3
Carmen La Lata
old woman
Annabel Totausaus
secretary
Eduardo Gómez
half-naked man
Ramón Elies
cemetery worker 1
Juan Vicente Sánchez
cemetery worker 2
Félix Cubero
bureaucrat
Ma. Carmen Peleteiro
waitress
Federico Muñoz
major
Leticia Albizuri
young girl 2
María Casado
newsreader
Judith Huertas
news reporter
Aroa Ortiz
Victoria M. Díaz
Sonia Cruz
Sophie Evans
Luna Jiménez
Colindres
Dunja Montenegro
Rodica Ioana
Ungureanu
strip club dancers

DTS
In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Optimum Releasing

13.270 ft +0 frames

Black Swan

USA 2010

Director: Darren Aronofsky
With Natalie Portman, Vincent
Cassel, Mila Kunis, Barbara Hershey
Certificate 15 107m 59s

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger's 1948 ballet film *The Red Shoes* set the bar pretty high for anguished melodrama *en pointe*, and it's taken 62 years for anyone to attempt anything similar. Now Darren Aronofsky has delivered a movie so compellingly deranged and deliciously overwrought that it makes the earlier film look like *Angelina Ballerina*.

His twist is to turn the life-versus-art topos into a creepy thriller, with Natalie Portman as Nina, the repressed perfectionist haunted by the spectre of desire. The entropic life-force is anathema to her sense of self, which is defined by the discipline, detail and control her ballet training has required; now she finds she must embrace her own potential for chaos in order to achieve the ultimate artistic expressivity needed to dance the lead in 'Swan Lake' and embody both the Swan Queen and her dark alter ego, the Black Swan.

Nina's determination to unlock her demons is balanced by her terror of what they might do once unleashed; and her paralysed frustration becomes focused on a rival dancer, Lily (Mila Kunis), whose effortless sensuality seems to mock her own tortured frigidity. Between their love-hate friendship, and Nina's equally difficult relationships with her controlling mother Erica (Barbara Hershey), the company's alpha-male artistic director Thomas (Vincent Cassel) and usurped older dancer Beth (Winona Ryder), she spirals downwards into a hell of paranoid hallucination in which she is persecuted above all by her own reflection, and by the transformations of a body that increasingly seems to have a mind of its own.

Over references to the Powell and Pressburger film – most notably a shared obsession with mirrors – point up the thematic contrasts between the two pieces. While *The Red Shoes* insisted on the incompatibility of reality and art – Moira Shearer's dancer was forced to choose between ballet and marriage – *Black Swan* argues that neither is enough, and that the strict binary between life and art must be muddled by sexuality and danger in order to achieve perfection. In both cases, naturally, it's the artist who pays the price for attempting to smash opposites together, but while Powell's lushly fantastical ballet sequences took art off into the rarefied dreamspace of pure imagination, Aronofsky's fidgety handheld camera, his stark, almost monotone palette and his raspy, all-too-intimate sound design bring Nina's suffering right up close. Add in his masterful handling of creeping menace and psychological tension and you have a film that gives the hair on the back of your neck a serious workout.

If Portman doesn't bag an Oscar she

will be justly aggrieved – it's a game-changingly good performance which bears all the Academy-friendly hallmarks of months of hard training (she performs most of the ballet sequences herself) and couldn't be a better riposte to the suspicion that her own talent, like Nina's, has tended towards the chilly and virginal, even when she's playing a stripper (as she did in Mike Nichols's *Closer* in 2004). Mila Kunis, though given less to play with in a more or less one-dimensional role, won't have done her career any harm either, lifting herself definitively out of her mainstream glamour-stodge rut. A revelatory turn from Winona Ryder as the maniacally bitter former star completes the trio of excellent female performances gracing a film that speaks, despite its boy-friendly thriller structure, to the abiding concerns of all 'women's pictures': bodily imperfection, impossible male expectation and the terror of old age. The inevitable blizzard of statuettes should not conceal the fact that this is in many ways a difficult, conflicted film which denies its audience any simple payoff and catapults them instead into a feverish, visceral but addictive world: that of Art with a capital A. ➡ **Lisa Mullen**

CREDITS

Directed by
Darren Aronofsky

Produced by
Mike Medavoy
Arnold W. Messer
Brian Oliver
Scott Franklin

Screenplay
Mark Heyman
Andrés Heinz
John McLaughlin

Story
Andrés Heinz

**Director of
Photography**
Matthew Libatique

Film Editor
Andrew Weisblum

Production Designer
Thérèse DePrez

Original Score
Clint Mansell

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Film Corporation and
Dune Entertainment III
LLC (in all territories
except Brazil, Italy,
Japan, Korea and Spain)
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Limited Liability
Company, Twentieth
Century Fox Film
Corporation and Dune
Entertainment III LLC (in
Brazil, Italy, Japan,
Korea and Spain)

**Production
Companies**
Fox Searchlight Pictures
in association with
Cross Creek Pictures
A Protozoa and Phoenix
Pictures production
A film by Darren
Aronofsky
Made in association
with Dune
Entertainment
Executive Producers
Bradley J. Fischer
Ari Handel
Tyler Thompson
Peter Fruchtmann
Rick Schwartz
Jon Avnet
David Thwaites
Jennifer Roth

Co-producers
Joseph Reidy
Gerald Fruchtmann

Associate Producer
Rose Garnett

**Unit Production
Manager**
Jennifer Roth

Production Supervisor
Gabrielle Mahon

**Production
Co-ordinator**
Lindsay Feldman

**Production
Accountant**
Teddy Au

Location Manager
Ronnie Kupferwasser

**Post-production
Supervisor**
Jeff Robinson

Assistant Directors
1st: Joseph Reidy
2nd: Amy Lauritsen

Script Supervisor
Anthony Pettine

Chief Lighting
Theatrical Unit:
Lorne MacDougall

Camera Operators
Stephen Consentino
Joseph Cicio

Gaffers
John G. Velez
Mo Flam

Key Grip
Lamont Crawford

**Visual Effects
Supervisor:**
Dan Schrecker

Producer:
Colleen Bachman

Visual Effects by
Look Effects, Inc
Technicolor

**Club Images
Manipulated/
Designed by**
Ray Lewis

**Special Effects
Co-ordinator**
Conrad Brink

Art Director
David Stein

Set Decorator
Tora Peterson

Property Master
Daniel Fisher

**Construction
Co-ordinator**
Richard Tenewitz

Costume Designer
Amy Westcott

**Ballet Costumes
Designed by**
Rodarte

Costume Supervisor
Jennifer Ingram

Make-up Design
Judy Chin



It takes two to tutu: Natalie Portman, Vincent Cassel

Make-up Department
Head
 Margie Durand
Hair Design
 Paul LeBlanc
Hair Department Head
 Geordie Sheffer
Main/End Titles
Designed by
 Jeremy Dawson
 Jeff Kryvicky
Music from "Swan Lake"
 Composed by:
 Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
 Adapted/Arranged by:
 Clint Mansell
 Matt Dunkley
Solo Violin
 Rolf Wilson
 John Bradbury
Score Conducted/
Orchestrated by
 Matt Dunkley
Music Supervisors
 Jim Black
 Gabe Hilfer
Soundtrack
 "Apotheosis" – Pete
 Min; "Danka Jane";
 "Electric Hands"; "The
 Nina Frequency" – The
 Chemical Brothers;
 "Phobos" – Lorn; "The
 White Easton" – Al
 Tourettes; "Illlicit
 Dreaming" – Kavsrave;
 "Dark Sygnet" – Jakes
 All tracks contain "Swan
 Lake" by Pyotr Ilyich
 Tchaikovsky
Music Consultant
 Chris Benstead

Sound Designers
 Brian Emrich
 Craig Henighan
Ballet Choreography
 Benjamin Millepied
On-set Ballet
Consultant
 Olga Kostritzky
Ballet Consultants
 Francesca Harper
 Megan Fairchild
 Tyler Peck
 Heather Watts
 Gillian Murphy
 Gavin Fitzpatrick
 Julie Kent
Production Sound
Mixer
 Ken Ishii
Re-recording Mixers
 Dominick Tavella
 Craig Henighan
Supervising Sound
Editor
 Craig Henighan
Stunt Co-ordinator
 Douglas Crosby

CAST

Natalie Portman
 Nina Sayers, 'The Swan
 Queen'
Vincent Cassel
 Thomas Leroy, 'The
 Gentleman'
Mila Kunis
 Lily, 'The Black Swan'
Barbara Hershey
 Erica Sayers, 'The
 Queen'
Winona Ryder
 Beth MacIntyre, 'The
 Dying Swan'

Benjamin Millepied
 David, 'The Prince'
Ksenia Solo
 Veronica, 'little swan'
Kristina Anapau
 Galina, 'little swan'
Janet Montgomery
 Madeline, 'little swan'
Sebastian Stan
 Andrew, 'suitor'
Toby Hemingway
 Tom, 'suitor'
Sergio Torrado
 Sergio, 'Rothbart'
Mark Margolis
 Mr Fithian, 'patron'
Tina Sloan
 Mrs Fithian, 'patron'
Abe Aronofsky
 Mr Stein, 'patron'
Charlotte Aronofsky
 Mrs Stein, 'patron'
Marcia Jean Kurtz
 Georgina, costumer
Shaun O'Hagan
 Sebastian, stage
 manager
Christopher Gartin
 Scott, sexy waiter
Deborah Offner
 administrator Susie
Stanley B. Herman
 Uncle Hank
Michelle Rodriguez
 Nouel
 physical therapist
Kurt Froman
 understudy for Siegfried
Marty Krzywonos
 conductor
Leslie Lyles
 nurse
John Epperson
 jaded piano player

Arkadiy Figlin
 piano player
Timothy Fain
 violin player
Sarah Lane
 lady in the lane
Liam Flaherty
 man in stall
Patrick Heusinger
 rich gent
Marina Stavitskaya
 Christine Redpath
Olga Kostritzky
 Alexandra Damiani
 ballet mistresses
Rebecca Azenberg
 Rachel Jambois
Laura Bowman
 Ryoko Sadoshima
Holly L. Fusco
 Kaia A. Tack
Abigail Mentzer
 Lauren Fadeley
Barette Vance
 Sarah Hay
Lillian Di Piazza
 Adrianna de Svastich
Megan Dickinson
 Jamie Wolf
Jessy Hendrickson
 Carrie Lee Riggins
Genevieve Lebean
 Gina Artese
 corps de ballet

Dolby Digital/
SDDS
Colour by
 Technicolor
Prints by
 DeLuxe
[2.35:1]
Distributor
 20th Century Fox
 International (UK)
9.718 ft +8 frames

Blue Valentine

Director: Derek Cianfrance
With Ryan Gosling, Michelle Williams, John Doman, Mike Vogel

A critical hit at last year's Sundance, Derek Cianfrance's *Blue Valentine* follows, in a twin narrative that charts the early and later stages of their relationship, the breakdown of a marriage between two young working-class Americans, nurse Cindy (Michelle Williams) and the feckless if warm-hearted Dean (Ryan Gosling).

It's territory that has of course been tackled before, from John Cassavetes's *Faces* (1968) and Ingmar Bergman's harrowing *Scenes from a Marriage* (1973), through Andrzej Zulawski's uncategorisable *Possession* (1981) and François Ozon's told-in-reverse *5x2* (2004). *Blue Valentine* sits most obviously in the post-Cassavetes mould, for though developed over more than a decade by a determined Cianfrance and carefully structured in a way that belies its deceptive looseness, the film is firstly an actor's piece – a two-hander between Williams and Gosling, who both deliver truthful, committed performances, explored through improvised dialogue and action.

The dissolution of a relationship is an enticing draw for an actor, since it inevitably allows for extremes of mood and physicality, and licences highly wrought exchanges. One response has been to describe the film as an extended actors' workshop session – certainly at times it cries out for a tighter script. Gosling, though affecting as Dean, falls prey to certain traps, scene-grabbing with a dramatic action, or repeating a



End of the line: Michelle Williams

line again and again as though fearful of silence, where Williams shows more relaxed confidence to simply 'be' on screen. But then Gosling's character Dean is also a bit of a performer, deluding himself that life can be traversed with little more than an easygoing nature. The scenes of the early days of their relationship allow for some spirited improvising; one in which Dean plays ukulele while Cindy dances in a shop doorway might be seen as either sweetly touching or cloyingly twee depending on your own reflex.

As Cianfrance cuts back and forth and we see their relationship unfold in a kind of narrative mosaic, Cindy and Dean are shown to have been temperamentally mismatched from the start. She has ambitions to be a doctor, while he is content to drift despite his potential, convinced of the 'virtue' of blue-collar work. But Cianfrance builds a believable background to explain why Cindy would choose Dean for his basic kindness, showing us the scars of her past through subtly crafted scenes (co-written with Cami Delavigne, warding off accusations that *Blue Valentine* is seen from a solely male perspective) of her at home with her unhappily married parents.

Cinematographer Andrij Parekh shoots the breakup scenes on digital cameras in intense close-ups, which lend a cold immediacy and reflect the suffocating state of the couple's relationship; in contrast, the courtship scenes are typically shot wider on super 16mm, giving them a warmth that matches the nostalgic glow of memory.

Unlike, say, Bergman with *Scenes from a Marriage*, there's little sense that Cianfrance is laying himself bare and exposing awkward universal truths, and the film ultimately lacks that extra potent charge. But if *Blue Valentine* may finally amount to a well-observed and bravely acted depiction of modern marriage, it is rather too knowingly constructed to really resonate in a searingly truthful way. And yet it is at the least a welcome example of a young American filmmaker attempting to probe life and relationships with more boldness and acuity than such superficially similar self-consciously kooky indie fare as *500 Days of Summer*.

✦ James Bell

Credits for this film were unavailable at the time of going to press and will be published in the March issue.

SYNOPSIS US, the present. Married couple Dean and Cindy live with their young daughter Frankie in the Pennsylvania countryside. Cindy works in a maternity ward in a hospital. In an effort to save their marriage, Dean arranges for Cindy's father to look after Frankie while he takes Cindy to a 'love hotel'. However, as we later see, the evening sours and ultimately marks the end of the marriage.

The film shows in flashback the time when Dean and Cindy first met, while living in Brooklyn roughly six years earlier. Cindy is a medical student dating fellow student Bobby, and Dean is working as a removal man. They meet by chance at the old people's home where Cindy's beloved grandmother is a patient.

The film cuts back and forth in time, contrasting the excitement of their courtship with the unhappy state of their marriage in the present. Flashback scenes show Bobby ambushing Dean and beating him up. Cindy falls unexpectedly pregnant, and tells Dean the baby is his. She decides to have an abortion but changes her mind during the procedure. Dean tells her they will be a family, and they marry. We also see Cindy at home with her parents; she has a difficult relationship with her violent-tempered father.

Back in the present, Cindy leaves Dean sleeping at the love hotel. He later angrily confronts her at her work. They drive to collect Frankie from Cindy's father's house, and Cindy tells Dean she wants a divorce.

SYNOPSIS US, the present. Nina, a dancer with a New York City ballet, is a dedicated perfectionist but has never quite made it to the top, and soon will be too old to do so. When artistic director Thomas gives her the lead in 'Swan Lake', she determines to give the part her all. Thomas has only one reservation about Nina: though she's perfect as the innocent Swan Queen, she seems too pure and childlike to make the transformation into her alter ego, the Black Swan, which the ballet's denouement demands.

Thomas goads Nina with seductive advances, but it's her relationship with understudy and rival Lily – who effortlessly embodies the wild sensuality Nina lacks – that has a transformative effect. Nina's jealousy and desire – mixed with guilt over the attempted suicide of an older dancer, Beth, whom she has usurped as the company's star performer – begin to manifest themselves in increasingly frightening hallucinations, and in lesions that start to look like feathers sprouting from her skin. Almost at the point of psychosis, Nina murders Lily on opening night, stabbing her with a piece of smashed mirror-glass. Hiding the corpse and dancing a triumphant first half, Nina returns to the dressing room to find Lily's body gone: instead she discovers a wound in her own belly, and realises she has stabbed herself. Rapidly losing blood, she returns to the stage and gives a mesmerising performance as the dying swan, experiencing a moment of pure perfection just before she dies.

Brighton Rock

France/United Kingdom 2010

Director: Rowan Joffe

With Sam Riley,
Andrea Riseborough, Andy Serkis
Certificate 15 110m 51s

And it was all going rather well too. In some quarters Rowan Joffe's *Brighton Rock* has been attacked for not being the Boulting brothers' version of 1947, and Sam Riley (Ian Curtis in Anton Corbijn's *Control*) for not being Richard Attenborough. But as Joffe has always made clear, this isn't a remake of the Boultings' film; it's a new adaptation of Graham Greene's 1938 novel. And as such it works well enough on its own terms. Until it doesn't.

In some ways Joffe's screenplay improves on Greene's original, tying the various relationships closer together. Ida Arnold, the avenging fury determined to track down the killers of the hapless Fred Hale, is no longer just a woman he meets by chance in a pub, but his friend and ex-lover, as well as proprietress of the café where Rose, the girl who gets involved with Hale's teenage killer Pinkie, works as a waitress. Too much coincidence? Perhaps, but it reinforces the sense of Brighton's demi-monde as a dangerously claustrophobic world where one action can set up tremors along a whole web of near-incestuous relationships.

Joffe unashamedly plays up the story's elements of *noirish* melodrama, abetted by Martin Phipps's tumultuous score. The sea is shot to look turbulent and oil-dark, and the camera swoops and plummets like a drunken seagull; one overhead cliff-top shot of Rose and Pinkie is pure *Titanic*-style kitsch. The updating to 1964, year of the Mods and Rockers clashes, doesn't harm the narrative, and allows for a moment of incongruous humour – Pinkie, having stolen a scooter as a getaway vehicle, finds himself heading a Mod procession along the seafrost – as well as enhancing the overall theme of futile violence. Sam Riley, less scarily dead-eyed than Attenborough but more broodingly malicious, makes an effective Pinkie, while Andrea Riseborough brings a welcome hint of steel to the potentially over-passive role of Rose. They're backed by a practised cast of quality British acting: Helen Mirren as Ida, Phil Davis, John Hurt and, in a smoothly malevolent cameo, Andy Serkis as gang boss Colleoni.

The film features, but mostly doesn't overplay, the novel's warped brand of Catholicism: both Rose and Pinkie are Catholics and Pinkie, like his creator, finds it easier to believe in hell than in heaven. But it's this strand that finally sinks Joffe's movie. After Pinkie has married Rose to make sure she can't testify against him, she sees a 'record-your-voice' machine on the pier and asks him to make a recording for her. He records a message saying how much he loathes her. In the novel, Greene has Rose going home after Pinkie's violent death to play the record for the first time. "She walked rapidly in the thin

SYNOPSIS Brighton, 1964. Smalltime gang-leader Kite is killed by members of a rival gang. Kite's protégé, 17-year-old Pinkie Brown, arrives too late to save him but recognises one of his attackers, Fred Hale. He reports back to the other gang members, Spicer, Dallow and Cubitt. Pinkie corners Hale in a pub toilet, but Hale evades him; leaving the pub, Hale encounters an old friend, Ida Arnold, owner of Snow's Café. The gang chase Hale on to the pier, where he desperately tries to chat up a young woman, Rose. Spicer leads him away, but not before a pier photographer has snapped Rose, Hale and Spicer together. Beneath the pier, Pinkie smashes Hale's head in with a stone.

Pinkie seeks out Rose at Snow's Café, where she works as a waitress, and chats her up. He steals the pier photographer's claim-slip from her, obtains the picture and burns it, but realises that Rose still presents a danger since she could recognise Spicer. Pinkie and Dallow lean on a bookie, Corkery, who tells them he has protection from a rival gang led by Colleoni. Pinkie visits Colleoni at his hotel but stalls an invitation to join his gang. Ida, determined to find out what happened to Hale, questions Rose; in love with Pinkie, Rose admits nothing.

Spicer panics and demands that Pinkie should buy him out. Pinkie phones Colleoni and arranges to lure Spicer under the pier. Colleoni's men are waiting and attack Spicer but also turn on Pinkie; he escapes under cover of a riot between Mods and Rockers. When Spicer, badly injured, returns home, Pinkie kills him. To ensure that Rose can't testify against him, Pinkie marries her. Urged to record his voice for her, he records a message saying that she disgusts him.

Realising that Rose must be silenced, Pinkie takes her to a remote cliff-top and proposes a suicide pact. Dallow, who likes Rose, brings Ida to the cliff-top; in a struggle with Dallow, Pinkie falls to his death. Later, the pregnant Rose plays the record; it sticks on the words "You want me to say I love you."

June sunlight towards the worst horror of all" – the novel's final sentence.

The Boultings recoiled from Greene's bleakness. In their film the gramophone needle sticks on Pinkie's message ("You want me to say I love you – but I hate you") repeating "I love you – I love you – I love you," while the camera tilts up to a crucifix on the wall. The new film reproduces this cheaply sentimental resolution unchanged, complete with tilt to the crucifix and an angelic choir on the soundtrack. It's a major miscalculation – and makes ultimate nonsense of Joffe's claim not to be remaking the 1947 film.

◆ Philip Kemp

CREDITS

Directed by

Rowan Joffe

Produced by

Paul Webster

Written by

Rowan Joffe

Based on the novel by

Graham Greene

Director of

Photography

John Mathieson

Editor

Joe Walker

Production Designer

James Merfield

Music Composed by

Martin Phipps

©StudioCanal S.A./UK
Film Council/BBC

Production

Companies

StudioCanal Features,

BBC Films & UK Film

Council present a Kudos

Pictures production

A film by Rowan Joffe

Made with the support

of the National Lottery

through the UK Film

Council's Development

Fund and Premiere

Fund

Executive Producers

Jenny Borgars

Will Clarke

Oliver Courson

Ron Halpern

Christine Langan

Jamie Laurenson

Co-producer

Paul Ritchie

Unit Production

Manager

Jacquie Glanville

Production

Co-ordinator

Mona Benjamin

Production

Accountant

John Miles

Location Manager

Jason Wheeler

Post-production

Supervisor

Neil Grimshaw

Assistant Directors

1st: Guy Heeley

2nd: Charlie Reed

2nd Unit

2nd: Anthony Wilcox

Script Supervisor

Paula Casarin

2nd Unit Continuity

Caroline Bowker

Casting

Shaheen Baig

2nd Unit Camera

Chris Plevin

Steadicam Operator

2nd Unit:

Paul Edwards

Gaffer

Alan Martin

Key Grip

Gary Hymns

Visual Effects

Filmgate

Additional:

Molinare – MFM VFX

Special Effects

Supervisor

Stuart Brisdon

Art Director

Paul Ghirardani

Production Buyer

Deborah Wilson

Prop Master

Ray Perry

Construction Manager

Kevin Harris

Costume Designer

Julian Day

Wardrobe Supervisor

Jane Marcantonio

Hair/Make-up

Designer

Ivana Primorac

Make-up Artists

Kitty Greenwood

Lisa Wood

Title Design

Antony Buonomo

Additional Music

Composed by

Ruth Barrett

Felix Erskine

Music Performed by

BBC Concert Orchestra

Conductor:

Simon Phipps

Solo Cello:

Benjamin Hughes

Music Performed by

Chamber Orchestra of

London

Conductor:

Simon Whiteside

Solo Cello:

Nick Holland

Solo Drums/

Percussion:

Paul Clarvis

Choirs

BBC Singers

Conductor:

James Morgan

Brighton Youth Festival

Choir

Conductor:

Esther Jones

Orchestration

Simon Whiteside

Music Supervisor

Ian Neil

Soundtrack

"I'll Never Stop Loving

You" – Doris Day; "I

Gotta Woman" – The

Black Knights; "Big

Noise from Winnetka" –

The Phipps Ensemble;

"Can't You See That

She's Mine" – The Dave

Clark Five; "There's a

Storm a Comin'" –

Richard Hawley

Sound Designer

Martin Cantwell

Location Sound

Recordist

Martin Trevis

Re-recording Mixers

Gareth Bull

Adam Mendez

Supervising Sound

Editor

Harry Barnes

Stunt Co-ordinator

Julian Spencer

Burlesque

USA 2010

Director: Steven Antin

With Cher, Christina Aguilera,
Eric Dane, Cam Gigandet
Certificate 12A 118m 50s

Burlesque, the story of an ingénue making it big to the chagrin of more established performers, is no *All about Eve* (1950). It's not even *Showgirls* (1995). If anything, its glossy insistence that dancing in a burlesque club is a fun, glamorous and unthreatening route to professional and romantic fulfilment recalls *Pretty Woman* (1990), another film best avoided by impressionable 12-year-old girls. Burlesque is a contentious form – liberating to some, reactionary to others – but it's not, as it's shown to be here, either sexless or a route to musical stardom.

Christina Aguilera has an undeniably powerful voice but she's not a very charismatic actor, and director Steven Antin's screenplay is little help. Aguilera's Ali is consummately talented and self-assured from the off: costume aside, there isn't much difference between her impromptu performance in an Iowa roadhouse at the movie's opening and her belting out the floodlit finale. When she goes west, she boards a bus and wakes up looking at the Hollywood sign; though slower, her ascent at the Burlesque Lounge run by Tess (Cher) is just as smooth and unsuspenseful.

The picture is bathed in a glow of banal glamour studded with crass touches, the appealingly lived-in Lounge hosting a raft of efficient, unmemorable production numbers and a few striking outfits. This workplace drama, set in a picturesque venue with a cast of dozens, could have made a satisfying cable television series, but it fails as a feature: too many one-note supporting characters, too little credible backstory and far too much clunky exposition. It even lacks the compensations of titillation, being too coy to show tits or ass and too simpering to contain any real malice: Ali's supposed nemesis Nikki (Kristen Bell) is never more than a sulking mediocrity and turns out to be a sweetie underneath it all.

Burlesque's lumpen banality gives extra piquancy to the moments that do tilt into full-blown super-camp. Its greatest asset on this front is Cher, who appears to have achieved through surgery the sort of eerie, inexpressive presence normally associated with Robert Zemeckis's motion-capture digital animation. As so often, the moment of purest camp is inexplicable. Tess returns from a meeting with the bank manager, tearfully fearing for the future of her club, she struggles to make herself clear. He wouldn't even look her in the eye, she says. He kept playing with that... that wooden thing on his desk. The wooden thing! The nameplate? "Yeah, the nameplate!" In a film whose general tone is tiresome over-determination, such moments of delicious absurdity are to be treasured.

◆ Ben Walters



Camp America: Christina Aguilera

CREDITS

Directed by
Steven Antin
Produced by
Donald De Line
Written by
Steven Antin
Director of Photography
Bojan Bazelli
Edited by
Virginia Katz
Production Designer
Jon Gary Steele
Music
Christophe Beck

©Screen Gems, Inc.
Production Companies
Screen Gems presents a De Line Pictures production
A film by Steven Antin
Executive Producers
Dana Belcastro
Stacy Kolker Cramer
Risa Shapiro
Associate Producers
Geoff Hansen
Bojan Bazelli
Unit Production Manager
Buddy Enright
Production Co-ordinator
Kate Kelly
Production Accountant
Terri Greening
Location Managers
Douglas Dresser
Brian O'Neill
Assistant Directors
1st: Geoff Hansen
2nd: Rosemary Cremona
Script Supervisor
Wilma Garscadden-Gahret
Casting
John Papsidera
Lighting Design
Jules Fisher
Peggy Eisenhauer
Theatrical Lighting Supervisors
David Davidian
Harry Sangmeister

Camera Operators
A: Patrick Loungway
B: Colin Hudson
C: Chris Moseley
D: Paul Sanchez
Chief Lighting Technician
Anthony G.
Nakonechnyj
Theatrical Lighting Gaffer
Richard Mortell
Key Grip
Joseph Dianda
Visual Effects
Zoic Studios
Special Effects Supervisors:
John Frazier
Tommy Frazier
Co-ordinators:
Richard O. Helmer
Jeff Wischnack
Musical Sequences Edited by
David Checel
Art Director
Chris Cornwell
Set Designers
Patte Strong-Lord
Jim Tocci
Set Decorator
Dena Roth
Property Master
Ellen Freund
Construction Co-ordinator
David Elliott
Costume Designer
Michael Kaplan
Costume Supervisor
Lynda Foote
Make-up Department Head
Cindy Williams
Key Make-up Artist
Amy Schmiederer
Hair Department Head
Martin Samuel
Hair Stylists
Natasha Allegro
Barbara Cantu
Jasmine Kimble
Vickie Mynes
Titles
Picture Mill
Score Conducted by
Pete Anthony
Orchestrations
Douglas Romaine

Music Supervisor
Buck Damon
Executive Music Producer
Christina Aguilera
Soundtrack
"Makin' Plans" – Miranda Lambert; "The Beautiful People (from *Burlesque*)"; "Something's Got a Hold on Me"; "Nasty Naughty Boy"; "Guy What Takes His Time"; "But I Am a Good Girl (from *Burlesque*)"; "Express"; "Bound to You"; "Show Me How You Burlesque" – Christina Aguilera; "Don't Touch" – Chris Phillips, The Fireside Orchestra; "Poor Boys Blues"; "Verdi Mart Shuffle"; "That Fascinating Thing"; "Curly's Blues"; "Suits Are Picking Up the Bill"; "Sitting Pretty" – Chris Phillips, The Squirrel Nut Zippers Orchestra; "Black Bottom Stomp"; "New Orleans Bump" – Wynton Marsalis; "Long

John Blues" – Megan Mullally; "Welcome to Burlesque (Tango)"; "Welcome to Burlesque (Instrumental)"; "My Drag"; "Welcome to Burlesque"; "You Haven't Seen the Last of Me" – Cher; "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend (Swing Cats Mix)" – Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell, outro performed by Christina Aguilera; "Wagon Wheel Watusi" from *Baby the Rain Must Fall* by Elmer Bernstein; "Tough Lover" – (1) Etta James, (2) Christina Aguilera; "Knock You Down" – Keri Hilson; "Jungle Berlin" by Joey Altruda; "Ray of Light" – Madonna; "Guy What Takes His Time (Instrumental)"; "Animal" – Neon Trees; "Forever Young" – Alphaville; "Hot Stuff" – Donna Summer; "I Melt with You" – Modern English; "Danke Schoen" – Wayne

Newton; "More Than a Feeling" – Boston; "Fade into You" – Mazzy Star
Choreography
Denise Faye
Joey Pizzi
Production Mixer
David R.B. MacMillan
Re-recording Mixers
Andy Koyama
Chris Carpenter
Bill W. Benton
Supervising Sound Editor
Richard Yawn
Stunt Co-ordinators
Chad Randall
Troy Gilbert

CAST

Cher
Tess
Christina Aguilera
Ali Rose
Eric Dane
Marcus Gerber
Cam Gigandet
Jack
Julianne Hough
Georgia
Alan Cumming
Alexis
Peter Gallagher
Vince Scali
Kristen Bell
Nikki
Stanley Tucci
Sean
Dianna Agron
Natalie
Glynn Turman
Harold Saint
David Walton
Mark the DJ
Terrence Jenkins
Dave
Chelsea Traille
Coco
Tanee McCall
Scarlett
Tyne Stecklein
Jesse
Paula Van Oppen
Anna
Isabella Hofmann
Loretta
James Brolin
Mr Anderson
Stephen Lee
Dwight
Denise Faye
Preacher
Baldeep Singh
Ali's hotel manager
Michael Landes
Greg
Wendy Benson
Marla
Tisha French
loft assistant
Katerina Mikailenko
Brittany
Jay Luchs
party guest at Marcus' house
Katelynn Tilley
ditsy waitress
Gwen Van Dam
curler woman at Grundy bus stop

Catherine Natale
curler woman's friend
Jonathon Trent
Damon, Bumper Band member
Blair Redford
James, Bumper Band member
Taylor Graves
Adam Driggs
Alvino Lewis
Jimmy R.O. Smith
Leah Katz
Bumper Band members
Melanie Lewis
Sarah Mitchell
Tara Nicole Hughes
Aisha Francis
Deanna Walters
Loriel Hennington
main dancers
Robert Kirkland
Alfred Thomas
Sean Van Der Wilt
Corey Anderson
Timor Steffens
Jaquel Knight
bartenders
Samantha Abrantes
Samantha Lee
Michelle Brooke
Jamie Lee Ruiz
cancan dancers
Viktoria Shvartsman
Shannon Beach
contortionists
Jeskilz
Jenny Robinson
Talia-Lynn Prairie
Meredith Ostrowsky
Katrina Norman
Micki Duran
Ashley Ashida Dixon
Rachele Brooke Smith
Tiana Brown
Jersey Maniscalco
Allison Kyler
Audra Griffith
Jacquelyn Dowsett
dancers

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS
In Colour
Prints by
DeLuxe
[2.35:1]
Distributor
Sony Pictures Releasing
10,695 ft +0 frames

The Chronicles of Narnia The Voyage of the Dawn Treader

USA/Australia 2010
Director: Michael Apted
With Georgie Henley, Skandar Keynes, Ben Barnes, Will Poulter
Certificate PG 112m 33s

Fox picks up where Disney left off in this third adaptation of the C.S. Lewis novels. The younger Pevensie siblings Lucy and Edmund are again immersed in the magical land of Narnia, along with the reluctant Eustace (Will Poulter), a cousin who's previously scoffed at their talk of Narnian adventures.

Hauled on to King Caspian's ship the Dawn Treader, Eustace provides brief humour as he rolls his eyes at fanciful tales yet faints at the sight of talking animals. But as directed by Michael Apted (*Amazing Grace*), Poulter's plummy performance feels increasingly exaggerated, making it something of a relief when he is turned into a dragon midway through the Dawn Treader's mission.

While there are a few engaging events along the way, the mission itself feels contrived. The seven swords of seven lost lords must be placed together to prevent an 'evil' green mist. The mist has the power to tempt each key character using their deepest desires, but the teenage Lucy's brush with vanity is the only memorable consequence of this, as she steals a spell to make her look like her elder sister Susan.

While some of the changes the script makes to the novel are sensible, such as altering the order of events for dramatic impact, others lessen the emotional appeal. In the book, the mouse Reepicheep martyrs himself for Narnia, travelling into Aslan's heavenly land in order to break the spell. In this adaptation, he simply enters out of a sense of adventure. The parallels between Aslan and Christ are as clear as ever – the children are told Aslan is known in their world by another name – but why this final act is transformed into effective suicide remains unclear. Perhaps it's an attempt to avoid the second film's darker themes, though there's peril and fantasy violence elsewhere. One of the most effective scenes sees a beautifully rendered CG sea serpent attacking the Dawn Treader. Visuals are generally strong: the Antipodean landscapes provide a stunning backdrop made even more immersive in the 3D version.

For all its flaws in script and performance, this offers an escape into a magical world that should capture the imaginations of youngsters. But it's unlikely to revitalise the series as Fox might have hoped.

♥ Anna Smith

SYNOPSIS Iowa, the present. Ali quits her bar job and heads for Los Angeles to be a performer. Struggling to find work, she happens across the Burlesque Lounge, a glamorous dance/lip-sync venue run by performer-manager Tess. With the help of barman Jack, Ali becomes a waitress, learning the dance moves by watching the performers, including bitchy Nikki. Tess refuses a million-dollar offer for the struggling club from real-estate developer Marcus. After her motel room is burgled, Ali moves in with Jack, whose fiancée Natalie is away. When dancer Georgia becomes pregnant, Ali auditions and gets her spot. When Nikki is repeatedly late, Tess sends Ali on in her place; Nikki vengefully cuts the playback track so that Ali sings live, sensationally. Tess makes Ali the star. Marcus doubles his offer and starts dating Ali. Ali becomes a huge success but foreclosure still looms, leaving Tess no apparent option but to sell to Marcus. Jack breaks up with Natalie by phone, and he and Ali sleep together. Natalie arrives and confronts them. Upset, Ali meets Marcus for dinner and discovers that he intends to replace the club with a skyscraper. She persuades Tess to save the club by selling the air rights above it to the owner of a nearby property whose views would be blocked by the skyscraper. Nikki apologetically returns and Jack and Ali are reunited.

SYNOPSIS Cambridge, during WW2. A painting at their uncle's home reminds Lucy and Edmund Pevensie of Narnia. It comes to life and transports them and their cousin Eustace into the Narnian sea. Caspian, the king of Narnia, takes them on board his ship the Dawn Treader; his crew includes mouse Reepicheep. Caspian is on a voyage to find the seven lost lords of Telmar, banished years earlier by his evil uncle Miraz. Caspian finds the first lord at an island ruled by slave traders who sacrifice Narnians to a mysterious green fog. All seven lords' swords must be used to conquer the mist – a blue star will lead the Dawn Treader. Further lords are found on other islands and their swords retrieved. Greedy Eustace is turned into a dragon while looting a dragon's hoard.

The blue star leads to Aslan's Table, where Caspian and the children find more lords and swords. The star appears in female form and tells them the seventh sword is nearby, where the green mist has gathered. The crew find the seventh lord in the green mist, which summons a sea monster to attack the Dawn Treader. Dragon Eustace is injured by the seventh sword. Aslan turns him back into a boy. Eustace takes the sword to Aslan's Table and places it with the other six. The mist disappears, and the sacrificed citizens reappear.

Caspian, Lucy, Edmund, Eustace and Reepicheep find the gateway to Aslan's country; Aslan tells them they can never return if they enter. Reepicheep alone decides to go. The children are returned to Cambridge.

CREDITS

Directed by

Michael Apted

Produced by

Mark Johnson
Andrew Adamson
Philip Steuer

Screenplay

Christopher Markus
Stephen McFeely
Michael Petroni
Based on the book by
C.S. Lewis

Director of

Photography

Dante Spinotti

Film Editor

Rick Shaine

Production Designer

Barry Robison

Music

David Arnold

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Dune Entertainment III

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Media, LLC and Dune

Entertainment III LLC (in

Brazil, Italy, Japan,

Korea and Spain)

Production

Companies

Fox 2000 Pictures and

Walden Media present a

Mark Johnson

production

A Michael Apted film

Made in association

with Dune

Entertainment

Produced with the

assistance of

Queensland

Government, Screen

Queensland

Executive Producers

Douglas Gresham

Perry Moore

Associate Producer

Cort Kristensen

Unit Production

Managers

Richard E. Chapla Jr

Jennifer Cornwell

Philip Steuer

2nd Unit Production

Co-ordinator

Angelique Badenoch

Financial Controllers

Thomas Udell

Guy Barker

Location Manager

Garth Price

Post-production

Producer:

Jessie Thiele Schroeder

Australia Supervisor:

Ben Baker

2nd Unit Directed by

John Mahaffie

Assistant Directors

1st: Jeff Okabayashi

Key 2nd: Deb Antoniou

2nd Unit

1st: Brendan Campbell

2nd: Greg Spiller

Script Supervisors

Victoria Sullivan

2nd Unit:

Mimi Freccero

Casting

Christine King

Nina Gold

Camera Operators

B: Damian Wyvill

2nd Unit

A: Peter McCaffrey

B: John Platt

Gaffers

Shaun Conway

2nd Unit:

Mark Jeffries

Key Grips

Toby Copping

2nd Unit:

Pat Nash

Visual Effects

Supervisor:

Angus Bickerton

2nd Unit Supervisor:

Dale Duguid

Producer:

Barrie Hemsley

Visual Effects by

MPC

Animation/Visual

Effects by

Framestore

Visual Effects by

The Senate Visual

Effects

Visual Effects/

Animation by

Cinesite Ltd.

Visual Effects by

The Mill

Motion Capture

Audiomotion Studios

Special Effects

Supervisor:

Brian Cox

On Set Supervisor:

Thomas Van Koevorden

Co-ordinators:

Bruce Bright

Annette Brooks

Senior Model Makers

James Millett

Christopher Martin

David Dale

Mark Clearly

Model/Element

Photography

Victoria Hawden

Model Construction

Mattes and Miniatures

Stereoscopic

Supervisor

Ed W. Marsh

Stereoscopic View-D

Conversion

Prime Focus Film

Additional Stereo

Conversion

Pixel Magic

Venture 3D

Trixter

Identity FX

Additional Editor

Steven Weisberg

Associate Editor

Christopher Lloyd

Supervising Art

Director

Ian Gracie

Art Directors

Karen Murphy

Mark Robins

Marco Niro

Set Designers

Christopher Tangney

Andrew Chan

Francisco Blanc

Set Decorator

Rebecca Cohen

Concept Artists

Min Yum

Greg Spalenka

Michele Moen

John Dickenson

Dorotka Elzbieta

Sapinska

Justin Sweet

Vance Kovacs

Gerhard Mozsi

Evan Shipard

Greg Bridges

Annette Vandenberg

Construction

Co-ordinator

Bernie Childs

Construction Manager

Sean Ahern

Costume Designer

Isis Mussenden

Costume Supervisor

Elly Kamal

Make-up/Hair

Designer

Rick Findlater

Make-up/Hair

Supervisors

Jen Stanfield

2nd Unit:

Bronwyn Fitzgerald

Make-up Artists

Martina Byrne

Dennis Adolphe

Eva Bergstrom

Verity Abnett

2nd Unit:

Sharon Robbins

Special Make-up/

Creatures by

Howard Berger

Gregory Nicotero

KNB EFX Group, Inc

End Titles/Roller

Fugitive Studios

Additional Music

Michael Price

Score Orchestrated/

Conducted by

Nicholas Dodd

Soundtrack

"Langham Place" by

Eric Coates – The New

Symphony Orchestra;

"In the Mood" – Glenn

Miller & His Orchestra;

"To Aslan's Camp" by

Harry Gregson-Williams;

"There's a Place for Us"

– Carrie Underwood

Sound Supervision/

Design

Nigel Stone

Jimmy Boyle

Production Sound

Mixers

Paul Brincat

2nd Unit:

Gavin Walmsley

Re-recording Mixers

Paul Massey

Michael Hedges

Stunt/Fight

Co-ordinator

Allan Poppleton

Animal Wrangler

Katherine Brock

Film Extracts

The Chronicles of

Narnia: The Lion, the

Witch and the

Wardrobe (2005)

The Chronicles of

Narnia: Prince Caspian

(2008)

CAST

Georgie Henley

Lucy Pevensie

Skandar Keynes

Edmund Pevensie

Ben Barnes

King Caspian

Will Poulter

Eustace Scrubb

Liam Neeson

voice of Aslan

Simon Pegg

voice of Reepicheep

Tilda Swinton

the White Witch

Gary Sweet

Drinian

Terry Norris

Lord Bern

Bruce Spence

Lord Rhooop

Bille Brown

Coriakin

Laura Brent

Liliandil

Colin Moody

auctioneer

Anna Popplewell

Susan Pevensie

William Moseley

Peter Pevensie

Shane Rangi

Tavros

Arthur Angel

Rhince

Arabella Morton

Gael

Rachel Blakely

Gael's mum

sequence when Betty's sons tire of her crusade and leave to live with their father, which literally brings her to her knees. But in a film full of juicy cameos, where Juliette Lewis's whiny, wily, trailer-trash girlfriend and Melissa Leo's granite-faced self-righteous cop make their scenes hum with interest, her tight-lipped portrayal suffers by comparison.

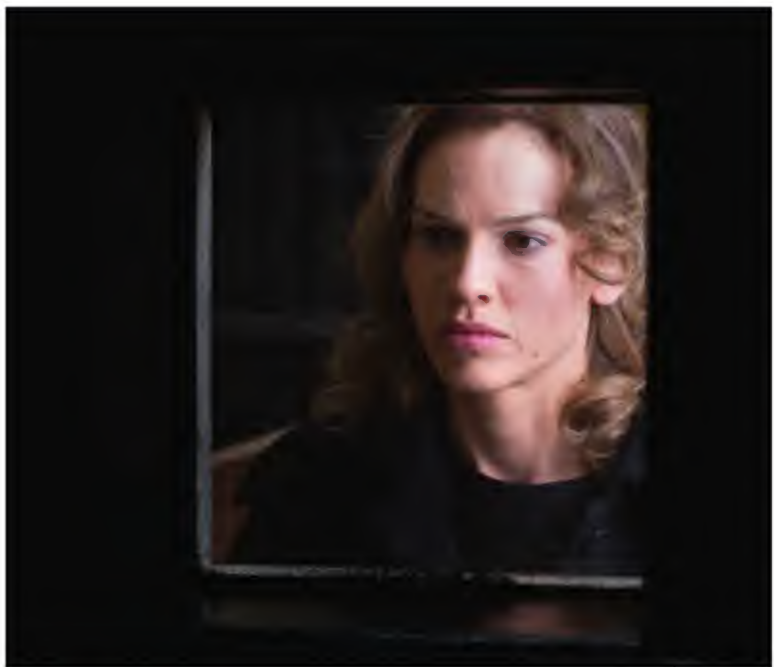
Goldwyn's focus often seems as unrelenting as his subject's, since the film firmly refuses to look outside the Waters' joint ordeal at the wider issues of class and the inequalities of the American legal system. Locked into its tidy, uplifting portrayal of hardscrabble heroism it eschews anything that won't fit its template (including the fact that the real-life Kenny Waters died in an accident mere months after his release) in its resolute pursuit of triumph out of tragedy. **Kate Stables**

CREDITS

Directed by
Tony Goldwyn
Produced by
Andrew Sugerman
Andrew S. Karsch
Tony Goldwyn
Written by
Pamela Gray
Director of Photography
Adriano Goldman
Edited by
Jay Cassidy
Production Designer
Mark Ricker
Music by/Piano Performed by
Paul Cantelon

© Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation and Betty Anne Productions, LLC
Production Companies
Fox Searchlight Pictures presents in association with Omega Entertainment, Oceana Media Finance and Prescience an Andrew Sugerman production A Longfellow Pictures production
A Tony Goldwyn film In association with Prescience Media 1 LLP, Prescience Media 2 LLP, Prescience Media 3 LLP, Prescience Media 4 LLP, Omni Films LLP, Pantheon Entertainment, Montage Media, Inc., Junction Films
Developed in association with Working Title Films

Production services by The Media Cooperative
Executive Producers
Hilary Swank
Markus Barmettler
Alwyn Hight Kushner
James Smith
Anthony Callie
Myles Nestel
Co-producers
Ed Cathell III
Dama Claire
Unit Production Managers
Ed Cathell III
Jan Foster
Production Supervisor
Damien Lublak
Production Co-ordinators
Jason Zorigian
Boston Unit:
Kate Kelly
Production Accountant
Barbara Ann Stein
Location Managers
Tom Jacob
Cathy Thomas
Boston Unit:
Karen Stark
Additional Michigan Unit:
Chris-Teena Constat
Post-production Supervisor
Nancy Kirchoffer
1st Assistant Directors
1st: Nick Mastandrea
2nd: Maria Mantia
Additional Michigan Unit
1st: Jonathan Oliver
2nd: Jason Ivey
Script Supervisors
Sheila Waldron
Additional Michigan Unit:
Dru Anne Carlson
Casting
Kerry Barden



The sacrifice: Hilary Swank

Paul Schnee
Michigan:
Carrie Ray
Boston Unit Director of Photography
Andrew Dintenfass
Aerial Director of Photography/Operator
Boston Unit:
Brian Heller
B Camera Operator/Steadicam
Mark Karavite
Gaffer
Mark Castelaz
Key Grips
Mike Lewis
Boston Unit:
Brian Corbett
Additional Michigan Unit:
William B. MacLeod
Visual Effects
Entity FX
Associate Editor
Geraud Brisson
Art Director
Stephanie Gilliam
Set Decorator
Rena DeAngelo
Property Master
Jonathan Hodges
Construction Co-ordinator
Tyler Osman
Costume Designer
Wendy Chuck
Costume Supervisor
Dana Hart
Department Head Make-up
Vivian Baker

Key Make-up
Steven Anderson
Department Head Hair Stylist
Bonnie Clevering
Key Hair Stylist
Rita Parillo
Title Designer
Matthias Brauner
Score Conductor/Orchestrator
Milosz Jezorski
Music Supervisor
Liz Gallacher
Soundtrack
"Whiskey in the Jar" – Chris Hewitt, David Bagnall; "Long Train Runnin'" – Andrew Fairgrieve, Robert Piela, Hunter Dixon, Chris Fichter; "Heaven and Hell" – Wild Colonial
Musical Advisers
Wolfram Koessel
Suzanna Peric
Production Sound Mixer
David Obermeyer
Additional Michigan Unit Sound Mixer
Curt Frisk
Re-recording Mixers
Max Rammiller-Rogall
Michael Hinreiner
Supervising Sound Editors
Christopher Barnett
Jörg Elsner
Stunt Co-ordinator
Rick LeFevour

CAST

Hilary Swank
Betty Anne Waters
Sam Rockwell
Kenny Waters
Minnie Driver
Abra Rice
Melissa Leo
Nancy Taylor
Peter Gallagher
Barry Scheck
Ari Graynor
Mandy Marsh
Loren Dean
Rick
Conor Donovan
Richard
Owen Campbell
Ben
Tobias Campbell
young Kenny
Bailee Madison
young Betty Anne
Clea Duvall
Brenda Marsh
Karen Young
Elizabeth Waters
Talia Balsam
prosecuting attorney
John Pyper-Ferguson
Aidan
Juliette Lewis
Roseanna Perry
Thomas Mahard
law professor
Laurie Brown
law professor 2
Ele Bardha
Don
Rusty Mewha
desk sergeant
Marc MacAulay
Officer Boisseau
Frank Zieger
boyfriend
J. David Moeller
grandpa
Scott Philyaw
cop
Tobiasz Daszkiewicz
guy in bar
Iris Ingram
guy's girlfriend
John Lepard
minister
Jake Andolina
state trooper
Wallace Bridges
Global Van Lines witness
Marty Bufalini
defense attorney
Doug Hamilton
medical examiner
Sarab Kamoo
blood expert
Hugh McGuire
trial judge

Michele Messmer
Mrs Brow
Annabel Armour
social service woman
Toya Brazell
court clerk
Heather Kozlakowski
jury foreman
Matthew Hollerbach
law student
Zach Fealk
law student 2
Linda Hurd
bar exam woman
Michael Liu
Huy Dao
Paul Burt
'Stash', prison guard
York Griffith
desk sergeant 2
Gordon Michaels
Lt Daniels
Alana Jo Beckman
neighbourhood girl
Ethan Cutkowsky
neighbourhood boy
Eddie Hurcho
courthouse clerk
Jane Alderman
Mrs Halloran
Janet Ulrich Brooks
Dr McGilvray
Gary Davis
prison guard 2
Rick LeFevour
prison guard 3
Jennifer Roberts
Martha Coakley
Linda Boston
release judge
Kam Carman
reporter
Julio Ho
reporter 2
Peter Carey
reporter 3
Melissa Bickerton
admissions counselor

Dolby Digital/DTS Colour by ARRI
[L85:1]

Distributor
20th Century Fox International (UK)

9,628 ft +8 frames

Freakonomics

Directors: Alex Gibney, Rachel Grady, Heidi Ewing, Seth Gordon, Eugene Jarecki, Morgan Spurlock
Certificate 12A 93m 19s

A brisk but awkwardly assembled adaptation of the bestselling book by 'rogue economist' Steven D. Levitt and journalist Stephen J. Dubner, *Freakonomics* comprises a quartet of stylistically and tonally diverse short documentaries. Each bears a distinct authorial stamp but all orbit Levitt's core arguments, chief of which (and the vaguest sounding) is that there is a "hidden side to everything".

Levitt, whose research has led to organisations from the New York Yankees to the CIA seeking his counsel, views incentives as fundamental to the machinations of modern society, urges the questioning of prevailing statistics, and hypothesises a kind of sociological butterfly effect whereby seismic events have ostensibly disparate origins. Levitt and Dubner appear together in a number of hyperactive transitional segments created by *The King of Kong* director Seth Gordon, the authors humorously bullet-pointing key concepts (parenting, crime, education). These graphics-heavy snippets are actually the most disposable in the film; case studies given breathing space in the book are too hurried here to genuinely engage.

Morgan Spurlock brings his zippy, slightly facetious style to 'A Roshanda by Any Other Name', which asks why parents from contrasting social and ethnic backgrounds give their offspring specific names, and how this may affect their future prospects. Spurlock refers to true cases such as the father who named his sons Winner and Loser (Loser grew up to forge a successful career in law enforcement, Winner became a career criminal) and the mother who mistakenly named her daughter Temptress because of her fondness for *Cosby Show* actress Tempestt Bledsoe (Temptress matured into a promiscuous teen). While the research is intriguing, Spurlock's conclusions are too foggy to leave much of an impression.

By contrast, Alex Gibney's 'Pure Corruption', an analysis of match-fixing in sumo wrestling, is markedly slowed and sombre. Gibney, whose *Enron The Smartest Guys in the Room* (2005) explored institutional venality to searing effect, relates how a scandal in this supposedly most honourable of sports was uncovered through measuring suspiciously fluctuating match scores – essentially, wrestlers would occasionally throw fights to maintain a status quo. Focusing on sumo's facade of Shintoist purity, Gibney draws parallels with disgraced financier Bernie Madoff: when something has a surface of absolute legitimacy, people won't think to question it.

The most impressive segment, Eugene Jarecki's *It's Not Always a Wonderful Life*, centres on Levitt's most controversial theory – that America's legalisation of abortion

SYNOPSIS Massachusetts, 1990. Barmaid and single mother Betty Anne Waters is struggling through law school, aiming to get her jailed brother Kenny freed on appeal.

In flashback we see Betty and Kenny's unhappy, foster-homed childhood, and Kenny's feckless, drunken adulthood. Convicted in 1983 of the brutal killing of neighbour Katharina Brow, Kenny attempts suicide in jail. Betty decides to qualify as a lawyer, so that she can take on his case. As she struggles for years to combine studying and family life, her marriage breaks down and her sons choose to live with their father, pitching her into depression. Eventually, with the help of classmate Abra, she begins looking for the original DNA evidence to prove Kenny innocent. She passes the bar exam. Lawyer Barry Scheck of the Innocence Project agrees to help with her quest. When a long police search fails to find the original evidence, Betty visits the storerooms and courtrooms herself and unearths it. When DNA tests rule Kenny out as the murderer, the local DA suggests that he may be retried as an accomplice. Betty and Scheck interview the girlfriends who testified against him, and discover that they were blackmailed by policewoman Nancy Taylor into giving false testimony.

Kenny is cleared and released, and is reunited with his grown daughter Mandy.

SYNOPSIS Four short films examine the ideas of maverick economist Steven D. Levitt, who argues that incentives are fundamental to the workings of modern society and that human behaviour can be better understood through the critiquing of official statistics and data.

Morgan Spurlock's 'A Roshanda by Any Other Name' looks at parents' motivations for naming their children, and the potential impact of being given a name associated with a specific ethnic group. Alex Gibney's 'Pure Corruption' explores match-fixing in sumo wrestling. Eugene Jarecki's 'It's Not Always a Wonderful Life' examines Levitt's hypothesis that the legalisation of abortion in 1973 contributed to falling US crime rates in the 1990s. Heidi Ewing and Rachel Grady's 'Can You Bribe a Ninth Grader to Succeed?' details a Chicago high school's incentive scheme offering students money in return for improved grades.

in 1973 contributed to a huge slump in crime 20 years later. Jarecki uses inventive animation and manipulated film footage to put his message across, and provocatively compares the drop in US crime with its surge in post-Ceausescu Romania due to the relative abundance of unwanted children.

Finally, Heidi Ewing and Rachel Grady's 'Can You Bribe a Ninth Grader to Succeed?' chronicles a Chicago school's blunt incentive scheme – to reward struggling students with cash in exchange for improved grades. The results are unexpected (one student opines that the scheme is making teachers more apathetic) and Ewing and Grady's frank, unvarnished shooting is absorbing, but again forceful conclusions are lacking.

Freakonomics is always accessible, and its encouragement to think outside the box has to be applauded. But its ragtag structure makes it tricky to digest. Levitt's work, wide-ranging and freewheeling though it is, perhaps needs a more consistent vision.

♦♦ **Matthew Taylor**

Credits for this film were unavailable at the time of going to press and will be published in the March issue.



Things don't add up: 'Freakonomics'

Gasland

USA 2010

Director: Josh Fox

A man stands by a sink, patiently holding a cigarette lighter to the mouth of a running tap. Nothing, more nothing, then boom – a fireball fills the air. The man reels back. "I smell hair," he laughs in disbelief, looking at his singed arm.

It's mundane yet surreal moments like this – tap water not just flammable but explosive – that make *Gasland*, a debut feature by its writer and director Josh Fox, arresting and at times terrifying. On the surface, a documentary about hydraulic fracture mining ('fracking') – the technology that pumps enormous quantities of water and toxic chemicals deep underground to extract natural gas from massive subterranean shale beds – hardly screams watchability. But, with a remorselessness all the more powerful for its quiet unfussiness, Fox builds up a riveting portrait of near-apocalyptic environmental damage and a corporate mindset willing to ruin water sources irrevocably for the sake of a few years' profit.

Another example might be the ultraviolet image Fox is shown of a condensate tank, used to store by-products of the drilling. To the naked eye nothing is visible, but the UV shows clouds of toxic hydrocarbons billowing from the tank – examples of which Fox has previously been climbing over, oblivious to the danger. *Gasland* itself could be compared to this UV image: an attempt to make visible something invisible. Fox begins with the letter he receives offering him \$100,000 for the rights to drill on his bucolic property in rural Pennsylvania. He visits Dimock, a small Pennsylvania town surrounded by fracking activity, and hears stories of wells exploding, black water, headaches, pains, long-term sickness. Fox goes on to tour 25 states, cataloguing similar stories and explaining the legislation pushed through by former vice president Dick Cheney, exempting energy companies from key environmental acts – exemptions that make fracking invisible to any regulation or monitoring.

Documentary investigations of corporate America's abuses are still made in the shadow of Michael Moore and the doorstepping stunts that broke ground in reaching bigger audiences. *Gasland* humanises its unglamorous subject-matter by putting Fox and his road trip at the film's heart. But the closest *Gasland* gets to Moore's broadbrush symbolism comes when Fox dons a gasmask and plays a banjo to emulate 1960s protest singer Pete Seeger, while in the background fracking drills and condensate tanks fume hellishly. It's a powerful, if theatrical, image – all the more so in a film otherwise defined by a cool meticulousness. Editor Matthew Sanchez is credited with the film's 'structure', and his pacing is key to *Gasland*. While Fox narrates throughout in a deadpan murmur, the flow of

images is at times allowed to build to a flood. Lists of deadly carcinogens, scans of leaked documents, the logos of ruthless but unregulated energy companies: all these pour from the screen like an uncapped well. The effect is to leave the viewer with the disturbing sense of the sheer quantity of evidence amassed by Fox, and what *Gasland* has had to omit.

♦♦ **Sam Davies**

CREDITS

Directed by
Josh Fox
Produced by
Trish Adlesic
Josh Fox
Molly Gandour
Written by
Josh Fox
Camera
Josh Fox
Editing and Structure
Matthew Sanchez

@International WOW
Company
Production
Companies
International Wow
Company production
This film was supported
by a grant from The
Sundance
Documentary Film
Program Reach Fund.
The Fledgling Fund
Executive Producer
Debra Winger
Co-producers
Don Guarnieri
Laura Newman
David Roma
Post-production
Co-ordinator
Joanna Lara
Additional Camera
Matthew Sanchez
Molly Gandour
Noah Hutton
Alex Tyson
Raye Levine
Laura Newman
Graphics/Animation
Juan Cardarelli
Eric M. Levy
Alex Tyson
Additional Editors
Alex Tyson
Kirsten Greene
Post-production
Steven Tollen
Music Supervision
Susan Jacobs
Jackie Mulhearn
Re-recording Mixer
Brian Scibinico
Supervising Sound
Editor
Brian Scibinico
Consultants
Barbara Arindell
Henry Chalfant
Morgan Jenness
Joe Levine

WITH

Mike Markhan
Marsha Mendenhall
Jesse Ellsworth
Amea Ellsworth
on-screen participants

SYNOPSIS A documentary investigating the safety of hydraulic fracture mining, a process that has developed rapidly over the past decade following the discovery of huge natural gas deposits in shale beds underneath large areas of the United States. Director and narrator Josh Fox tours locations where 'fracking' has been carried out, documenting its detrimental effects on the environment, water quality and human health.

Genius Within The Inner Life of Glenn Gould

Canada/Sweden/
The Netherlands/United
Kingdom/Germany/USA 2009

Directors: Michèle Hozer,
Peter Raymont

It's a terrible title, but it does at least suggest what this documentary portrait of legendary pianist Glenn Gould is attempting: to get beyond the myth to the complexities and contradictions of the human being, and, a few major caveats notwithstanding, it does a job. It enters into a crowded field though; there have already been several documentaries about Gould, and most memorably François Girard's oblique, fictionalised refractions of the Gould persona and music in *Thirty Two Short Films about Glenn Gould* (1993). Gould was notoriously private, so *Genius Within*'s raison d'être is its laying claim to new and illuminating material about his emotional life, most notably in the shape of interviews with a former lover, Cornelia Foss (who only went public on their affair in 2007) and her two now middle-aged children, with whom by all accounts Gould spent several happy, fulfilled years before a painful separation.

Gould's is an astonishing story, and those fresh to his life and work will relish some of the details and anecdotes here – the fact he could read music before he could read, the overnight fame, the technique that suggested someone playing a duet with themselves, the strange tics and personal eccentricities. But captivating as his looks and image were – and Gould seemed to play up to that image, despite his reserve and solitariness – the music was what really swept people away, in vast numbers, with its combination of precision and passion. The Russian pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy saw Gould play live on a tour of Russia in 1957 and speaks of being riveted by the clarity and lack of affectation in his playing.

The account of this Russian tour is the best segment of *Genius Within*, so rich that it could in fact have been the centrepiece of, or way into, a more imaginative, Cold War-inflected film about Gould. As it stands it still conveys, more powerfully than elsewhere, not only an inkling of the communion Gould achieved with audiences, but also the sense of something sacred and transcendental in the music which he was able to reach and transmit – obviously anathema to the Soviet authorities at the time. Gould's interpretations were metaphorical reworkings based on deep intellectual study, a taking apart and putting back together into new configurations; unorthodox, even unacceptable in some people's view, so much so that, in one famous incident before a later concert in the States, conductor Leonard Bernstein took pains to distance himself from Gould's interpretation of a Brahms piece – probably the only time this has



Glenn Gould: 'Genius Within'

ever happened before a concert. All the film's elements achieve a balance in the first two-thirds – the music, the life, the myth – but the emphasis tends too much towards the personal in the final third, and Gould's music is relegated to background noise. I wish there could have been more on his experiments in radio, particularly one called 'The Idea of North'. It's in the final third too, when Gould's life is darkening under pressure of the prescription drugs he's abusing, that bizarre re-enactments suddenly erupt on screen – always a man in a long black overcoat, hands in pockets, striding away from the camera with his back to us. The most awful example is the Gould surrogate disappearing out of a hotel lobby, just as we're hearing about his final meeting in a hotel with his lover and her children. And did they really have to get Cornelia Foss to walk along the beach where they said their goodbyes? What is all this telling us about his music, the only reason we're interested in him in the first place?

That's disappointing enough, but overall and throughout it has to be said there's a lack of imaginative uplift and aesthetic ambition in the rendering of the tale. To those of us in Britain reared on vividly authored, poetically inscribed mosaic-portraits of famous artists in the BBC's *Arena* documentary strand, for example, this can't help but seem a bit meat-and-potatoes, a little unGouldian in the timid conventionality of its approach – and TV rather than the cinema would be the best place for it.

♦♦ Kieron Corless

CREDITS

Directed by Michèle Hozer
Production Companies Peter Raymont
Producer Peter Raymont
Director of Photography Walter Corbett
Editor Michèle Hozer
©GG Productions Inc.
Production Companies White Pine Pictures presents
 Produced with the co-operation of the estate of Glenn Gould
 Produced with the participation of Technicolor, Canada – The Canadian Film or Video Production Tax Credit, Ontario – Ontario Media Development Corporation, Canadian Television Fund, Rogers Cable Network Fund, Téléfilm Canada
 Produced in association with Films Transit International, Knowledge., TVO – TV Ontario, STV (Commissioning Editor Hjalmar Palmgren), NPS (Commissioning Editor Annemiek van der Zanden), Bio. – The Biography Channel, ZDF Arte (Commissioning Editor Hans-Robert Eisenhauer), American Masters (Executive Producer Susan Lacy, Series Producer Prudence Glass, Supervising Producer Julie Sacks), Bravo! Produced by White Pine Pictures
Production Supervisor Helene C. Valinsky
Commissioning Editors STV: Hjalmar Palmgren
 NPS: Annemiek van der Zanden
 ZDF Arte: Hans-Robert Eisenhauer
Production Co-ordinators Dylan Cook
 Rita Su
Production Accountant Candis Bluder
Post-production Co-ordinator Daniel Montgomery
Archival Materials Researcher/Clearance Monica Penner
Creative Consultants Diana Holtzberg
 Susan Lacy
Additional Photography Nicholas Blair
 David Malysheff

Edward Marritz
 Andrew Speller
 Bill Turnley
Motion Graphics Justin Tripp
Hair/Make-up Indiana Allemang
 Darvell Freeman
 Jennifer Martin
Title Design Justin Tripp
Music Performed by Glenn Gould
Soundtrack "Downtown", "Who Am I" – Petula Clark; "Creole Girl" – The Duke of Iron; "Lieder der Ophelia" by Richard Strauss; "Piano Sonata No. 7, Opus 83" – Sergei Prokofiev
Sound Supervisor Russell Walker
Sound Bruce Cameron
Re-recording Mixer Ian Rodness
Research Consultant Kevin Bazzana
Original Research/Consultant Michael Clarkson
Film Extracts *Virtues of Hesitation* (1956)

WITH

Jaime Laredo violinist/conductor
Kevin Bazzana biographer
Vladimir Ashkenazy pianist/conductor
Fred Sherry cellist
John P.L. Roberts longtime friend
Ruth Watson Henderson pianist/composer
Victor Feldbrill conductor
Fran Barrault Glenn Gould's girlfriend
James Wright Gould scholar
Cornelia Foss interviewee
Don Hunstein photographer, Columbia Records
Mark Kingwell philosopher/writer
Lorne Tulk audio engineer
Christopher Foss
Eliza Foss
Petula Clark interviewees
Ray Roberts Gould's personal assistant
Roxolana Roslák soprano

In Colour/Black and White [L78:1]

Distributor Verve Pictures

Get Low

USA/Germany/Poland 2009

Director: Aaron Schneider

With Robert Duvall, Sissy Spacek, Bill Murray, Lucas Black

Certificate PG 103m 18s

After all these years, is it possible that Bill Murray has become a better actor than Robert Duvall? In *Get Low*, Duvall gets the Oscar-bait part of Felix Bush, a hermit with a Dark Past seeking to make his peace with death in 1930s Tennessee. With his hobo beard and Southern orneriness, Bush is just too loveably quirky (he offers visitors rabbit from a skillet) and fundamentally decent to have any *truly* dark secrets. Lest any troublesome ambiguities hamper viewers' enjoyment, director Aaron Schneider's debut feature establishes Felix's inherent goodness in the first ten minutes by showing him stroking a woman's faded photograph, then dissolving to a candle flame. Is it possible that the mysterious fire shown at the start of the film wasn't Felix's fault, and that this dear old man isn't actually a homicidal arsonist? Quite possibly.

Not trusting its audience one inch of the way, *Get Low* first shows Duvall emerging as a threatening hulk from barn shadows, looking for all the world as if he were still *To Kill a Mockingbird*'s Boo Radley. A sign on his property reads "No damn trespassing!" (those Southerners!). "Beware of mule," it adds, and lo and behold, Duvall proves to be just as stubborn as said animal. (The mule has the habit of sitting on its hind legs like a dog, reminding viewers of *George of the Jungle*'s elephant Shep – presumably not the desired frame of reference.) He eventually heads to town to arrange what would now be called a 'living funeral', where the townsfolk can tell the wild tales they've heard of him over the years.

Get Low takes forever to get to its less-than-surprising final revelations; it's the kind of Sundance sap that begs to be deemed 'adult' even as it underlines every last emotion. Help arrives in the form of Bill Murray's funeral director Frank Quinn. With the same moustache he used as *Rushmore*'s Herman Blume, Murray turns in an understatedly sad sketch of a veteran

salesman forced to hustle the less intelligent in order to live. Good at his job but not pleased about it, he prays for others' death even as he knows better. Murray puts his usual deadpan spin on every line, but he also portrays unhappiness without the tinkling melancholy pianos or stoically repressed tears Duvall requires.

There are some other minor pleasures to be had, notably Lucas Black's commendably straightforward role as Buddy, funeral parlour employee and reluctant accomplice to Quinn's scheming. But the atmosphere is oversold both in time period and location (you can't go more than five minutes without some obtrusive fiddles and mandolins popping up) and the central mystery remarkably saccharine. "We like to imagine good and bad, right and wrong are far apart," Bush's friend the Reverend Charlie Jackson (Bill Cobbs) portentously intones. "But the truth is, they're all tangled up together." Anyone who thinks that's a revelation will find *Get Low* compelling, but the film can't even commit to that, having Felix finally confess to... an accident. So much for taking responsibility.

♦♦ Vadim Rizov

CREDITS

Directed by Aaron Schneider
Produced by Dean Zanuck
 David Gundlach
Screenplay Chris Provenzano
 C. Gaby Mitchell
Story Chris Provenzano
 Scott Seeke
Cinematographer David Boyd
Editor Aaron Schneider
Production Designer Geoffrey Kirkland
Music by/Music Score Produced by Jan A.P. Kaczmarek

©Get Low Productions, LLC, David Gundlach Productions, Lara Enterprises.com GmbH
Production Companies K5 International presents a Zanuck Independent production in co-production with David Gundlach Productions, Lara Enterprises, TVN
 In association with Butcher's Run Films

Production services provided by FRB Productions, Inc.
Executive Producers David B. Ginsberg
 Harrison Zanuck
 C. Gaby Mitchell
 Joey Rappa
 Robert Duvall
 Rob Carliner
 Oliver Simon
 Daniel Baur
 Alain Midzic
 Blenim Destani
 Dariusz Gasiorowski
 Brad Park
 Brandie Park
 Konrad Wojtekowski
 Scott Fischer
 Don Mandrik
 Chris Provenzano
 Beth Crookham
Co-producer Richard Luke Rothschild
Associate Producers Lily Phillips
 Justyna Pawlak
Unit Production Manager Richard Luke Rothschild
Production Supervisor Suzanne Lore
Production Co-ordinator Katie Willard Troebels
Production Auditor Don West

SYNOPSIS Tennessee, the 1930s. After some 40 years of living like a hermit in the backwoods, Felix Bush rides into town to arrange a funeral for himself. The church won't take his money without any religious component, but funeral parlour boss Frank Quinn and employee Buddy see the potential for profit. They agree to help Felix throw a funeral party for himself while he's still alive; the townspeople are invited to come and tell stories they've heard about Felix.

Promoting the event, Felix announces on the radio that, for five dollars per raffle ticket, everyone who attends and tells a story will have a chance to win his 300 acres of land. Mattie Darrow – the sister of the woman Frank once loved – has returned to town, and the two become friends again. As the money pours in, Felix and Buddy take a trip to visit the Reverend Charlie Jackson, the only person who knows why Felix went into self-imposed exile. Jackson refuses to tell Felix's story for him, and Felix decides to cancel the event. Frank, panicking about his finances, begs the reverend to come and tell Felix's story if he can't finish it himself. Felix's health deteriorates.

At the party, Felix explains that he was courting Mattie when he met her married sister and instantly fell in love. They were planning to run away when her husband became suspicious; in a fight between the two men, the house was accidentally set alight, burning husband and wife as Felix ran away. Absolved, Felix dies peacefully.

Location Manager
Carrie L.A.
Post-production Supervisor
Cory McCrum Abdo
Assistant Directors
1st: Eric Tignini
2nd: Hope Garrison
Script Supervisor
Megan H. Graham
Casting
Craig Fincannon
Lisa Mae Fincannon
Camera Operators
A: David Boyd
B: John Priebe
Chief Lighting Technician
Brian Gunter
Key Grip
Billy Sherrill
On-set Visual Effects Supervisor
Alex Friderici
Visual Effects
Furious FX
Additional:
CIS Hollywood
Consultants:
BCS Films
Denise Ballantyne
Tom Ballantyne
Special Effects
Co-ordinator:
David Fletcher
Supervisor:
Ken Gorrell
Art Director
Korey Michael
Washington
Set Decorator
Frank Galline
Property Master
Elliott Boswell
Construction
Co-ordinator
Curtis Crowe
Costume Designer
Julie Weiss
Costume Supervisor
Dan Moore
Make-up Department Head
Ken Diaz
Make-up Artist
Carol Rasheed
Hairdressing
Department Head
Colleen Callaghan
Hair Stylist
Cynthia Chapman
Title Design
Framework Studio LA
Additional Music
Jerry Douglas
Score Performed by
Polish Radio Orchestra
Conducted by:
Wojciech Rodek
Orchestrations
Jan A.P. Kaczmarek
Dylan Maulucci
Music Supervisor
Evyen Klean
Soundtrack
"I'm Looking over a Four Leaf Clover" – Bix Beiderbecke; "Farewell Blues" – Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra; "My Blue Heaven" – Gene Austin; "If I Didn't Care" – The Ink Spots; "Monkey Bay" – Jerry Douglas, Russ Barenberg, Edgar Meyer; "Whiskey before Breakfast"; "East Virginia Blues" – Steel Drivers; "Lay My Burden Down" – Alison Krauss
Production Sound Mixer
Shirley Libby
Re-recording Mixers
Jeffrey Perkins
Tim Le Blanc
Supervising Sound Editors
Avram Gold
Stephen Flick
Stunt Co-ordinator
Lonnie R. Smith Jr
Mule Trainers
Steve Foster
Doug Sloan

CAST

Robert Duvall
Felix Bush
Sissy Spacek
Mattie Darrow
Bill Murray
Frank Quinn
Lucas Black
Buddy Robinson
Gerald McRaney
Rev. Gus Horton
Bill Cobbs
Rev. Charlie Jackson
Scott Cooper
Carl
Lori Beth Edgeman
Kathryn
Blerim Destani
Gary
Tomasz Karolak
Orville
Linds Edwards
WKNG announcer
Andrea Powell
Bonnie
Chandler Riggs
Tom
Danny Vinson
Grier
Andrew Stahl
photographer
Marc Gowan
Mr Feldman
Arin Logan
Mary Lee Stroup
Gracie
Bush's mule

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Sony Pictures Releasing

9,297 ft +0 frames

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part 1

USA/United Kingdom 2010

Director: David Yates

With Daniel Radcliffe, Rupert Grint, Emma Watson, Robbie Coltrane
Certificate 12A 145m 53s

The seventh and final book in J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter series offers a classic finale in which all the threads, and in particular all the threats that surround the hero, are unleashed to create a seemingly insurmountable crisis. Unable to return to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Harry loses contact with the Order of the Phoenix, the group of witches and wizards who have been protecting him, and is pursued ever more balefully by the evil Lord Voldemort. Now in control of the wizarding world, Voldemort is also pursuing a lost object: a wand made by Death as a gift for a wizard who thought he had outwitted him.

The wand is the first of the titular Deathly Hallows, revealed in the film in an animated folktale of gorgeous shadow-play, whose dark shapes link the figure of Death to the swirling CGI forms of Voldemort's loyal Death Eaters and the Dementors who tormented Harry in the third film. Rowling's books are much possessed by death, and none more so than the seventh, which opens with the aftermath of Albus Dumbledore's death and closes with Voldemort's desecration of his tomb. A series regular – Mad-Eye Moody – dies in the first 15 minutes, as does Harry's owl Hedwig; the Minister for Magic is dispatched shortly thereafter. Harry visits his parents' grave, with its movingly simple stone, and ends the film by burying Dobby the elf shortly after his transformation from zero to hero.

Despite these dramatic incidents tethering a clear theme, and a narrative structure driven by a dual quest, the film never quite thrills. Director David Yates faces the daunting challenge of dramatising huge swathes of exposition, as Rowling uses the first half of *Deathly Hallows* to lay all the pieces – Hallows, Horcruxes, Dumbledore's bequests, not to mention shifting allegiances (and wands) – in place for the final confrontation. Rather than taking time to wonder, to immerse, or even to grieve at the crucial moments of the story, the film and its characters are driven on towards this future confrontation with videogame logic and an endless flow of exposition-based dialogue.

After delivering what is simultaneously an immense deductive leap and a bald piece of exposition, Hermione responds to Harry's compliment on her brilliance by pointing out that she is simply being extremely logical (a post-feminist trait also seen in Dana Scully and *Star Trek's* Seven of Nine). Her logic underlines Rowling's practical magic, which



Hurry up Harry: Daniel Radcliffe

springs from a combination of the pragmatic reasoning in folktales and the mathematical, deductive approach of alchemy: there is none of the deeper illogic of the truly fantastic operating here, except for the power of love.

Yates hints at the coming contest between love and death (as good and bad magic) in small moments such as Hermione's instinctual 'disapparation' (teleportation) to the Forest of Dean, which she once visited with her parents. Liberated from Hogwarts, the film also travels to the awesome limestone pavement of Malham Cove in the Yorkshire Dales. There is magic in such locations, which make the characters seem small, and imply the absolute threat Voldemort represents, revealed just after Harry lays aside his wand to bury Dobby.

The Golden Snitch left by Dumbledore to Harry bears the words "opens at the close". The same is true of the film's story – not only for the

lightning-bolt revelation of Voldemort's power that comes at the end, but also Harry's realisation that he (and the filmmakers) will need more than a wand (or special effects) to escape the deadly, and deadening, trap of the final confrontation. **♥ Sophie Mayer**

CREDITS

Directed by
David Yates
Produced by
David Heyman
David Barron
J.K. Rowling
Screenplay
Steve Kloves
Based on the novel by
J.K. Rowling
Director of Photography
Eduardo Serra
Edited by
Mark Day
Production Designer
Stuart Craig
Music Composed and Conducted by
Alexandre Desplat

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Entertainment Inc.
Production Companies
A Warner Bros. Pictures
presentation
A Heyday Films
production
A David Yates film
Executive Producer
Lionel Wigram
Co-producers
John Trehy
Tim Lewis
Unit Production Manager
Tim Lewis
Production Managers
Simon Emanuel
2nd Unit:
Russell Lodge
Production Co-ordinators
Anji Holt

SYNOPSIS England, the present. Harry Potter's nemesis Lord Voldemort has taken over the Ministry of Magic. Following attacks by Voldemort's Death Eaters, Harry and his friends Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley go on the run. They take with them items bequeathed to them by their former headmaster Albus Dumbledore, which they hope will help them in their quest to find the Horcruxes that contain Voldemort's soul. (Only by destroying the Horcruxes can they hope to destroy Voldemort.)

The trio snatch a Horcrux – a locket – from the Ministry of Magic and disappear into the wild. They try to destroy the locket but are unable to do so. Affected by the malevolent power of the locket, Ron leaves in a fit of jealousy. Harry and Hermione go to Godric's Hollow, where Dumbledore once lived, and face Voldemort's snake-familiar in a fight in which Harry's wand is broken.

Harry is visited by a Patronus spirit, which guides him to the Sword of Gryffindor, lying at the bottom of a frozen pond. Harry fails to retrieve the sword, but Ron returns and retrieves it, using it to destroy the locket.

The three friends visit eccentric wizard Xenophilius Lovegood, who reveals a clue to Voldemort's plans in the folktale 'The Three Brothers', about powerful gifts given by Death. However, Xenophilius gives Harry away to the Death Eaters, sacrificing him in the hope of saving his daughter Luna, who is being held captive by Voldemort's followers. The trio are taken to the home of Death Eater Lucius Malfoy. Lucius's son Draco is unable – or unwilling – to identify Harry, as Hermione has disguised him magically, so Bellatrix Lestrange, another Death Eater, tortures Hermione. Dobby the elf, Harry's loyal friend, rescues Harry, Hermione, Ron and Luna, but is killed by Bellatrix as they make their escape.

Voldemort learns from Dumbledore's old friend Gellert Grindelwald that Death's first gift – the most powerful wand in existence – lies buried with Dumbledore in his tomb. Voldemort blasts open the tomb and claims the wand as his own.

Anna Hall
Winnie Wishart
2nd Unit:
Kate Garbett
Tony Davis
Production Accountant
Gary Nixon
Supervising Location Manager
Sue Quinn
Location Managers
Mark Somner
Joseph Jayawardena
Michael Harm
Lee Robertson
Steve Harvey
Post-production Supervisor
Katie Reynolds
2nd Unit Director
Stephen Woolfenden
Assistant Directors
1st: Jamie Christopher
Key 2nd: Matthew Sharp
2nd: Stewart Hamilton
2nd: Jane Ryan
2nd: Ali Morris
2nd Unit
1st: Dominic Fysh
2nd: Emma Stokes
Script Supervisors
Anna Worley
2nd Unit:
Sharon Mansfield
B Unit Script Supervisors
2nd Unit:
Nicoletta Mani
Suzanne McGeachan
Casting
Fiona Weir
Underwater Director of Photography
Tim Wooster
Camera Operators
A: Mike Proudfoot
B: David Morgan
B: David Worley
2nd Unit
Stefan Stankowski
Gary Spratling
Underwater Unit
Sean Connor
Steadicam Operators
Alf Tramontin
2nd Unit:
Paul Edwards
Gaffers
Robert 'Chuck' Finch
2nd Unit:
Wick Finch
Underwater Unit:
Wayne King
Mark Campamy
Key Grips
Kenry Atherfold
2nd Unit:
Darren Holland
Visual Effects
Supervisors:
Tim Burke
Producer:
Emma Norton
Supervisors:
Chris Shaw
John Moffatt
Visual Effects by
MPC
Double Negative
Cinesite
FrameStore
Baseblack
Rising Sun Pictures
Additional:
Rise FX
Gradient Effects
3D Scanning
Lidar VFX
Facial Capture
Mova
Special Effects
Supervisor:
John Richardson
2nd Unit Floor
Supervisor:
Stephen Hutchinson
Animatronic Model Designers
Steve Wright
Joe Scott
Hugh James Sandys
Val Jones-Mendoza
Abbie Jones
Dan Curtis
Supervising Senior Modeller
John Weller
Senior Modellers
Adrian Getley
Tracey Curtis
Christopher Eldridge
Paul Knight

'The Deathly Hallows' Animation Supervised by
Ben Hibon
Motion Control
The Visual Effects Company Ltd
Additional Editing
Philip Kloss
Supervising Art Director
Neil Lamont
Senior Art Director
Andrew Ackland-Snow
Art Directors
Al Bullock
Mark Bartholomew
Gary Tomkins
Hattie Storey
Nicholas Henderson
Martin Foley
Molly Hughes
Christian Hubbard
Kate Grimbble
Peter Dorme
Ashley Winter
Set Decorators
Stephenie McMillan
Rosie Goodwin
Conceptual Artists
Adam Brockbank
Andrew Williamson
Peter McKinstry
Paul Catling
Property Master
Barry Wilkinson
Construction Co-ordinator
Amanda Pettett
Construction Manager
Paul Hayes
Costume Designer
Jany Temme
Costume Supervisor
Charlotte Finlay
Costume Master
2nd Unit:
Laurent Guinci
Wardrobe Supervisor
Andrew Hunt
2nd Unit Wardrobe
Stephanie Paul
Make-up Designer
Amanda Knight
Make-up Artists
Sharon Nicholas
Amy Byrne
Amanda Burns
Belinda Hodgson
Sarah Downes
Jessica Needham
Ken Lintott
Elizabeth Lewis
2nd Unit:
Jennifer Hegarty
Special Make-up Effects
Nick Dudman
Hair Designer
Lisa Tomblin
Hairdressers
Elisabetta De Leonardis
Francesca Crowder
Ann Townsend
Nadine Mann
Stephen Rose
Tracey Smith
Jenny Harling
Hilary Haines
Francesco Alberico
Anita Casali
Luca Vannella
2nd Unit:
Catherine Heys
Titles
Foreign Office
End Credits
Fugitive Studios
Music Performed by
London Symphony Orchestra
Choirs
London Voices
The London Oratory Junior Choir
The Schola Cantorum of The Cardinal Vaughan Memorial School
Score Orchestrated by
Conrad Pope
Nan Schwartz
Clifford J. Tasner
Jean-Pascal Beintus
Music Supervisor
Matt Biffa
Soundtrack
"O Children" – Nick Cave
& the Bad Seeds; "My Love Is Always Here" by Alexandre Desplat, Gerard McCann – London Voices;

"Hedwig's Theme" by John Williams
Sound Designers
Michael Fentum
Dominic Gibbs
Production Sound Mixer
Stuart Wilson
2nd Unit Sound Mixer
John Casali
Re-recording Mixers
Stuart Hilliker
Mike Dowson
Supervising Sound Editor
James Mather
Stunt Co-ordinator
Greg Powell
Parsetongue by
Dr Francis Nolan
Chief Animal Trainer
Gary Gero

CAST

Daniel Radcliffe
Harry Potter
Rupert Grint
Ron Weasley
Emma Watson
Hermione Granger
Helena Bonham Carter
Bellatrix Lestrange
Robbie Coltrane
Rubeus Hagrid
Warwick Davis
Griphook
Ralph Fiennes
Lord Voldemort
Michael Gambon
Professor Albus Dumbledore
Brendan Gleeson
Alastor 'Mad-Eye' Moody
Richard Griffiths
Vernon Dursley
John Hurt
Ollivander
Jason Isaacs
Lucius Malfoy
Alan Rickman
Professor Severus Snape
Fiona Shaw
Petunia Dursley
Timothy Spall
Wormtail
Imelda Staunton
Dolores Umbridge
David Thewlis
Remus Lupin
Julie Walters
Molly Weasley
Bill Nighy
Rufus Scrimgeour
Harry Melling
Dudley Dursley
Bonnie Wright
Ginny Weasley
Ian Kelly
Hermione's dad
Michelle Fairley
Hermione's mum
Carolyn Pickles
Charity Burbage
Helen McCrory
Narcissa Malfoy
Tom Felton
Draco Malfoy
Guy Henry
Pius Thicknesse
Arben Bajraktaraj
Dolohov
Rod Hunt
Thorfinn Rowle
Suzanne Toase
Alecto Carrow
Ralph Ineson
Amycus Carrow
Adrian Annis
Emil Hostina
Paul Khanna
Richard Strange
Anthony John Crocker
Peter G. Reed
Granville Saxton
Judith Sharp
Ashley McGuire
Penelope McGhie
Bob Yves Van Hellenberg Hubar
Tony Kirwood
Death Eaters
David Ryall
Elphias Doge
James Phelps
Fred Weasley
Oliver Phelps
George Weasley

Mark Williams
Arthur Weasley
George Harris
Kingsley Shacklebolt
Andy Linden
Mundungus Fletcher
Domhnall Gleeson
Bill Weasley
Clémence Poésy
Fleur Delacour
Natalia Tena
Nymphadora Tonks
Frances de la Tour
Madame Maxime
Evanna Lynch
Luna Lovegood
Rhys Ifans
Xenophilus Lovegood
Matyeok Gibbs
Auntie Muriel
Eva Alexander
waitress
Simon McBurney
Kreacher
Matthew Lewis
Neville Longbottom
Jon Camppling
Death Eater
Devon Murray
Seamus Finnigan
William Melling
Nigel
Simon Grover
Death Eater
Freddie Stroma
Cormac McLaggen
Isabella Laughland
Leanne
Jessie Cave
Lavender Brown
Anna Shaffer
Romilda Vane
Josh Herdman
Gregory Goyle
Amber Evans
twin girl 1
Ruby Evans
twin girl 2
Katie Leung
Cho Chang
Georgina Leonidas
Katie Bell
Louis Cordice
Blaise Zabini
Scarlett Byrne
Pansy Parkinson
Afshan Azad
Padma Patil
David O'Hara
Albert Runcorn
Steffan Rhodri
Reg Cattermole
Nick Moran
Scabior
Toby Jones
Dobby
Sophie Thompson
Malinda Hopkirk
Daniel Tuite
skinny ministry wizard
Daisy Haggard
ministry lift voice
George Potts
balding wizard
Rose Keegan
red-haired witch
Ned Dennehy
scared man
Kate Fleetwood
Mary Cattermole
Daniel Hill
bushy-haired muttering wizard
Rade Serbedzija
Gregorovich
Jamie Campbell Bower
young Grindelwald
Hazel Douglas
Bathilda Bagshot
Adrian Rawlins
James Potter
Geraldine Somerville
Lily Potter
Miranda Richardson
Rita Skeeter
Michael Byrne
Gellert Grindelwald
David Legeno
Fenrir Greyback
Samuel Roukin
Snatcher

Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
Colour by
Technicolor
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Warner Bros Distributors
(UK)

13.129 ft +0 frames

Hereafter

USA 2010

Director: Clint Eastwood

With Matt Damon, Cécile de France, George McLaren, Frankie McLaren
Certificate 12A 128m 48s

The Amblin Entertainment badge has appeared on Clint Eastwood's films before, on his Pacific War diptych *Flags of Our Fathers* and *Letters from Iwo Jima* (2006), but on *Hereafter* you can almost feel producer Steven Spielberg directing by osmosis. The film opens with a tsunami deluging a south-east Asian coastal resort, a sequence of dreadful wide-scale realism to rank with Spielberg's best-orchestrated havoc. Nearly drowning in the surge, French TV journalist Marie Lelay (Cécile de France) has a glimpse of the afterlife which, in its silhouetted figures backlit by white light, suggests nothing so much as the first sight of the aliens in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977).

Eastwood has chosen this late point in his career to make his *Always* (1989) – a sentimental film about death and loss alleviated by the hope of what happens afterwards. Following its impressive disaster-movie opening, much of the life ebbs out of *Hereafter* as it irises into an intimate focus on three globally dispersed protagonists, strangers to each other but kindred spirits in their feelings of emotional estrangement. Shaken by her unconscious visions, Marie struggles on her return to work in Paris and begins researching near-death experiences. In San Francisco, George (Matt Damon), a melancholy site-worker facing redundancy, is reluctant to cash in on his psychic ability to communicate with the spirits, as his skill has so far brought him only emotional strain. And on a council estate in London, Marcus, one of two brothers at risk of being taken into care, is suddenly bereaved by the death of his twin.

The supernatural element isn't completely new to Eastman – *High Plains Drifter* (1972) and *Pale Rider* (1985)

George McLaren



are among the most haunted of westerns – but this communion with the spirit world is a left-turn for British screenwriter Peter Morgan, no matter that hints of Faustian pacts shaded his recent-history dramas *The Deal* (2003), *Frost/Nixon* (2008) and *The Damned United* (2009). Intriguingly, Eastwood and Morgan's mutual approach seems to be to play down the potentially hokey spiritual elements of their three stories, to treat them matter-of-factly and run scared of anything truly fantastical. This brings *Hereafter* an oddly numbed quality, as if the movie itself is in a state of post-traumatic shock.

With George, Matt Damon does the blank, past-less act he brought to Mr Ripley and Jason Bourne, and subtracts still further. Even the would-be dramatic highlights of him communicating with the dead are underplayed: these are the most muted séances in cinema. Meanwhile Marcus, desperately alone in his bereavement, begins searching websites for somebody to help him contact his twin's spirit; he quickly rules out first a ranting Islamic preacher and then an unctuous Christian one. They're quacks, *Hereafter* leaves no room for doubt, yet George's gifts are treated without scepticism. Eastwood's dour film lets us know where spiritual answers can come from: organised religion and the internet seem tainted, but not so a humble, emotionally constipated palm-reader or – as Marie discovers – a soft-focus clinic set picturesquely on a Swiss mountain.

Alpine peaks are only one stop on Eastwood's Grand Tour of scene-setting obviousness, joining establishing shots of Tower Bridge and Big Ben, and an Eiffel Tower backdrop. It's a relief when these three lives come together in one place – as, coincidence following coincidence, they eventually do – so that the travelogue signposting can cease. Similarly, the story's *Zelig*-like encompassing of both the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami and the 2005 London bombings feels opportunistic by the time *Hereafter*'s globe-spanning narrative reaches its close and the film's ultimate subject is revealed as boy meets girl.

♥ Samuel Wiles

CREDITS

Directed by
Clint Eastwood
Produced by
Clint Eastwood
Kathleen Kennedy
Robert Lorenz
Written by
Peter Morgan
Director of Photography
Tom Stern
Edited by
Joel Cox
Gary D. Roach
Production Designed by
James J. Murakami
Music
Clint Eastwood

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Production Companies
Warner Bros. Pictures presents a Kennedy/Marshall production
A Malpasco production
Amblin Entertainment
Filmed with the

assistance of the state of Hawaii Production Incentive Tax Credits, the French Tax Rebate for International Productions
French Unit Production Services: Peninsula Film
Executive Producers
Steven Spielberg
Frank Marshall
Peter Morgan
Tim Moore
Line Producer
French Unit:
John Bernard
Unit Production Managers
Tim Moore
London Unit:
Jeremy Johns
Production Manager
French Unit:
Gilles Castera
Production Co-ordinators
Supervising:
Holly Hagy
LA:
Mark David Katchur
London Unit:
Hannah Godwin
French Unit:

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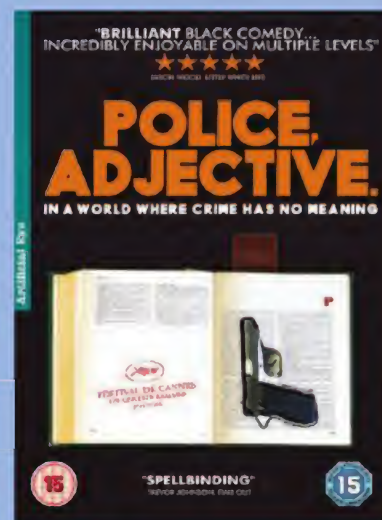
● Available on DVD 24 January 2011



Rafi Pitts
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● Available on DVD 28 February 2011



Corneliu Porumboiu
Police, Adjective

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● Available on DVD 14 February 2011



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Agnès Berméjo Lainé
San Francisco Unit:
Karen E. Shaw
Erin Engman
Production Accountants
Jason S. Gondek
London Unit:
Michael Beaudin
French Unit:
Françoise Bouillon-Pommerolle
Location Managers
London Unit:
Martin Joy
French Unit:
Antonin Depardieu
San Francisco Unit:
Patrick O. Mignano
Assistant Directors
1st: David M. Bernstein
2nd: Ryan Craig
London Unit
2nd: Samar Politt
French Unit
2nd: Vanessa Djan
Script Supervisor
Mable Lawson McCrary
Casting
Fiona Weir
Paris:
Elodie Derney
Underwater Director of Photography/Operator
London Unit:
Mike Valentine
Camera/Steadicam Operator
Stephen S. Campanelli
Chief Lighting Technician
Ross Dunkerley
London Unit Gaffer
Eddie Knight
French Unit Gaffer
Stéphane Assie
Key Grips
London Unit:
Kevin Fraser
French Unit:
Michel Strasser
San Francisco Unit:
Charles Saldaña
Visual Effects Supervisor
Michael Owens
Tsunami Sequence Design
Michael Owens
Visual Effects by
Scanline VFX Los Angeles
Special Effects Supervisors
London Unit:
Dominic Tuohy
San Francisco Unit:
Steven Riley
Supervising Art Directors
Patrick Sullivan
London Unit:
Tom Brown

Frank Walsh
Art Directors
London Unit:
Dean Clegg
French Unit:
Anne Seibel
Set Decorators
Gary Fettis
London Unit:
Lisa Chugg
Property Masters
Mike Sexton
London Unit:
Barry Gibbs
Construction
London Unit Manager:
Harry Metcalfe
San Francisco Unit
Co-ordinator:
Michael A. Muscarella
Costumes Designed by
Deborah Hopper
Costume Supervisors
Elaine Ramires
London Unit:
Kenny Crouch
San Francisco Unit:
Nancy Foreman
Make-up Department Head
Paul Engelen
Hair Department Head
Colin Jamison
Titles
PJF Productions, Inc.
Guitarist
Bruce Forman
Orchestrated/Conducted by
Ashley Irwin
Arranger/Conductor
Gennady Loktionov
Soundtrack
"Piano Concerto #2" by
Sergei Rachmaninov;
"Una Furtiva Lagrime" by
Gaetano Donizetti –
Peter Dvorsky; "La fleur
que tu m'avais jetée"
from "Carmen" by
Georges Bizet –
Marcello Giordani;
"Nessun Dorma" from
"Turandot" by Giacomo
Puccini, Giuseppe
Adami, Renato Simoni –
Tito Beltrán; "Che gelida
manina" from "La
bohème" by Giacomo
Puccini – Thomas
Harper
Sound Mixer
Walt Martin
Re-recording Mixers
John Reitz
Gregg Rudloff
Supervising Sound Editors
Alan Robert Murray
Bub Asman
Stunt Co-ordinators
UK:

Rob Inch
Hawaii:
B.L. Richmond
Stunt Co-ordinator
MoCap:
Thom Williams
CAST
Matt Damon
George Longan
Cécile de France
Marie Lelay
George McLaren
Frankie McLaren
Marcus/Jason
Jay Mohr
Billy
Bryce Dallas Howard
Melanie
Marthe Keller
Dr Rousseau
Thierry Neuvic
Didier
Derek Jacobi
himself
Cyndi Mayo Davis
Island Hotel clerk
Lisa Griffiths
stall owner
Jessica Griffiths
island girl
Ferguson Reid
Derek Sakakura
rescuers
Richard Kind
Christos
Charlie Creed-Miles
photographer
Lyndsey Marshal
Jackie
Rebekah Staton
Declan Conlon
social workers
Marcus Boyea
Franz Drameh
Tex Jacks
Taylor Doherty
teenagers
Myène Jampanoï
Jasmine, reporter
Stéphane Freiss
Guillaume Belcher
Laurent Bateau
TV producer
Calum Grant
factory worker
Steven R. Schirripa
"Carlo", cooking teacher
Joe Bellan
Tony
Janifer Lewis
Candace
Tom Beard
priest
Andy Gathergood
Helen Elizabeth
Jackie's friends
Jean-Yves Berteloot
Michael, publishing
executive
Niamh Cusack
foster mother

George Costigan
foster father
Claire Price
Marcus' teacher
Surinder Duhra
Islamic teacher
Sean Buckley
Dr Meredith
Audrey Brisson
hospice receptionist
Jess Murphy
dying woman
Michael Cuckson
hospice husband
Jennifer Thorne
hospice mother
Barry Martin
hospice father
Charlie Holliday
union rep
John Nielsen
factory supervisor
Anthony Allgood
visitor
Mathew Baynton
college receptionist
Pearce Quigley
channeler
Paul Antony-Barber
Nigel
Meg Wynn-Owen
mirror lady
Selina Cadell
Mrs Joyce
Tom Price
man
Céline Sallette
secretary
Celia Shuman
neighbour
Joanna Croll
tour guide
Jack Bence
Ricky
Tim Fitzhigham
bearded author
Chloe Bale
hotel receptionist

Dolby Digital/DTS/SDDS
Colour/Prints by
Technicolor
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Warner Bros
Distributors (UK)

11,592 ft +7 frames

How Much Does Your Building Weigh, Mr. Foster?

United Kingdom/Spain/
France 2009

Directors: Norberto López Amado,
Carlos Carcas

Le Corbusier was one of the first architects to pounce on film as a means of self-promotion. He not only co-directed a tour of his Villa Savoye in 1929, but made sure he starred in it too. Eighty years on, and with the echoes of Howard Roark's rant in *The Fountainhead* in our ears ("I don't consult, I don't cooperate, I don't collaborate... the only quality I respect in men... a self-sufficient ego"), Norberto López Amado and Carlos Carcas's documentary about British starchitect Norman Foster proves that not much has changed: the ego's alive and well, and the big screen is still handy for a spot of legacy building.

Regardless of whether you like his designs or not, the man behind such landmarks as London's 'Gherkin', Germany's Reichstag and, most recently, Beijing's gargantuan airport is a deserving subject. Foster's 'hi-tech' architectural vision is now ubiquitous throughout the world thanks in part to his many imitators.

But from the film's opening quote – "Sometimes I think I see things others don't" – it's clear that we're in the territory of the authorised biography. For the most part, it's an ode to Foster's trademark materials, glass and steel as the camera spectacularly swoops, dives and glides up facades, over rooftops, along bridges, the cinematography and fast-paced editing mimicking the style of Foster's work: smooth, sleek and aiming right at your jaw.

The greatest-hits tour kicks off with Foster's early success – the Willis Faber & Dumas headquarters in Ipswich, a giant office complex which first demonstrated Foster's predilection for democratic, transparent structures – and it ends with his plans for the desert eco-city Masdar (which dissenters have called the ideal Bond villain's lair, but there's no room for such talk here). At times, with on-message cultural groupies and smiling Foster employees



Man of steel and glass: Norman Foster

and collaborators testifying to his work ethic and brilliance, it feels like you're stuck in a corporate video pitch. As always, when the minds and lives of cultural giants are concerned, access all areas comes with certain restrictions. But there's a difference between treading lightly (see Sydney Pollack's charming if a bit too polite tribute to his friend, the architect Frank Gehry) and full-throttle hagiography.

Deyan Sudjic, author of the official Foster biography, provides the soft-spoken, sensuous narration, using the word beautiful a lot (even to describe the paper Foster draws on). When Sudjic stops drooling and lets Foster speak we get something near insight. Calm, cool and entirely un-Roark like, the architect discusses all manner of topics, from his first job to his love of flying, as well as the influence of visionary architect, engineer and inventor Buckminster Fuller. Sadly, though, this is very much a posed portrait. The nearest we get to seeing Foster in action are shots of him skiing.

"How much does your building weigh?" was Fuller's provocation to Foster to make him consider how efficient the design of his Sainsbury Centre of 1978 was. Foster's response was 5,328 tonnes and this huge figure made him rethink his entire attitude towards architecture. One has the feeling that if you were to pose the same question about the film to the directors, and indeed to Art Commissioners, the production company founded by Foster's wife that appears on the film's credits, it might just be back to the drawing board too. **Isabel Stevens**

CREDITS

Directed by
Norberto López Amado
Carlos Carcas
Producer
Elena Ochoa
Written by
Deyan Sudjic
Director of Photography
Valentin Álvarez
Film Editor
Paco Cózar
Music by/Music
Production
Joan Valent

©Art Commissioners,
Aiete Ariane Films

Production Companies
An Art Commissioners
production in
association with Aiete
Ariane Films
With the participation of
Canal+
With the support of
Gobierno de España,
Ministerio de Cultura,
ICAA
Executive Producers
Antonio Sanz
Zurich:
Roger Neuburger
Berlin:
Marc Haferbusch
Producer
China (Beijing/Hong

SYNOPSIS Indonesia, 2004. On a trip with her producer boyfriend Didier when the tsunami hits, French TV journalist Marie almost drowns; she experiences a vision of the afterlife. When they return to Paris, Didier persuades Marie to take a break from work.

In London, 12-year-old twins Marcus and Jason put up a front of normality for social services so that they won't be taken away from their alcoholic mother. While running an errand, Jason is knocked over by a van. Marcus is taken in by foster carers.

San Francisco. George, formerly a professional psychic, has rejected his potentially lucrative abilities because of the emotional strain of communicating with the dead. Lonely, he takes up a cooking class and there begins a promising relationship with Melanie. When Melanie discovers his ability, she requests a reading but stops coming to the classes after the upsetting results.

In Switzerland, Marie meets an expert on near-death experiences who persuades her to write a book. Marcus seeks an expert to help him commune with his dead brother but discovers only charlatans. When Marcus's cap falls off, he is delayed from getting on an underground train on which a bomb explodes moments later. George flees to London to start afresh.

Marie gives a talk at the London Book Fair. George is drawn to the fair and is compelled by Marie. Brought to the fair by his foster parents, Marcus recognises George from his dormant website; he persuades George to attempt a séance with Jason. Grateful, Marcus tells George where Marie is staying. George arranges to meet her and has a premonition of their first kiss.

SYNOPSIS A documentary about British architect Norman Foster, following his career from working in Manchester town hall to being head of his own architectural practice with commissions across the world. Footage of many of Foster's buildings (among them the Willis Faber & Dumas building in Ipswich, the Reichstag in Berlin, the Hearst Tower in New York and 30 St Mary Axe – 'the Gherkin' – in London) are interspersed with interviews with artists, collaborators and employees, as well as Foster himself.

Kong):
 Patrick Carr
Line Producers
 Paloma López Vázquez
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong):
 Ronnie Shum
 Berlin:
 Nicole Melzer
 NY:
 Gwen Bialic
Associate Producers
 Andrés Santana
 Imanol Uribe
Production Managers
 Alejandro Grande Sevilla
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong):
 May Yu
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong) – Beijing:
 Li Xiang
 Berlin:
 Hendrik Mueller
 France:
 Luis Gutiérrez
 UK:
 Paul Hills
 NY:
 Andrea Roa
 Riyadh:
 Cesar Ruiz de Diego
Production Co-ordinators
 Sonia Barral
 UK:
 Nicola Mairs
 Lewis Partovi
Accounting
 Eva Nicolás Amorós
 Françoise Faye
Location Managers
 Zurich:
 Riet Caspescha
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong) – Hong Kong:
 Cindy Yu
 Kenny Chan
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong):
 Nick Ng
 UK – London:
 David Kennaway
 UK – Manchester:
 Mark O'Hanlon
 NY:
 Christopher Menges
Post-production Supervisor
 Rosa María Sogorb
Assistant Directors
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong)
 1st: Thomas Lee
 Berlin
 1st: Hakan Cirac
UK Aerial Director of Photography
 Jeremy Braven
Cameramen
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong):
 Patrick Carr
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong) – Beijing:
 Samuel Bradford
Camera Operators
 Madrid
 Paco Sánchez Polo
 Borja Pozueto
 Gonzalo Cort
 Jaime Calatayud
 Raúl Cadenas
Steadicam Operators
 Berlin:
 Alexander Traumann
 UK:
 Simon Baker
UK Gaffers
 José Ruiz
 Julian White
Key Grips
 China (Beijing/Hong Kong):
 Louis Cheong
 Berlin:
 Vincent Botsch
 France:
 Julio Fernández
 UK:
 Dave Wells
Motion Graphics
 Pasos Largos
 Pablo Santa María
 Rafa Aumente
 Inaki Imaz

Ricardo Gómez
 Pablo Jiménez
 Oscar Perea
Soloists
 Piano:
 Joan Valent
 Cello:
 Emmanuelle Bleuse
 Clarinet:
 Marcelli Minaya
Orchestra
 Bratislava Symphony Orchestra
 Conductor:
 David Hernando
Orchestration
 Michael Doherty
Jazz Arrangements
 Tony Cuenca
Music Adviser
 Paco Cózar
Sound Designer
 Fernando Pocostales
UK Sound Recordists
 Danny Hambrook
 Martin Beresford
 Adam Laschinger
Sound Re-recording Mixer
 Manuel Cora

WITH

Norman Foster
 interviewee
Tony Hunt
 engineer
George Weidenfeld
 publisher & writer
Richard Rogers
 architect
Bono
 musician, U2
Deyan Sudjic
Paul Goldberger
 writers & architectural critics
Carl Abbott
 architect
Alain De Botton
 writer & broadcaster
Anish Kapoor
Richard Serra
Anthony Caro
Richard Long
 artists
Spencer De Grey
David Nelson
 senior partners, co-heads of design, Foster + Partners
Narinder Sagoo
 architect, design board member, Foster + Partners
Ben Cowd
 architect
Nigel Danvey
 senior partner, design director, Foster + Partners
Mouzan Majidi
 CEO, Foster + Partners
Guo-Qiang Cai
 artist
Loretta Law
 resident partner, Beijing, Foster + Partners
Stefan Behling
 senior partner, design director, Foster + Partners
Ricky Burdett
 professor Architecture & Urbanism LSE
Jürgen Häpp
 associate partner, Foster + Partners
Gerard Evenden
 senior partner, design director, Foster + Partners

Narrated by
 Deyan Sudjic

In Colour
 [1.85:1]

Distributor
 Dogwoof Pictures

I Spit on Your Grave

USA 2010

Director: Steven R. Monroe

With Sarah Butler, Jeff Branson, Daniel Franzese, Rodney Eastman
Certificate 18 107m 45s

Meir Zarchi's 1978 rape-revenge picture earned notoriety on the video nasties list and has its defenders, but remains an inept, exploitative shocker. Its biggest problem is an imbalance that makes it a hard watch – the filmmakers are so much more interested in the rape (which goes on forever) than in setting up or developing the story (which just goes through the motions) that it's impossible not to feel the movie's main attraction is an hour or so of watching a girl being brutally assaulted rather than the mostly cursory sequences in which she gets even.

Director Steven R. Monroe (whose career tracks from the interesting *House of 9* through cable perennials such as *Ogre*, *It Waits* and *Sasquatch Mountain*) solves most of Zarchi's script problems: it's the same story but now has a suspenseful build-up, thought-through interplay among the villains, an emphasis on verbal as well as physical abuse which punches up the horror and takes away the monotony, and filled-in plot holes. Things proceed as in the old movie, as Jennifer (Sarah Butler) is held down and raped, but once the point has been made, she blacks out and we mostly skip the last three violations. Zarchi only delivered one strong payback scene (a bathtub castration); here, all the villains get individual horrible fates, which focus on specific body parts (Andy's face, Stanley's eyes, Johnny's teeth and penis, Sheriff Storch's ass) and reward them for specific evil acts.

SYNOPSIS Jennifer Hills, a novelist, rents a cabin in an isolated rural area to work on a book. At a gas station, she humiliates Johnny, a cocky local who comes on to her, in front of his cronies Stanley and Andy. Later, with slow-witted Matthew, Johnny's crew barge into the cabin and intimidate Jennifer, who is relieved when Sheriff Storch arrives. However, Storch is in league with the gang. The men rape Jennifer, intending to kill her in the morning. Jennifer throws herself into a river and is washed away. She hides in a shack in the woods, recovering and plotting revenge. She devises elaborate, gruesome punishments for Andy, who is tipped into a bath of lye, and voyeur Stanley, whose eyes are pecked out by crows. After killing Johnny, Jennifer goes to Storch's home, implying a threat against his young daughter and prompting him to come after her and fall into her clutches. Jennifer rigs up a shotgun inserted into Storch's rectum, set to be triggered by a rope tied to Matthew – whose jerks discharge the gun, killing them both.

These nasty bits are credibly improvised (Monroe carefully establishes early on that the tools are at hand in a nearby shed) but have a *Saw-ish* ingenuity.

This all works for an audience (who *doesn't* like watching a rapist sheriff getting his guts blown out from the inside?), and Butler makes a credibly cracked and righteous angel of vengeance, but it doesn't really add anything to, say, the subplot about the rapist probation officer who gets his comeuppance in *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* (2009). There are social issues in affluent, independent city girl Jennifer's status as a living affront to rural, ignorant, low-class, ugly, insecure, hate-filled men, but the film can't afford to be complicated about its melodrama: the thugs accuse Jennifer of looking down on them but she pointedly doesn't express any negative attitude on class grounds, and even when she comes back for revenge belittles them not for their backgrounds but for their actions (which, in this context, makes her saintly). The villains all apologise and beg for mercy, but Jennifer's verdict is 'sorry isn't enough' – asking us to gloat over their sufferings exactly as they did over hers, without any complicating Wes Craven-style indictment of the urge to violence.

◆◆ Kim Newman

CREDITS

Directed by
 Steven R. Monroe
Produced by
 Lisa Hansen
 Paul Hertzberg
Screenplay
 Stuart Morse
 Based on Meir Zarchi's motion picture *Day of the Woman*
Cinematographer
 Neil Lisk
Editor
 Daniel Duncan
Production Designer
 Dins Danielsen
Music by/Score
Orchestration
 Corey Allen Jackson

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Production Companies
 A Cinetel Films presentation in association with Anchor Bay Films and Meir Zarchi
 A film by Steven R. Monroe
Executive Producers
 Meir Zarchi
 Alan Ostroff
 Jeff Klein
 Gary Needle
Co-producers
 Neil Elman
 Bill Berry
 Daniel Gilboy
Line Producer/Unit Production Manager
 Sarah J. Donohue
Production Supervisor
 Taeko Masuyama
Production Accountant
 Kristina Soderquist
Location Manager
 Phillip Brooks
Post-production Supervisor
 Adam Driscoll
Assistant Directors
 1st: Jeffrey David Fuller
 2nd: Jennifer Williamson
Script Supervisors
 Jennifer J. Collins
 Eve Butterly
Casting
 Danny Roth
Gaffer
 John Gregory Edwards
Key Grip
 Justin Seyb
Animation/Visual Effects
 Lux VFX
Additional Visual Effects
 Digital FX, Inc.
Special Effects Supervisor
 Kenneth Speed
Set Decorator
 Ernest J. Levron Jr
Prop Master
 Tim McGarity
Costume Designer
 Bonnie Stauch
Key Make-up/Hair
 Heather Henry

Special Make-up Effects Created by
 Jason Collins
 Elvis Jones
Special Make-up Effects
 Autonomous FX
Soundtrack
 "Moccasin Blues" – Further Down; "Andy's Harmonica Riff" – Rodney Eastman
Sound Supervisor
 Randy Kiss
Sound Mixer
 Robert Fisk
Re-recording Mixers
 Randy Kiss
 Tim Archer
 Kevin Barron
Stunt Co-ordinator
 Russell Towery

CAST

Sarah Butler
 Jennifer Hills
Jeff Branson
 Johnny
Daniel Franzese
 Stanley
Rodney Eastman
 Andy
Chad Lindberg
 Matthew
Tracey Walter
 Earl
Andrew Howard
 Sheriff Storch
Mollie Milligan
 Mrs Storch
Saxon Sharbino
 Chastity
Amber Dawn Landrum
 girl at gas station

Dolby Digital
In Colour
 [2.35:1]

Distributor
 Anchor Bay
 Entertainment UK

9,697 ft +8 frames
 (cuts of 43s. For some cuts, new material was substituted, resulting in a difference of 21s between the submitted and the classified versions.)



Novel revenge: Sarah Butler

The King's Speech

United Kingdom/
Australia/USA 2010

Director: Tom Hooper

With Colin Firth, Geoffrey Rush,
Helena Bonham Carter
Certificate 12A 118m 7s

"Surely," asks Aussie speech therapist Lionel Logue (Geoffrey Rush), "a prince's brain knows what its mouth's saying?" Albert Duke of York, the future King George VI (Colin Firth), throws him a weary glance. "You're not well acquainted with royal princes, are you?" he retorts.

In its handling of royalty, *The King's Speech* neatly has it both ways. We're given the mystique of the king's figurehead position and the danger (especially at the outbreak of war) of this emblematic role being undermined by his crippling stammer. "The nation believes that when I speak, I speak for them," he tells Logue. "And I can't speak." At the same time, David Seidler's screenplay takes mischievous glee in exposing the absurdities of royal protocol. When Albert's wife Elizabeth (Helena Bonham Carter), sheltering behind a pseudonym, first comes to consult Logue, he suggests that her husband should simply change jobs to one that doesn't involve public speaking. He's not allowed to, she tells him. "Indentured servitude?" he inquires. "Something of that nature, yes." Later, when Logue dismisses the speech therapists Albert has previously consulted as "idiots", the duke protests, "They've all been knighted." "Makes it official then," responds Logue.

This dual attitude – at once reverential and disrespectful – aligns Tom Hooper's film with John Madden's *Mrs Brown* (1997), which likewise featured a plainspoken, non-English outsider coming to the aid of a psychologically distressed royal. (Logue's insistence on calling his royal patient 'Bertie' recalls Brown addressing Queen Vic as 'wumman'.) Firth and Rush make for a no less diverting double-act than Judi Dench

and Billy Connolly, to the point where their antics (which include convulsive jaw-wobbling and rolling on the floor) threaten to take over the movie – though Bonham Carter's Elizabeth, a fount of emotional warmth in a family sorely in need of it, holds her own with more than a hint of mischief. Instructed by Logue to sit on her husband's stomach and bounce up and down, she chirps gaily, "This is actually quite good fun." Other supporting roles risk toppling into caricature – not least Timothy Spall, reprising his rotund Churchill from *Jackboots on Whitehall* – though Michael Gambon effectively sketches in George V as a hidebound old monster, regarding the radio microphone with patrician distaste: "This family has been reduced to those lowest of creatures. We've become actors."

Although he plays up the odd-couple comedy, Hooper knows how to bring out the anguish behind the humour (as he did in 2009's *The Damned United* and his 2006 TV movie *Longford*). Bertie's stammer, he makes clear, stems from years of abuse in an emotionally dysfunctional family, browbeaten by his martinet of a father and overshadowed by his far more self-assured older brother David (the future Edward VIII, played by Guy Pearce as a preening socialite). There's a telling moment when, on the death of his father, David collapses in tears into the arms of his mother Queen Mary (Claire Bloom). Behind her son's back the old lady's hands flap bemusedly; hugging was evidently never on the British royal curriculum.

Rush excels himself in a rich, humorous performance, slyly sending up his reputation for occasional hamming with some interpolated passages of ripely overacted Shakespeare. But ultimately this is Firth's film, confirming his status as one of our finest screen actors, with a matchless line in agonisingly repressed Brits. Though he never overplays the pathos of the reluctant future king, he makes us feel it in the simplest lines. "What are friends for?" Logue asks rhetorically at one point. Bertie stares at him bleakly. "I wouldn't know," he responds.

➤ Philip Kemp

SYNOPSIS London 1925. King George V's younger son, Albert Duke of York, has to give a speech at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition. His nervous stammer makes his words unintelligible.

Nine years later. Bertie (as he's known to the family) has tried various speech therapists without success. His wife Elizabeth hears of an Australian therapist, Lionel Logue, whose unorthodox methods are said to be successful. She visits Logue, calling herself Mrs Johnson, and asks him to come and see her husband. Logue tells her that his patients must come to him. Intrigued by Logue's outspokenness, Elizabeth persuades Bertie to visit him. Bertie starts making progress under Lionel's eccentric guidance.

George V dies, and Bertie's self-confident, philandering brother David succeeds to the throne as Edward VIII, but his association with American divorcee Wallis Simpson causes concern – especially when he announces that he intends to marry her. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin tell him he must abdicate. Bertie, realising he may become king, is angry and terrified; he quarrels with Lionel and tells him their sessions are over.

Edward VIII abdicates; Bertie succeeds him as George VI. Elizabeth persuades him to consult Lionel again, and with the therapist's help he negotiates the responses at his coronation without disaster. On 3 September 1939, Neville Chamberlain declares war with Germany. With Lionel guiding him, the king makes a nine-minute radio broadcast rallying his people. Afterwards he and his family stand on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, cheered by a vast crowd.



Stammer horror: Colin Firth, Helena Bonham Carter

CREDITS

Directed by
Tom Hooper
Produced by
Iain Canning
Emile Sherman
Gareth Unwin
Screenplay
David Seidler
Director of Photography
Danny Cohen
Film Editor
Tariq Anwar
Production Designer
Eve Stewart
Composer
Alexandre Desplat

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Production Companies
The Weinstein Company and UK Film Council present in association with Momentum Pictures, Aegis Film Fund, Molinare London, FilmNation Entertainment a See-Saw Films/Bedlam production
A film by Tom Hooper
Initially developed with Joan Lane of Wild Thyme Productions
Developed and supported by Richard Price of RPTA
Developed with Buckland Productions and Charles Dorfman
Made with the support of the National Lottery through the UK Film Council's Development Fund and Premiere Fund

Executive Producers
Geoffrey Rush
Tim Smith
Paul Brett
Mark Foligno
Harvey Weinstein
Bob Weinstein
Co-executive Producers
Deepak Sikka
Lisbeth Savill
Phil Hope
Co-producers
Peter Heslop
Simon Egan
Line Producer
Peter Heslop

Associate Producer
Charles Dorfman
Production Manager
Erica Bensly
Production Co-ordinator
Fiona Garland
Production Accountant
Marilyn Goldsworthy
Location Managers
Jamie Lengyel
David Broder
Post-production Supervisor
Emma Zee
Assistant Directors
1st: Martin Harrison
2nd: Chris Stooling
2nd Unit
1st: Guy Heeley
Script Supervisor
Cathy Doubleday
Casting Director
Nina Gold
Camera Operators
A: Zac Nicholson
B: Danny Cohen
Steadicam Operator
Zac Nicholson
Gaffer
Paul McGeachan
Visual Effects
Molinare, London
Special Effects Supervisor
Mark Holt
Supervising Art Director
David Hindle
Art Director
Leon McCarthy
Set Decorator
Judy Farr
Prop Master
Bruce Bigg
Construction Manager
Alan Chesters
Costume Designer
Jenny Beavan
Costume Supervisor
Marco Scotti
Make-up/Hair Designer
Frances Hannon
Hair/Make-up Artists
Nana Fischer
Carmel Jackson
Christine Whitney
Paul Gooch
2nd Unit:
Sharon O'Brien
Helen Barrett
Cathy Burczak
Karen Cohen
Sarah Grispo
Maureen Hetherington
Lisa Pickering

Loulia Sheppard
Piano Solo
Dave Arch
Violin Solos
Thomas Bowes
Source Music Performed by
The London Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by:
Terry Davies
Soloists:
Steve Osborne
Andrew Marriner
Music Orchestrators
Jean-Pascal Beintus
Alexandre Desplat
Music Supervisor
Maggie Rodford
Soundtrack
"Overture" from "The Marriage of Figaro", "Clarinet Concerto 1st Movement" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; "Symphony No.7 in A Major, Op.92 Allegretto"; "Piano Concerto No.5 'Emperor' 2nd Movement" by Ludwig van Beethoven; "Requiem 2nd Movement" by Johannes Brahms; "Who's Been Polishing the Sun" – Ambrose and His Orchestra; "Shout for Happiness"; "I Love You Truly" – Al Bowly

Production Sound Mixer
John Midgley
2nd Unit Sound Mixer
Martin Sealey
Re-recording Mixer
Paul Hamblin
Supervising Sound Editor
Lee Walpole
Logue Family Consultant
Mark Logue
Historical Adviser
Hugo Vickers
Military/Ceremonial Adviser
Alastair Bruce
Military Adviser
Edwin Field

CAST

Colin Firth
'Albert' King George VI
Geoffrey Rush
Lionel Logue

Helena Bonham Carter
Queen Elizabeth
Guy Pearce
'David' King Edward VIII
Timothy Spall
Winston Churchill
Derek Jacobi
Archbishop Cosmo Lang
Jennifer Ehle
Myrtle Logue
Anthony Andrews
Stanley Baldwin
Claire Bloom
Queen Mary
Eve Best
Wallis Simpson
Michael Gambon
King George V
Robert Portal
equerry
Richard Dixon
private secretary
Paul Trussell
chauffeur
Adrian Scarborough
BBC radio announcer
Andrew Havill
Robert Wood
Charles Armstrong
BBC technician
Roger Hammond
Dr Blandine-Bertham
Calum Gittins
Laurie Logue
Dominic Applewhite
Valentine Logue
Ben Winstett
Anthony Logue
Freya Wilson
Princess Elizabeth
Ramona Marquez
Princess Margaret
David Bamber
theatre director
Jake Hathaway
Willie
Patrick Ryecart
Lord Wigram
Teresa Gallagher
nurse
Simon Chandler
Lord Dawson
Orlando Wells
Duke of Kent
Tim Downie
Duke of Gloucester
Dick Ward
butler
John Albasiny
footman
Danny Emes
boy in Regent's Park
John Warnaby
steward
Roger Parrott
Neville Chamberlain

Dolby Digital Colour by DeLuxe [1.85:1]

Distributor
Momentum Pictures

10,630 ft frames

Certified 15 by the BBFC on 15/10/2010; changed to 12A on 21/10/2010 after appeal from the distributor.

Life Goes On

United Kingdom 2009

Director: Sangeeta Datta

With Sharmila Tagore, Girish Karnad, Om Puri, Soha Ali Khan
Certificate 12A 120m 16s

Shakespeare has long fascinated Indian filmmakers: *The Comedy of Errors*, for example, has been adapted as *Do Dooni Char* (1968), *Angoor* (1982) and *Bade Miyan Chote Miyan* (1998); *Macbeth* adaption *Maqbool* (2003) transposed Shakespeare to Indian gangland, as did *Omkara*, a 2006 version of *Othello*. *Kaliyattam* (1997), meanwhile, relocated the Moor to the esoteric world of the Kerala dance form Theyyam.

Now debut director Sangeeta Datta (who was associate director on Rituparno Ghosh's *The Last Lear*, 2007) uses the King Lear framework as a platform to explore a variety of themes, chief of which is loss. Set in London, *Life Goes On* looks at how immigrant Bengali doctor Sanjay, his three daughters and friend Alok are affected by the death of Sanjay's wife Manju. The result is a moving evocation of grief and bereavement which effectively utilises melodrama in the style of Bengali master Ritwik Ghatak, who is referenced in the film. There are references too to the great Satyajit Ray in the way the film mirrors his fascination for the minutiae of family life. Like Ray, Datta crams in details that sometimes become apparent only on a second viewing; though some of these, such as references to the poetry of Rabindranath Tagore and Jibanananda Das, might be abstruse for the uninitiated, in the context of the film they add layers of meaning.

While staying true to her central theme of bereavement, Datta also finds time to explore the fading art of *adda* – a long, free-ranging conversation between friends, which Ray described as a 'talkathon' and dealt with entertainingly in *The Visitor* (1991). She creates an accurate portrayal of the upper echelons of Indian immigrant life in London while at the same time exploring the lasting effects of the Partition of India in 1947 and the anti-Islamic prejudice that continues today among some

educated Hindus who experienced it.

Robert Shacklady's magnificent digital cinematography contrasts London's autumnal beauty with the sadness of the film's characters; terrific acting by veteran Indian actors (strongly supported by a young British cast) also aids Datta immeasurably. As Manju, the graceful mother, wife and friend who dies at the outset, Sharmila Tagore is the soul of the film, making flashback appearances throughout. Girish Karnad as Sanjay and Om Puri as best friend Alok effortlessly convey the world-weariness and pathos their roles demand. The film benefits too from an excellent score by composer Soumik Datta, who blends Bengali folk, Tagore's songs and Western and Indian classical notations with a range of world music, including French hip hop, to great effect.

This otherwise admirable film is marred, however, by the director shoe-horning in a Bollywood-style romance between Manju's drama-student daughter Dia and her boyfriend Imtiaz (played by Soha Ali Khan and Rez Kempton, otherwise first-rate), culminating in one of cinema's most awkward kissing sequences, in which both parties look as if they wish they were elsewhere. Datta is also a little heavy-handed in her use of direct quotations from *King Lear* and rather obvious in choosing it as the graduation play in which Dia appears. But these are minor blemishes in an otherwise accomplished first feature, one that manages the feat of being both a paean to death and a celebration of life.

♦♦ Naman Ramachandran

CREDITS

Directed by
Sangeeta Datta
Written by
Sangeeta Datta
Director of Photography
Robert Shacklady
Editor
Arghyakamal Mitra
Art Direction/Production Designer
Vipul Sangoi
Music Composer
Soumik Datta

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Production Companies
Stormglass Productions
Produced by SD Films LLP

A Sangeeta Datta film
Executive Producers
SG Films
Gautami Bhatt
Sandeep Patel
Line Production
SG Films
Sandeep Patel
Gautami Bhatt
Production Manager
Rikin Trivedi
Location Management
SG Films
Sandeep Patel
Gautami Bhatt
Post-production Producer
Sybille Mansour
Associate Creative Director
Korak Ghosh
Assistant Directors
1st: Ian Dray

SYNOPSIS London, the present. Dr Sanjay Banerjee is a pillar of the Indian community. When his wife Manju dies suddenly, he and his daughters Lolita, Tulika and Dia gather at the Banerjee home with widower Alok, a family friend, to deal with their grief and prepare for the funeral.

Lolita is struggling to cope with the strain of bringing up two babies, while her banker husband John faces financial ruin due to the recession. Tulika, who is in a lesbian relationship that's frowned upon by the Indian community, wants to be a sports journalist; her big break coincides with her mother's funeral. Dia, a drama student still living at home, is pregnant by her Muslim boyfriend Imtiaz. Already reeling from his wife's death, Sanjay is forced to confront his prejudices about the Islamic faith, which date back to his childhood in India at the time of Partition. Sanjay forbids Dia to see Imtiaz again but she defies him. Sanjay spends the night walking across the city and has an epiphany of sorts. Imtiaz finds him at dawn and takes him home. Alok confesses that he once had a one-night stand with Manju, and Lolita is the product of their union. Sanjay takes this in his stride. At Manju's funeral, Imtiaz is treated as a family member; Alok walks away.

2nd: Jaspreet Pandohar
2nd Unit

1st: Steve Murphy
Script Supervisor/Continuity
Preeti Mallick

Additional Script Workshops
Seema Anand
Manav Majumdar
Preeti Mallick
Meghna Gupta
Tuli Ghosh
Lolita Dhar

India Unit Director of Photography
Avik Mukhopadhyay
Gaffer
Bernhard Rostosi

Stylist/Wardrobe
Aindria Ghosh
India Unit Costume
Shibu Das

Make-up/Hair
Rosie Kor
2nd Unit:
Suman Jalaf

India Unit Make-up
Tarun Chakraborty
Lyrics
Rabindranath Tagore

Javed Akhtar
Playback Featuring
Abhijeet Bhattacharya

Pramita Mallick
Soundtrack
"Madhubata Ritayatey (Rigveda)" – Pramita Mallick; "Zindagi/Bluebells" – Abhijeet Bhattacharya, Reena Bhardwaj, Fiona Bevan;

"Sakhi Kurjo shajai go" – Sohini Alam; "Dubaili Rey" – Shom Datta; "Tumhey yaad rahooh"; "Tobu Money"

Rekha/Sakhi bhabana kaharey bole" – Sangeeta Datta; "Sakhi prem kisey kehney hai" – Sangeeta Datta, Reena Bhardwaj, Ranjana Ghatak, Unnati Dasgupta; "Vaishnava Janato" – Sangeeta Datta, Ranjana Ghatak, Pavit Dhadyalla, Shibani Datta, Kiran Datta, Advik Banerjee; "Babul Mora" – Bireshwar Gautam; "Lost at Night"

Sound Design/Mixing
Biswadeep Chatterjee
Choreography
Trafalgar Square Dance

Sequence: Gauri Sharma Tripathi
Anniversary Party
Sequence: Anusha Subramanyam
Production Sound Mixer
Simon Gillman

2nd Unit Soundman
Steven
Sound Recorder
India Unit:
Sanjay Chatterjee

CAST
Sharmila Tagore
Manju Banerjee
Girish Karnad
Dr Sanjay Banerjee

Om Puri
Alok
Soha Ali Khan
Dia Banerjee
Rez Kempton
Imtiaz
Neeraj Naik
Tulika 'Tuli' Banerjee
Mukulika Banerjee
Lolita Banerjee
Christopher Hatherall
John
Stef Patten
Maria
Fiona Bevan
bar singer
Lord Meghnad Desai
Sanjay's friend 4
Aria Banerjee Watts
Aria
Rinku Roy
Prarthana
Purakayastha
Anon Siddiqua
Shomita Basak
dancers
Rishi Ganguly
boy patient
Alison Sutcliffe
drama teacher
Rene Weis
King Lear
Sara Whitehouse
Goneril
Sophie Alderson
Regan
Matt Lacey
Burgundy
Charlie Henniker
France
Max Pritchard
King's attendant
Faith Knight
banker lady
Rikin Trivedi
Sanjay's driver
Mona Kabir
doctor
Misha Crosby
Abbas, violin player
Andrew Young
Peter, banker
Will McDonald
bank receptionist
Charlie Whately-Smith
waiting patient
Alex Robertson
man at Leicester Square
Anirudha Chakladar
Sanjay's friend 1
Korak Ghosh
neighbour man 1
Vandana Talwar
lady 1
Sanjeev Talwar
neighbour man 2
Sandeep Garcha
lady 2
Aindria Ghosh
lady 3
Mrs Johal
lady 4
Aparna Roy Chaudari
lady 5
Rinku Roy
lady 6
Dipen Mukhopadhyay
Sanjay's friend 2
Adhir Ganguly
Sanjay's friend 3
Aditi Chakladar
lady 7
Deepali Chakladar
lady 8
Yuvraj Basra
Lolita's baby

Richard Syms
old man in pub
Kylie Mcbeth
library receptionist
Batak Gathani
party guest 1
Prateik
party guest 2
Ria Dutt
party guest 3
Sudakshina Bose
Mullick
party guest 4
Sandip Bose Mullick
party guest 5
Rebecca Johnson
party guest 6
Leesa Gazi
Ameena
Mushfique Ahmed
Sujoon
Rahat Kulshreshtha
Raoul
Tom Reed
Dorn
Deeparka Mukherjee
Dips
Shozeib Haider
Shom, lawyer
Aditi Dutt
Sonal Lakhani
Sanjay Jaswani
Aman Bhargava
Taimoor Akhtar
theatre audience
Tanay Basu
young Sanjay
Anustup Bhattacharya
young Imtiaz
Debashis Basu
Sanjay's father
Sue Parker McNutty
librarian
Daisy Baard
bar crowd
Souvid Datta
young man at bar
Shaun Ruddy
batterder
Jesse Bannister
saxophonist
Henry Maynard
homeless man
Renata Perpetup
party reveller 1
Andrea Oliveria
party reveller 2
Dania Schmitz
party reveller 3
Sandip Patel
bus passenger
Raul De Bunsen
policeman
Jion Chatterjee
Jia Chatterjee
Pavit Dhadyalla
Sehaj Dhadyalla
Shibani Datta
Kiran Datta
music children
Sandra Lynch
party guest 7
Anusha Subramanyam
party guest 8
Saba Sultan
party guest 9
Vayu Naidu
TV interviewer
Balbir Grewal
TV guest
Sasankashekhar Roy
Chandan
Roychowdhury
Chinmay Basu
Somnath Mukherjee
Nuruddin Gazi

Anawar Sarder
Probr Das
Akash Mallick
Sagar Das
Monoj Sen
rioters
Ramita Ghosh
Sanjay's mother
Ananda Gupta
Dilip Marna
Willow
barn owl
Gurdain Singh
jazz club band (tabla)
Taalils
jazz club band (percussionist)
Nick Sammuels
jazz club band (saxophonist)
Mark Oliver Shelton
Cresswell
French rapper
Yasmin Omotosho
audience 1
Zain Hasnain
audience 2
Shaaliini Naik
audience 3
Roshni Patel
audience 5
Kusia Waszcyk
audience 6
Amelia Holme
audience 7
Anjum
audience 8
Jeetinder Mann
audience 9
Dave Goodenough
audience 10
Rosie Kor
jazz bar attendant
Bhadresh Trivedi
priest
Darren Easton
Karina Patel
Sameera Fakir
Mr Pandohar
Mr Pandohar
Mr Sadhu Hans
Mrs Raj Hans
Mrs Balbir Hans
Mr Kishan
Mrs Kishan
Mrs Samir Mukherjee
Biplal Mandal
Jaspreet Pandohar
Antony Jain
guests

In Colour
[2.35:1]
Distributor
Crabtree Films Limited
10,823 ft +9 frames



A time to live and a time to die: Soha Ali Khan, Sharmila Tagore, Girish Karnad



No sleep till Battersea: Colin Farrell

London Boulevard

USA 2010
 Director: William Monahan
 With Colin Farrell, Keira Knightley, David Thewlis, Anna Friel
 Certificate 18 102m 50s

Talk about diamonds in the rough. Among a mess of unresolved plot holes, sketchy Sarf Laandan accents and grotesque, gratuitous violence, *London Boulevard* offers two actors in small parts the chance to shine. As a manic-depressive nympho and a dissolute, drug-addled thesp, married couple Anna Friel and David Thewlis show off their utter class and pinch all the best lines, including Thewlis's corking description of upper-crust actress Charlotte: "If it wasn't for Monica Bellucci, she'd be the most raped woman in European cinema."

Unfortunately, that's about as much praise as can sincerely be levelled at the directorial debut of William Monahan, hitherto best known for his Oscar-winning adaptation of Alan Mak and Felix Chong's *Infernal Affairs*, *The Departed* (2006). *London Boulevard* is another adaptation, this time of a novel by Ken Bruen – and it shows. The film reeks of enforced compression, with plot threads introduced from nowhere or dropped without so much as a by-your-leave.

Colin Farrell takes the lead as Harry Mitchel, an ex-con trying to go straight and embarking on an improbable relationship with vulnerable megastar Charlotte (Keira Knightley), a woman whose face is plastered on billboards on both sides of the Atlantic but who selects her minders from among the

ragtag bunch at the local boozier. Unsurprisingly, Mitch finds it's not so easy to leave his old life behind him: Ray Winstone's gay mobster kingpin Gant will stop at nothing to conscript him into his gang, as a series of psychotic torture scenes make stomach-twistingly clear. And so our hero faces that classic dilemma of screen ex-cons through the ages: will he take the easy path or the righteous one?

It's hardly the most original set-up, but Monahan has had no problem in the past breathing new life into clichéd scenarios, in films such as *Body of Lies* (2008) and *Edge of Darkness* (2010). A sweetly retro title sequence – all split screens and swipes, set to the Yardbirds' 'Heart Full of Soul' – is promising (if derivative) stuff, suggesting a return to such no-nonsense classics as *Get Carter*. It's not long, however, before this slick simplicity is replaced by throbbing drum-and-bass music and a hard-edged, *noirish* vision of London's concrete tunnels and looming estates. There's a languid interlude of sun-dappled cornfields set to whimsical strings as Mitch and Charlotte escape to her rural retreat, but before long we're back in a Battersea boozier. The editing's so rapid we barely have time to acclimatise to one atmosphere before we're whipped off, jarringly, to the next, with the effect that we just can't find our feet. For a neat piece of synecdoche, see Farrell's costumes: one minute he's in cream linen and cashmere, the next a spivved-up suit, the next ripped jeans and leathers. And where exactly is an ex-con on £47 a week benefit finding all these clothes? It may seem a petty point but it illustrates the tonal clash that finally does for the film. Like its hero, it seems to be suffering from something of an identity crisis.

♥ Catherine Wheatley

CREDITS

Directed by
 William Monahan
Produced by
 Graham King
 Tim Headington
 Quentin Curtis
 William Monahan
Screenplay
 William Monahan
 Based on the book by
 Ken Bruen
Director of Photography
 Chris Menges
Edited by
 Dody Dorn
 Robb Sullivan
Production Designer
 Martin Childs
Music
 Sergio Pizzorno

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Production Companies
 GK Films presents a
 William Monahan film
 A GK Films production
 A Henceforth Pictures
 production
 A Projection Pictures
 production
Executive Producers
 Redmond Morris
 Colin Vaines
Co-producer
 Ted Suchecki
Line Producer
 LA Production:
 Vincent Joliet

Associate Producers
 Justine Suzanne Jones
 Jacob Rush
Unit Production Manager
 Rachel Neale
Production Supervisor
 LA Production:
 Katherine Thumann
Production Co-ordinator
 Jo Walleff
Production Accountant
 John Eccleston
Supervising Location Manager
 David Broder
Location Managers
 Camilla Stephenson
 LA Production:
 David Miller
Post-production Supervisor
 David Dresher
Assistant Directors
 1st: Richard Styles
 2nd: Carlos Fidel
LA Production
 1st: Todd Lent
Script Supervisor
 Libbie Barr
Casting Directors
 Nina Gold
 LA Production:
 Loree Booth
Camera Operators
 A: Chris Menges
 B: Luke Menges
Steadicam Operators
 Alistair Rae
 LA Production:
 Michael Stumpf
Gaffers
 Lee Walters
 LA Production:
 Chris Prampin
Key Grips
 Adrian McCarthy
 LA Production:
 Mike Popovich
Visual Effects
 Molinare
Additional Visual Effects
 Supervisor:
 David Altenau
 Executive Producer:
 Tim Jacobsen
Special Effects Supervisor
 Stuart Brisdon
Additional Editor
 Yon Van Kline
Supervising Art Director
 Mark Raggett
Art Director
 Sarah Stuart
Set Decorator
 Celia Bobak
Property Masters
 Arthur Wicks
 LA Production:
 Kevin Hughes
Construction Manager
 Gene D'Cruze
Costume Designer
 Odile Dicks-Mireaux
Costume Supervisor
 Nigel Egerton
Hair/Make-up Designer
 Christine Blundell
Senior Hair/Make-up Artist
 Lesa Warrenner

Hair/Make-up Artist
 Chloe Meddings
Stylist
 LA Production:
 Erica Rosenast
Main/End Titles Designed and Produced by
 Prologue Films
 Title Designer:
 Henry Hobson
 Title Producer:
 Unjoo Lee Byars
 Executive Producer:
 Kyle Cooper
End Title Crawl
 Scarlet Letters
Score Performed by
 Sergio Pizzorno
 The London
 Metropolitan Orchestra
Score Conducted by
 Andrew Brown
Orchestration
 Jessica Dannheisser
Strings Arranged by
 Sergio Pizzorno
Music Supervisor
 Jen Monnar
Score Produced by
 Steve McLaughlin
 Sergio Pizzorno
Soundtrack
 "Heart Full of Soul", "The Train Kept a-Rollin'" – The Yardbirds; "Stray Cat Blues" – The Rolling Stones; "Devil in Me" – 22-20s; "Come See Me" – The Pretty Things; "Street Girl", "It'll Never Be Me" – The Electric Banana; "The Letter" – The Box Tops; "One Track Mind" – The Knickerbockers; "Minstrel Boy", "The Green Hills of Tyrol", "She Moves through the Fair" – Dominic Murphy; "Beautiful Day"; "The Green Fairy"; "Club Foot" – Kasabian; "Subterranean Homesick Blues" – Bob Dylan; "Sun o dilruba dil ki yeh sada" – Annu Malik, Asha Bhosle; "Celebrity Suicide" – Derek & Clive [i.e. Dudley Moore, Peter Cook]
Music Consultants
 Howard Paar
 Sergio Pizzorno
 John Coyne
Production Sound Mixer
 David Stephenson
Sound Mixer
 LA Production:
 Rob Newel
Re-recording Mixers
 Michael Minkler
 Tony Lamberti
Supervising Sound Editor
 Per Hallberg
Stunt Co-ordinator
 Lee Sheward

CAST

Colin Farrell
 Harry 'Mitch' Mitchel
 Keira Knightley
 Charlotte

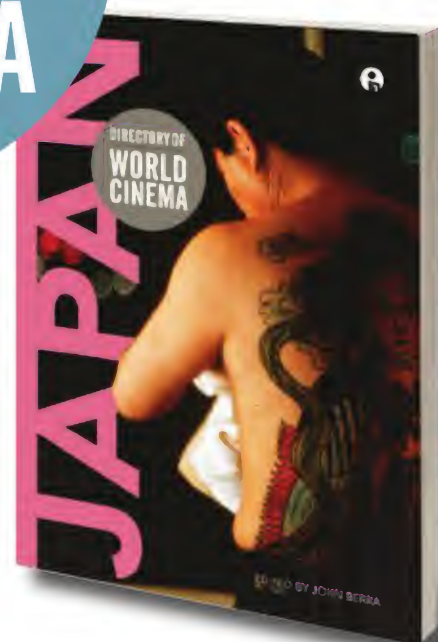
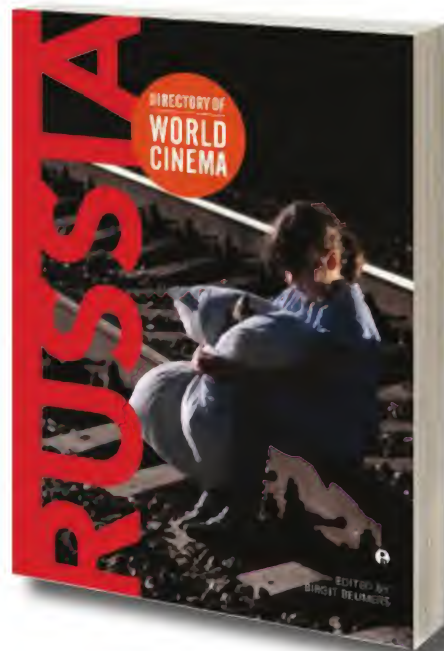
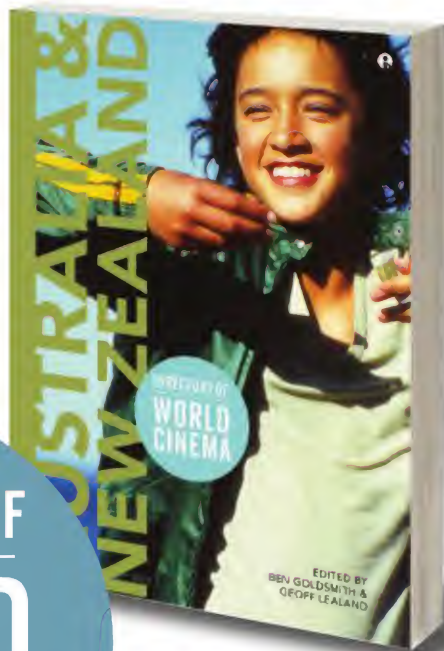
David Thewlis
 Jordan
 Anna Friel
 Briony
 Ben Chaplin
 Billy Norton
 Ray Winstone
 Gant
 Eddie Marsan
 DI Bailey
 Sanjeev Bhaskar
 Dr Raju
 Stephen Graham
 Danny
 Ophelia Lovibond
 Penny
 Jamie Campbell Bower
 Whiteboy
 Velibor Topic
 Storbör
 Lee Boardman
 Lee
 Alan Williams
 Joe
 Jonathan Cullen
 Anthony Trent
 Robert Willox
 ravaged guard
 Tony Way
 lone paparazzo
 Tim Plester
 paparazzo 1
 Jake Abraham
 paparazzo 2
 Damir Kolderer
 Storbör's friend
 Nick Bartlett
 Beaumont
 Matt King
 Fletcher
 Jamie Blackley
 the footballer
 Gregory Foreman
 kid with footballer
 Sarah Niles
 hospital matron
 Jonathan Coyne
 heavy 1
 Bob Mercer
 heavy 2
 Ely Fairman
 Gant's wife
 Oliver Wood
 bottom feeder 1
 Jonny Leigh-Wright
 bottom feeder 2
 Hainsley Lloyd Bennett
 unfortunate student
 Michelle Asante
 woman in Brixton flat
 Julian Littman
 Alfons
 Sameena Zehra
 woman at Ashmole Estate
 Giles Terera
 waiter
 Gerald Home
 undertaker
 Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS
 In Colour
 [LBS:1]
 Distributor
 Entertainment Film Distributors Ltd

9,255 ft +11 frames

SYNOPSIS South London, the present. Newly released from Pentonville Prison after serving three years for GBH, Harry Mitchel is looking to go straight, to the disdain of his friend Billy, with whom he's staying. A chance meeting in a local pub leads him to beautiful, reclusive actress Charlotte; hunted by the paparazzi and terrified of leaving her house, she offers Mitchel a job as her minder. However, Billy's gangster boss Gant has other ideas, informing Mitchel he wants him for one of his henchmen.

Mitchel's friend Joe is beaten to death by a pair of kids from the local estate; Mitchel tracks the kids down but at the last minute decides not to kill them. With Gant threatening the life of his sister Briony, Mitchel enlists the help of Charlotte's friend Jordan to kill the mob leader and his men. He is too late to save Billy and Briony, but succeeds in assassinating Gant. Jordan kills corrupt policeman Bailey. As Mitchel prepares to join Charlotte – with whom he has begun a relationship – in Los Angeles, he is fatally stabbed by the boy who killed Joe. Jordan prepares for a shootout with the police. Charlotte stands isolated on a hotel balcony.

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Men on the Bridge

Germany/Turkey/The Netherlands/Finland 2009
Director: Aslı Özge
With Fikret Portakal, Murat Tokgöz, Umut Ilker, Cemile Ilker
Certificate 15 90m 29s

Turkish cinema continues to flower. Latest evidence arrives in the form of Aslı Özge's *Men on the Bridge*, a strangely synchronous offering to another fine recent film, *10 to 11* by Özge's compatriot Pelin Esmer – both debuts directed by women, using mainly non-professional actors, which started as documentary projects before morphing into features, albeit bearing clear traces of their real-life origins. Both represent the best of what's happening in sections of their country's cinema: a willingness to grapple with the big themes and ask the right questions, a socially engaged cinema largely untainted by didacticism, which is generally purveyed in solidly naturalist style and firmly embedded in ordinary lives and real worlds, usually at the sharp end of economic circumstance – Özge herself has referred to a "late neorealism" in Turkish cinema.

It's easy to speculate on the underlying causes fermenting all of this. Turkey's suspension between tradition and modernity is as pronounced as ever, an ambiguity accentuated by its perch on the cusp of east and west (actualised here by the bridge across the Bosphorus in Istanbul). These frictions play out in the lives of Özge's three young male protagonists, each of whom plies his trade on the bridge. Easygoing traffic policeman Murat, a devout Muslim from a village in the east, seems out of place in Istanbul, typified by his abortive efforts with women he meets on the internet. Passive Umut, driver of a shared taxi, is the most harried figure, as he tries to scrape enough money together to satisfy his wife Cemile's increasingly vociferous yearnings for a bigger flat. Fikret, a teenage Roma who sells tulips to drivers gridlocked on the bridge, can't find a job or a girlfriend, the former owing to racism and a chronic lack of education.

Özge's film organises a mosaic of snapshot moments, and apart from one fleeting encounter the three lives under scrutiny don't intersect. None of the three is any closer to finding what he's searching for by the end, as if their lives are as deadlocked and static as the traffic on the bridge. That refusal of pat answers or redemptive moments feels absolutely right; and while there's no varnishing of Murat's love of guns and kneejerk hostility to Kurdish 'terrorists', for example, or Fikret's laziness when he does get a proper job, Özge takes pains to make us understand why these men are as they are.

Two of the characters (Umut and Fikret) are played by themselves, but Murat is played by his brother (the Turkish police force forbids its officers to play themselves on screen). The resulting hybrid of documentary and

fiction is less sophisticated than Pedro Costa's or Jia Zhangke's, say, but none the worse for it; it's still intimate and immediate, accurate in its textures and details, and gives rise to a strangely productive awkwardness. Some of Özge's choices of material from her characters' lives can seem too obvious – Fikret being chucked out of a shop, for no reason other than prejudice, we've seen many times before; one or two other scenes, as when Cemile and Umut row violently, have a Cassavetes-like rawness that's difficult to watch, and can feel like trespassing. Occasionally too it's as if themes are being shoehorned in somewhat schematically, particularly around nationalism and the Kurdish question; but you can't fault the ambition.

In the end, the impression that lingers most is of Istanbul itself, revealed here in its less salubrious or just plain dull aspects; it's the city's most memorable celluloid portrayal since *Uzak* (2002). Özge's film speaks to a very specific Turkish reality, one that usually lies hidden to the casual visitor, but aspects will inevitably resonate more widely in an era of precarious, globalised austerity. **◆◆ Kieron Corless**

CREDITS

Directed by
 Aslı Özge
Produced by
 Fabian Massah
 Aslı Özge
Written by
 Aslı Özge
Director of Photography
 Emre Erkmen
Edited by
 Vessela Martschewski
 Aylin Zoi Tinel
 Christof Schertenleib

©Endorphine
 Production, Yeni
 Sinemacılık, Kaliber
 Film, Rush Hour Films
Production Companies
 Endorphine Production,
 Yeni Sinemacılık, Kaliber
 Film, Bayerischer
 Rundfunk, ZDF/3Sat
 present with the
 support of Medienboard
 Berlin-Brandenburg,
 Deutscher
 Filmförderfonds, T.C.
 Kultur ve Turizm
 Bakanlığı, Rotterdam
 Media Fonds, Het
 Nederlands Fonds voor
 de Film and the
 participation of YLE

Co-produced by
 Sevil Demirci
 Mete Gümrhan
Associate Producer
 Nicolas Grupe
Production Manager
 Benan Baf
Casting
 Meltem Gemici
 Renda Güner
Chief Lighting Technician
 Hatip Karabudak
Additional Editing
 Christoph Brunner
Soundtrack
 "Nevim var ki" – Fikret
 Portakal, İbrahim
 Çayirci, Salih Kıp;
 "Holocaust" – Fikret
 Portakal, İbrahim Çayirci
Sound Designer
 Daniel Weis
Sound Recordists
 Bilge Bingöl
 Gürkan Özkaya
 Tolga Yelekcı
 Bülent Kiliç
Sound Mix
 Florian Beck
Police Consultant
 Gökhan Tokgöz

CAST

Fikret Portakal
 Fikret
Murat Tokgöz
 Murat



Umut Ilker, Cemile Ilker

Umut Ilker
 Umut
Cemile Ilker
 Cemile
Serkan Özcan
 Murat's roommate
İbrahim Çayirci
 Ibo
Bülent Demirkiran
 Umut's boss
Didem Delen
 girl Murat meets 1
Nezihe Özcan
 girl Murat meets 2
Hüseyin Güler
 bodybuilding coach
Belma Topçakar
 MP's daughter
Tayfun Kiskacı
 Salih Kıp
Yalçın Kıp
 Fikret's friends
Selçuk Portakal
Hüseyin Portakal
Nevin Portakal
Yavuz Portakal
 Fikret's family members
Çelik Iskender
 electronics store
 manager
Uygur Demoglu
 electronics store
 security guard
Suca Kaya
 electronics store seller
Yasin Demir
 curtain seller
Tayfun Danisman
 restaurant owner

Ayten Mentis
 computer course
 assistant
Mine Yıldırım
 Cemile's friend
İsmail Hakkı Yılmaz
 estate agent 1
İsmail Savas
 estate agent 2
İbrahim Söylemez
 traffic cop

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
 Verve Pictures

8,143 ft +8 frames

German theatrical title
Köprüdekiler
 Turkish theatrical title
İgne Deligi

Midgets vs Mascots

USA 2008
Director: Ron Carlson
With Rick Howland, Akie Kotabe, Mark Hapka, Brittney Powell
Certificate 18 85m 19s

Albert Einstein once said that "Only two things are infinite – universe and stupidity." But Einstein was spared the excruciating task of watching *Midgets vs Mascots*, or he would surely have changed his mind, since this 'film', glorying in its own crassness and cretinous provocations, is surely hitting the rock bottom of human idiocy.

Pitched as "Borat-meets-Jackass", this so-called "raunchy shockumentary" follows five little people battling against five mascots for a multimillion-dollar prize in a series of mildly dangerous and humiliating games, from alligator wrestling to 'midget porn', strung together by repetitive drunken antics.

Borat was offensive but also subversive and brainy; *Jackass* was admittedly dumb but had an unscripted freshness and novelty about it, reflecting some aspects of the skate subculture and the nihilism of Generation Y. *Midgets vs Monsters*, however, is content merely to give life to the intoxicated fantasies of any borderline racist frat boy at the end of a sorority party.

Visibly made on a very low budget, *Midgets vs Mascots* can't afford spectacular stunts or 'real' public unrest; consequently its unique selling point, its entire *raison d'être* even, is systematically to show the finger to political correctness – regardless of how pathetic the outcome may be. What's left is a tiresome succession of off-colour jokes (at the expense of anyone but white and normal-sized people), grotesque nudity, unimpressive dares, lame staged fights and, of course, lots of farts and vomit. Because it seems there's nothing funnier than watching a female little person getting punched in the face or uttering the N-word as loud as possible in a family restaurant until people leave. **◆◆ Guillaume Gendron**

CREDITS

Directed by
 Ron Carlson
Produced by
 Brad Keller
 Joey Stewart
Producer
 Ms Terry Mann
Writer
 Ms Terry Mann
Co-writer
 Kevin Andounian
Story
 Ms Terry Mann
Director of Photography
 Marc Carter
Editors
 Christian Hoffman
 Mike Mendez
Production Designer
 Jason Hammond
Composer
 John D'Andrea

Production Company
 A Ms Terry Mann project
Executive Producers

Ms Terry Mann and a
 bunch of idiots that
 invested in this movie
Associate Producers
 Gary Coleman
 Kevin Andounian
Unit Production Manager
 Lori Madrid
Production Manager
 2nd Unit:
 Mark Mahlo
Production Supervisor
 Stewart Young
Production Co-ordinator
 Jeffrey Weiss
Production Accountant
 Larry Powell
Location Manager
 Mark Hodge
2nd Unit Directors
 Joey Stewart
 Brad Keller
Assistant Directors
 1st: Claire Peberdy
 2nd: Asha Vyas
 2nd: Dee L. Evans

SYNOPSIS Istanbul, the present. The lives of three characters are linked by the Bosphorus Bridge, where they often work. Unemployed Fikret, a teenage Roma, lives in a hovel without running water and sells tulips to drivers gridlocked on the bridge. Murat, a twentysomething policeman from eastern Turkey, directs traffic on the bridge. Umut, also in his twenties, drives a shared taxi across it.

Fikret's attempts to find a better job are hampered by his complete lack of education. When he finds a job in a café, his clumsiness and lacksadaisical attitude soon get him fired. He is single, complaining that there are no girls in the neighbourhood. Murat, a devout Muslim, is also searching for a girlfriend, but on the internet – two dates with women he finds online prove abortive. He misses his mother and the village where he grew up. Umut lives in a small flat with his wife Cemile, a babysitter, who feels trapped and unsatisfied in the marriage. Cemile is eager they rent a bigger flat, but their combined incomes won't stretch to the increased costs. Cemile would like to work in an office, but has no computer skills. As their frustration builds, they argue more often and bitterly. Cemile wants to leave Umut, but can't because she's financially dependent on him. Fikret's friend asks him if he wants to be a flower seller all his life. Murat might get drafted into the army after failing an exam. He sits alone on the bank of the Bosphorus and takes a call from his mother.

SYNOPSIS In his will, the late porn mogul Big Red – a little person who had a successful career as a mascot – pits his ungrateful son against his venal wife Kayla by having them set up a competition of two teams (five mascots versus five ‘midgets’) fighting for his \$10 million inheritance. Red’s son coaches the ‘midgets’, captained by has-been child actor Gary Coleman, while Kayla assembles a team of drunk and disorderly men in mascot uniforms. The two teams fail to complete the 30 rounds in the 30 days allotted by Big Red, who unexpectedly reappears during the final ceremony and splits the money between the ten participants, stating that his faked death and the ensuing competition were intended as a lesson for his greedy inheritors, who end up with nothing.

2nd Unit
2nd: Renee Marsella
Script Supervisor
Nicole Garcea
Casting Directors
LA:
Robyn Owen
Texas:
Toni Cobb Brock
Camera Operator
A: Ian Ellis
Gaffer
Jason Croft
Key Grip
Andy Lohrenz
Visual Effects
Wired Creative
Special Effects
Co-ordinator
Steve Krieger
Property Master
Adrian H. Ankersheil
Construction
Co-ordinator
Eric Whitney
Wardrobe Designer
Lisa Albertson
Wardrobe Supervisor
Lyle Huchton
Key Make-up
Sheila Moore
Make-up Artist
Liz McCracken
Main Title Design
ELM Creative
Eric Silva

Steve Robinson
Music Supervisors
Michael Lloyd
Julie Houlihan
Soundtrack
“Eye of the Tiger” – Survivor; “You’re the Best” – Jo “Bean” Esposito; “J. Brown’s Stomp” – Ian Coyne; “Ain’t I Tough Enough” – Lisa Z.; “Faster, Faster” – PBR All Stars; “99 Bottles of Beer”; “Friday Night”; “Deuces are Wild” – Howell-Freundlich Overdrive; “Poppin’ Thumb Thing” – Tad Sisler; “Kiss Kiss” – Erik Hawk; “Pretty Boy” – Daalderop; Rajaneesh Dwivedi; “Wave Your Flag” – Gary Romero; “Everybody Get Down” – Tad Sisler; Andrew Fraga Jr.; “Take Me Out to the Ballgame”; “Stuck in the Middle” – Stealers Wheel; “We are the Champions” – Terra Jole; “Dominate” – Frank Klepacki; “Champion” – RuPaul

Sound Design
GW Pope III
Location Sound Mixer
Skip Frazee
Re-recording Mixer/Supervising Sound Editor
Michael McDonald
Stunt Co-ordinator
Scott Roland

CAST

Rick Howland
Richard “Big Red” Bush
Akie Kotabe
Deng Man
Mark Hapka
Little Richard
Brittney Powell
Bonnie
Paul Rae
Eddie
Russell
Bob Bledsoe
Ira, Spartan Man
Joe Gnoffo
Geoffrey
Josh Sussman
Bunny
Lemone
Lemone
Richard Trapp
Gator

P.J. Marino
Rod, Taco
Terra Jole
Leanne
Jason Mewes
Steve Kriger
sheriffs
Gary Coleman
Scottie Pippen
Larsa Pippen
Preston Pippen
Justin Pippen
Ron Jeremy
Tava Smiley
themselves

In Colour
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Kaleidoscope Home Entertainment

7,678 ft +8 frames

Morning Glory

USA/United Kingdom 2010

Director: Roger Michell

With Rachel McAdams, Harrison Ford, Diane Keaton, Patrick Wilson
Certificate 12A 107m 21s

Morning Glory triumphantly celebrates morning news shows, those soft-boiled mélanges of briskly glossed-over world news and ‘human interest’ segments. Their value is battled over by veteran reporter Mike Pomeroy (Harrison Ford) and Becky Fuller (Rachel McAdams), the new executive producer of *Daybreak*, a fictional programme dead last in the ratings. Mild entertainment beats hard news decisively: “The world has been debating news versus entertainment for years, and guess what?” Becky snaps at Mike. “You lost!” The film agrees, celebrating careerism and brute achievement as a goal in itself.

The workplace setting recalls 1987’s *Broadcast News*, while the story of an ambitious New Jersey girl making good in the big city recalls 1988’s *Working Girl*. But unlike *Broadcast News* Roger Michell’s film doesn’t worry about the ethics of reporting actual news versus pandering to audiences’ lowest-common-denominator impulses – it’s all in favour of doing whatever has to be done for ratings – and its sense of upward ambition isn’t as acutely aware of class distinctions as Melanie Griffith’s attempts to escape her background. As in screenwriter Aline Brosh McKenna’s previous *The Devil Wears Prada* (2006), upward mobility for young women for its own sake is celebrated no matter how vapid the means.

Settled on those basic questions, *Morning Glory* is ferociously incoherent on many other points. Becky grew up a newshound with a class chip on her shoulder; a three-year local college graduate, she pitches herself during an interview as a traditional torch-bearer whose parents didn’t pay for her to do “bong hits and discuss semiotics”. She’s long idolised Mike for his Pulitzer Prize-winning coverage in Kosovo and elsewhere, but is remorselessly fixated on making fluffy entertainment for bored morning viewers. Mike wants to report hard news; she asks him not to bore everyone. So what use is the reverence?

Throughout the film, all broadcasts come with a scroll at the bottom compressing disasters – the ongoing recession, hurricanes et al – into a passing matter of no importance. It might be a satirical jab but the film suppresses such subversion of its cosy worldview. Relentlessly, neurotically perky, McAdams is as grating as can be, and the third act shortens the ups and downs into one reversal per scene, generating about four anticlimaxes in ten minutes. The watchable film devolves into saluting expediency and clips primed for YouTube, an active insult to the journalistic traditions the film’s heroine ostensibly treasures. And as a facile romantic comedy, it’s the kind of film in which McAdams literally lets her hair down after having sex. ♥◀ **Vadim Rizov**

CREDITS

Directed by
Roger Michell
Produced by
J.J. Abrams
Bryan Burk
Written by
Aline Brosh McKenna
Director of Photography
Alwin Küchler
Edited by
Dan Farrell
Nick Moore
Steven Weisberg
Production Designed by
Mark Friedberg
Music
David Arnold

©Paramount Pictures Corporation
Production Companies
Paramount Pictures presents a Bad Robot production
A Roger Michell film
In association with Goldcrest Pictures Limited
Executive Producers
Sherryl Clark
Guy Riedel
Associate Producers
Lindsey Weber
Udi Nedivi
Unit Production Manager
Udi Nedivi
Production Co-ordinator
Montez A. Monroe
Production Accountant
Salvatore Carino
Location Manager
Demian Resnick
Post-production

Supervisor
Louise Seymour
2nd Unit Director
Video Unit:
Don Roy King
Assistant Directors
1st: Michael E. Steele
2nd: Tudor Jones
Script Supervisor
Mary Bailey
Casting
Ellen Lewis
Marcia DeBonis
Camera Operators
Bruce MacCallum
B: Frank G. DeMarco
B: Carlos Guerra
Steadicam Operator
Carlos Guerra
Chief Lighting Technician
Robert Sciretta
1st Company Grip
Kevin Smyth
Visual Effects
Framestore New York
Additional:
Lola | VFX
Special Effects Co-ordinator
J.C. Brotherhood
Art Directors
Kim Jennings
Alex DiGerlando
Set Decorator
Alyssa Winter
Property Master
Sandy Hamilton
Construction Co-ordinators
Nick Miller
Gordon Krause
Costume Designer
Frank Fleming
Costume Supervisor
Susan J. Wright
Department Head Make-up
Mindy Hall
Make-up Artist
Mary Anne Spano



Croc monsieur: ‘Midgets vs Mascots’

SYNOPSIS After years of loyal service at a New Jersey morning news show, Becky Fuller is laid off. Following many unsuccessful job applications, she’s hired as executive producer on *Daybreak*, the last-place morning news show of the IBS network based in New York City. Firing creepy co-anchor Paul on her first day, Becky has to find a replacement for no money. Realising that veteran reporter Mike Pomeroy is under contract to IBS, she uses a clause to force the reluctant hard-news advocate to co-host the fluffy show. Mike’s surly participation drags the straggling show’s ratings down even further. Becky is told that the show will be cancelled in six weeks unless she can push the ratings to 1.5 million viewers. Through a variety of shake-ups – including sending the weatherman on life-threatening stunts and aggressively pursuing famous guests – she improves the show’s ratings while also finding romance with evening-news producer Adam. Mike volunteers to cover a sauerkraut festival, but instead commandeers the news truck to be at the governor’s arrest for racketeering and prostitution. The show’s viewing figures are good enough to guarantee at least another year. Becky is offered a job at NBC’s *The Today Show* but wants to stay with her new triumph. Mike reverts to his uncooperative ways and Becky goes to the interview. Realising she’ll leave, Mike performs a cute cooking segment live on air; seeing this in her meeting, Becky runs back and rejoins her show.

Department Head Hair
Angel DeAngelis
Hairstylists
Tarsha Marshall
Bobby Grayson
Title Design
Lip Sync
Music Orchestrated/Conducted by
Nicholas Dodd
Soundtrack
"Free Me"; "Incredible" – Joss Stone; "Waiting for My Real Life to Begin" – Colin Hay; "New Shoes" – Paolo Nutini; "Open Spaces 4"; "Prelude & Fughetta in G Major" by Johann Sebastian Bach; "Stuck in the Middle with You" – Michael Bublé; "Five PM"; "Don't Hold Me Down" – Colbie Caillat; "Johnny Got a Boom Boom" – Imelda May; "Two Sleepy People" – Hoagy Carmichael; "Finale from String Quartet in B-flat Major (Op.64 No.3, Nob.III.67)" by Franz Joseph Haydn – the Kodaly Quartet; "Happy Birthday to You"; "Same Changes" – The Weepies; "Candy Shop" – 50 Cent; "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky; "Are You Here" – Corinne Bailey Rae; "Gone in the Morning" – Newton Faulkner; "Strip Me" – Natasha Bedingfield
Music Consultants
Karen Elliott
Abbie Lister
Sound Mixer
Tom Nelson
Re-recording Mixers
Lies Dichter
Roberto Fernandez
Warren Shaw
Supervising Sound Editor
Warren Shaw
Co-supervising Sound Editor
Lon Bender
Stunt Co-ordinator
Peter Buccossi

CAST

Rachel McAdams
Becky Fuller
Harrison Ford
Mike Pomeroy
Diane Keaton
Colleen Peck
Patrick Wilson
Adam Bennett
Jeff Goldblum
Jerry Barnes
John Pankow
Lenny Bergman
Matt Malloy
Emie Appleby
Patti D'Arbanville
Becky's mom
Noah Bean
1st date
Jack Davidson
dog-walking neighbour
Vanessa Aspillaga
Anna
Jeff Hiller
Sam, Channel 9 producer
Linda Powell
Louanne
Mike Hydeck
Ralph
Joseph J. Vargas
Channel 9 director
Mario Frieson
Channel 9 technical director
Kevin Herbst
Channel 9 associate director
Jerome Weinstein
Fred
Stephen Park
Channel 9

weatherperson
David Fonteno
Oscar
Ty Burrell
Paul McVee
Adrian Martinez
IBS lobby guard
J. Elaine Marcos
Lisa Bartlett
Rizwan Manji
Jay Russell
Finnerty Steeves
Rick Younger
Arden Myrin
Caroline Clay
Katharine Hyde
Allen Warnock
Welker White
Maddie Corman
Jeremy Beiler
Daybreak producers
Jonathan Forte
1st intern
Kevin Pariseau
horse teeth reporter
Chris Sieber
groundhog reporter
Liz Keifer
Jerry's wife
Lauren Cohn
crafts expert
Jayne Houdyshell
stage manager
Miguel A. Hernandez Jr
editor
Alice Callahan
girl at Schiller's
Miles O'Brien
IBS anchorman
Elaine Kaufman
Bob Schieffer
Morley Safer
Chris Matthews
themselves
Don Roy King
Merv, *Daybreak* director
Robert Caminiti
Daybreak associate director
Stefani L. Cohen
Daybreak timing production assistant
Gray Winslow
Daybreak technical director
Kristine Nielsen
fan
Paul Urcioli
IBS evening news producer
Rosalind Darling
Daybreak fan on plaza
Gio Perez
2nd intern
Pepper Binkley
Jerry's assistant
Steve McAuliff
animal expert
Vincent J. Robinson
bagpiper
Curtis '50 Cent' Jackson
Tony Yayo
DJ Whoo Kid
Lloyd Banks
themselves
Don Hewitt Sr
Joe the cameraperson
Reed Birney
Governor Willis
Carmen M. Herlihy
Becky's assistant
Bruce Altman
Kathleen McNenny
Jason Kravits
television executives
John Bundy
magician

Dolby Digital/DTS/SDDS
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK

9,661 ft +8 frames

Neds

Director: Peter Mullan

With Louise Goodall, Greg Forrest, Conor McCarron, Joe Szula

Certificate 18 123m 41s

"One child grows up to be somebody that just loves to learn, and another child grows up to be somebody you'd just love to burn – it's a family affair." Sly Stone's lyrics date from 1971, but a year later the same contradictions are played out on the Glasgow streets in this rites-of-passage drama from Peter Mullan.

When we first meet John McGill he's made his mum proud at the primary-school prize day, in stark contrast to his older brother Barry, expelled from school altogether and currently out on the loose with his fellow gang members. These are the eponymous 'Neds', or 'Non-Educated Delinquents', as the title credits helpfully explain. Thenceforth, as quietly bookish John battles to overturn the secondary-school principal's prejudices towards him by proving himself the academic equal of anyone else in the year, the story looks set to reaffirm the connections between learning and social mobility, with our John the model pupil lifting himself out of the poverty and violence surrounding him. It doesn't happen, precisely because writer-director Mullan is not a man to deliver such reassuring bromides. Far from some 'I had it tough' chronicle of tribulation and triumph, what we have here is a purposefully unsettling exploration of how paternalism in its many forms leads only to underachievement and thwarted hopes.

If Mullan's first feature *Orphans* (1997) offered a nightmarish vision of curdled Glasgow family ties, and *The Magdalene Sisters* (2002) followed with an angry exposé of abusive Catholic authority, *Neds* fuses elements from both its predecessors. With a drunken bully of a father, a cowed mother, a tearaway older brother and an American auntie reminding everyone of their limited horizons, this is no vision of cosy domesticity, while the strap-wielding teachers' attempts to enforce discipline succeed only in sending out the counterproductive

SYNOPSIS Glasgow, 1972. After his primary-school prize day, John McGill is threatened by teenage thug Canta. He asks his older brother Barry to go after Canta, but later grants his tormentor mercy. At secondary school, his brother's sorry reputation (Barry has been expelled) means that John must work his way into the top class after the principal places him in a lower stream.

Two years later, John makes friends with middle-class Julian, whose mother learns of John's poor Catholic background and sends him away. John instead finds acceptance with a local gang. He rebels at school, throws fireworks into Julian's dining room and plays his part in a gang rumble. Later Canta is welcomed into the gang, but John is unforgiving – punching him to the ground then dropping a gravestone on his head.

After Barry is jailed, John finally lays into his drunken, bullying father; his mother banishes him from the house. Out on the streets, John turns to glue-sniffing, and has a hallucinatory encounter with a statue of Christ. Summoned back home, he's asked by his father to finish him off, prompting a knife-wielding John to lay into the rival gang in the hope that he'll meet his own doom. He survives but proves unable to kill his father.

Given a second chance at school, John is placed in the remedial class. The presence of brain-damaged Canta reminds him of his misdeeds; he becomes his victim's protector during a class trip to a safari park.



The vest years of our lives: Conor McCarron

message that violence is power.

Certainly, the film's narrative strategy is daring in the way it encourages the viewer to buy into young John's aspirations to self-betterment before we watch in horror as he lurches way off the straight and narrow. One minute he's singled out by the Latin tutor for a top mark, the next he's holding his end up in slash-and-run rumbles unfolding in urban-planned green spaces now demarcated tribal territory. Even more horrifying sights are to come: John (Conor McCarron), viciously dropping a gravestone on the head of his onetime tormentor Canta (Gary Milligan), or prowling the streets with a kitchen knife taped to each hand.

It's asking a lot of audiences to maintain their investment in a protagonist who strays quite so far, notwithstanding first-timer McCarron's uncanny ability to sustain a suggestion of vulnerability even in the character's most aggressive moments. Mullan, though, is evidently offering analysis rather than mollifying cliché. John's actions are clearly patterned to be readable as a young man's efforts to escape the boxes into which various forms of authority would confine him. On the street, he's initially deemed a wimp barely worthy of his hard-man brother Barry's name; in school, he

battles to make his way from the second stream to the top tier; at home, all is silence and submission, such is the shadow cast by his toolmaker father (Mullan himself, expertly highlighting the weakness behind the bullish exterior).

The turning point comes when John befriends a posh lad at summer school, but as soon as the latter's mother finds out what school John goes to, the chill sets in. He's Catholic, he's working class, and should stay where he belongs. No route out of the poverty trap in early 1970s Glasgow then. So John instead determines to make a name for himself in gang culture, given that force seems to win the day everywhere else. His streetwise swagger feeds back into the rest of his life, as he goads the teachers at school and eventually hits back against his bullying dad.

John's encounter with a very Glaswegian Christ (a statue stepping off the cross to give the wee lad a kicking) and the closing sequence (in, of all places, a safari park) show that Mullan is by no means exclusively tied to humourless realism. All of which indicates a highly personal mode of filmmaking, one that (unlike the British norm) hasn't been developed into docile compromise. It doesn't always come off, but the cavils are outweighed by the brilliantly spontaneous dialogue and utterly natural performances from a host of teenage non-professionals. The recreation of the early 1970s is forensically vivid without being fetishised. But above all it's the simmering anger that comes across: anger at the education system so caught up in its own authoritarian process that it has little insight into, or compassion for, the very young people it's supposed to be building; anger at the fathers who treat their families as territory to expunge their own frustrations and so facilitate a continuing cycle of domination, rebellion and suffering. By no means an easy film, but surely a major achievement.

♦♦ **Trevor Johnston**

Credits for this film were unavailable at the time of going to press and will be published in the March issue.

Nénette

France 2010

Director: Nicolas Philibert

No one expected Oscar-worthy performances from the non-human cast of Nicolas Philibert's 1996 documentary *Un animal, des animaux*, which went behind the scenes at Paris's Museum of Natural History. But Philibert's fascinated camera captured a dynamic, between the straw-stuffed animals and their beautician-carers, that was every bit as palpable as in any buddy-movie. The director returns to our relationship with animals in *Nénette*, which gives the 40-year-old orang-utan of the title the sort of lingering close-ups that have traditionally been associated with a Gena Rowlands or a Liv Ullmann.

Philibert cleaves the film in two: while the visual emphasis is on the captivating Nénette, holed up in the menagerie in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, the audio track is an aural mosaic of interviews, eavesdropped conversations and manipulated sound design. Biographical tidbits about Nénette are forthcoming, most coloured by anthropomorphism ("She's had three husbands, and wore them all out"), but she is destined to remain an enigma; the unseen speakers reveal far more about themselves than we could ever learn about Nénette. Philibert has called his subject "a receptacle for our fantasies. She is a projection screen... The monkey house where she lives is almost like a confessional. When they talk about Nénette, people talk about themselves..."

Sure enough, there is the woman who wonders whether Nénette misses her home country, before adding with a sigh: "I miss mine." Another onlooker says, "I think she's depressed, totally depressed" – the remark emphatic enough to suggest that it takes one to know one. A zookeeper remembers when Nénette used to play up to the media, only for the cameras to move on comically to her younger and more comical companions. "It's hard for an old female to see new ones turn up," the woman observes. "Me too. I find it hard with the young keepers."

Conservation issues are addressed, with one interviewee observing that Nénette is a victim of her own rarity: "If there were more of her around, she'd probably be in the jungle." But any campaigning the film does remains implicit in the images of its evidently intelligent leading lady looking morose, bored or lost in a daydream. A tooting bassoon accompanies extreme close-ups of her warm chestnut eyes, cracked leather fingers and tree-bark face; hypnotic at first, the long takes come to seem like Mexican standoffs between Nénette and her audience (who are likened at one point to prison visitors), and between Nénette and us. The film has a wearying, corrosive effect on the viewer, without even the spiritual grace notes offered by, say, *Au hasard Balthazar* (1966).

Ultimately the film is one of those get-out-what-you-put-in experiments

SYNOPSIS A documentary composed entirely of shots of orang-utans in the Jardin des Plantes in the centre of Paris. The focus is predominantly on Nénette, a 40-year-old Bornean orang-utan who arrived at the zoo in 1972. Over images of the zoo animals we hear the voices of visitors, as well as interviews with the keepers who have formed a bond with Nénette. They piece together the story of her life in captivity, during which time she has had three mates and four offspring, including her son Tübo, with whom she still shares her glass-fronted cage.

in watching; as with Abbas Kiarostami's *Shirin* (2008), it's possible that each audience member will take away from the picture a subtly different narrative based on the faintest tics and twitches in the subject's face. Nénette can't help but seem as aloof in front of Philibert's camera as an untouchable celebrity refusing to cooperate with a biographer. At various points she also comes to resemble a Beckettian comic complete with props (a bouquet-like lettuce, a patterned blanket worn like a veil), a living art installation à la Tilda Swinton in Cornelia Parker's 'The Maybe' and a screen beauty more glorious and tormented than any starlet in the studio system. ➡ **Ryan Gilbey**

CREDITS

A film by

Nicolas Philibert

Producers

Serge Lalou

Alain Esmerly

Photography

Katell Djan

Nicolas Philibert

Editor

Nicolas Philibert

Original Music

Philippe Hersant

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Production

Companies

Les Films d'Ici present a

co-production with

Forum des Images

Production Manager

Katya Laraison

Post-production

Supervisor

Sophie Vermersch

Soundtrack

"Dobri dien romale" –

Eric Slabiak, Franck

Anastasio

Sound

Jean Umansky

Laurent Gabiot

Sound Mixer

Julien Cloquet

WITH

the voices of

Abel Morin

Lucie Morin

Agnès Laurent

Georges Peltier

Diego Feduzi

Ludovico Lanni

Gaya Jiji

Eric Slabiak

Muriel Combeau

Christelle Hano

Charlotte Uzu

Agathe Berman

Judit Kélé

Zhang Xueqin

Linda De Zitter

Maria Charlès

Marianne Lalou

The Next Three Days

USA 2010

Director: Paul Haggis

With Russell Crowe, Elizabeth Banks, Brian Dennehy, Olivia Wilde
Certificate 12A 132m 58s

"Jusqu'où iriez-vous par amour?" How far would you go for love? The merest glance at the trailer for Fred Cavayé's 2008 thriller *Pour elle* prompts the suspicion that this was a French movie made with half an eye on an American remake, and so it has proved. It's a terrific pulp conceit after all – when a teacher's wife is thrown into jail for a crime she didn't commit, he has no choice but to break her out. That said, the source material isn't without its limitations – the process by which an ordinary bloke becomes a master jailbreaker is hardly to be taken seriously – perhaps prompting expectations that the US version might be pitched as a mid-budget potboiler. All the more surprising, then, that awards-garlanded Paul Haggis has turned his attention to it.

Given that his previous directorial credits *Crash* (2004) and *In the Valley of Elah* (2007) were predicated on a forceful engagement with contemporary social issues, put on screen in a bulldozing manner that won both admirers and detractors, it's certainly a change of tack for Haggis to deliver a straightforward genre assignment like this (though he's done a bit of oof scripting in the meantime). Since *Pour elle* was never released in the US, American audiences will come to it fresh, but for British viewers who caught its UK release as *Anything for Her*, the disappointment in *The Next Three Days* is just how little of his own Haggis has brought to the remake, which largely follows the template of Cavayé's source screenplay. That the running time has crept up from 96 minutes to a slightly interminable 133 can be put down to sheer bloat, notably where Haggis has

thrown money at an extended finale in which literature teacher John Brennan (Russell Crowe) tries to make it out of Pittsburgh before a police lockdown. Car chases, thronged freeways, foot-pounding through the subway system, crowded train stations, bustling airports – Haggis piles up a whole host of close-run things. It certainly shows us where the budget went but also falls prey to the law of diminishing returns, since every near-miss counterproductively increases the audience's certitude that Crowe will indeed evade capture.

What's frustrating is that Haggis has applied his energy to opening out what was always the most formulaic part of the story. In both versions the pattern is more or less the same: the set-up that jails the glamorous yet somehow aloof spouse (Elizabeth Banks proving rather more anodyne than Diane Kruger) is contrived but functional, yet once that's out of the way the dramatic and moral meat is really in the mid-section, where an ordinary Joe not only has to get his head round whatever it takes to free his missus, but then has to put the plan into action. This means breaking the law, putting his own neck on the line, and even killing the odd criminal scumbag en route. Classic thriller fare, it has to be said, placing an everyman figure in extraordinary jeopardy, yet it proves far more effective in the French-language incarnation. In essence, that's because we absolutely buy Vincent Lindon as a geography teacher, and he appears truly vulnerable the deeper into the underworld his quest takes him. With Crowe, on the other hand, despite his evident efforts to downsize his performance into everyday blokeishness, it's hard to believe that the Hollywood A-lister is ever going to be in real trouble when he ventures from suburbia on to the mean streets downtown.

Giving a class lecture on *Don Quixote*, Crowe's character speaks of "the triumph of irrationality" and how Cervantes shows that "we can choose to exist in a reality purely of our own making" – lessons that Haggis himself could surely have taken to heart.

➡ **Trevor Johnston**



Learning curve: Elizabeth Banks, Russell Crowe

CREDITS

Directed by
Paul Haggis
Produced by
Michael Nozik
Paul Haggis
Olivier Delbosc
Marc Missonnier
Screenplay
Paul Haggis
Based on the film *Pour elle*, a film by Fred Cavayé, screenplay by Fred Cavayé, Guillaume Lemans
Director of Photography
Stéphane Fontaine
Edited by
Jo Francis
Production Designer
Laurence Bennett
Music by/Score Produced by
Danny Elfman

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Production Companies
Lionsgate presents a
Hwy 61 Films, Lionsgate production
Production services by
‘Shoot Colombia’, RCN, Ennowa, Cinempresa
Executive Producers
Agnès Mentré
Anthony Katagas
Co-producer
Eugenie Grandval
Unit Production Manager
Anthony Katagas
Production Manager
Columbia Unit:
Enrique Arango
Production Supervisors
John P. Fedynich
2nd Unit:
David Koplan
Additional Photography:
Robin Fischella
Production Co-ordinators
Ashley Bearden
Additional Photography:
Franses Simonovich
Production Accountant
Ilana McAllister
Location Managers
Andrew Ullman
2nd Unit:
David Weinstein
Additional Photography:
Kent Jackson
Post-production Supervisor
Carl Pedregal
2nd Unit Director
Craig Haagensen
Assistant Directors
1st: Donald L. Sparks
2nd: Dieter Busch
2nd Unit
1st: Alex Gayner
2nd: Emily McGovern
Additional Photography
1st: Mike Toopoozin
2nd: Michael McCue
Columbia Unit
2nd: Hugo Ortiz
Script Supervisor
Brenda Wachel

Casting
Randi Hiller
Pittsburgh:
Donna Belajac
Aerial Director of Photography
Helicopter Unit:
David Nowell
Camera Operators
A: Craig Haagensen
B: Stéphane Fontaine
C: Terry Bowen
C: Phil Oetiker
Additional Photography
B: Phil Oetiker
Steadicam Operator
Jim McConkey
Gaffer
James Crawford
Key Grips
Manrny Duran
2nd Unit:
Shawn M. Neary
Visual Effects/Animation
Asylum
Furious FX
Visual Effects
XY&Z Visual Effects
2G Digital Post, Inc.
Special Effects Co-ordinator
Drew Jiritano
Art Directors
Gregory Hooper
Columbia Unit:
Diobeth Guerra
Set Designer
Eva Kamienska-Carter
Set Decorator
Linda Sutton-Doll
Bump Key Video Created by
Sam Nozik
Property Masters
JP Jones
Additional Photography:
Jeff Angelo
Construction Co-ordinator
Joseph Waterkotte
Costume Designer
Abigail Murray
Costume Supervisors
Gail A. Fitzgibbons
Additional Photography:
Diane Collins
Wardrobe
Columbia Unit:
Tomasz Ibarra
Department Head Make-up Artist
Melanie Hughes-Weaver
Key Make-up Artist
Kelley Mitchell
Department Head Hairstylist
Camille Friend
Head Hairstylist
Additional Photography:
Sacha Quarles
2nd Unit Director Main/End Title Designed by
yU+co
End Crawl
Scarlet Letters
Score Vocals
Ayana Haviv
Cello Solos
Josephine Knight
Conductor
Rick Wentworth
Orchestrations
Steve Bartek
Edgardo Simone

David Slonaker
Soundtrack
“Waltz Trio Session” – Giorgio Rosciglione, Cinzia Gizzi, Gegè Munari; “Sweet Dreams”; “Division”; “Mistake”; “Be the One” – Moby; “Get It Cheap” – DawOne and Skee; “No Nadie” – Andres Ayrado; “In the End”; “Don’t Make a Sound” – The Like; “This Is Final” – Hemrys; “The Clue” – P-Live; “Walk around the Lake” – Lost in the Trees
Sound Designer
Wylie Stateman
Sound Mixers
Mark Ulano
Additional Photography:
Douglas Axtell
Re-recording Mixers
Marc Fishman
Daniel Leahy
Supervising Sound Editors
Lon Bender
Renée Tondelli
Stunt Co-ordinators
Ken Quinn
Manrny Siverio

CAST

Russell Crowe
John Brennan
Elizabeth Banks
Lara Brennan
Brian Dennehy
George Brennan
Lennie James
Lieutenant Nabulsi
Olivia Wilde
Nicole
Ty Simpkins
Luke Brennan
Helen Carey
Grace Brennan
Liam Neeson
Damon Pennington
Daniel Stern
Meyer Fisk
Kevin Corrigan
Alex
Jason Beghe
Detective Quinn
Aisha Hinds
Detective Colloero
Tyrone Giordano
Mike
Jonathan Tucker
David
Allan Steele
Sergeant Harris
RZA
Mouss
Moran Atias
Erit
Michael Buie
Mick Brennan
Remy Nozik
Jenna
Toby Green
Tyler Green
3-year-old Luke
Veronica Brown
female guard 1
Leslie Merrill
Elizabeth Gesas
Alissa Haggis
junkie
James Donis
prison major

Rachel Deacon
duty nurse
Glenn Taranto
hospital security guard
Derek Cecil
Dr Becsey
Kaitlyn Wyld
Julie
Zachary Sondrini
Photoshop kid
Lauren Haggis
Lyla
James Ransone
Harv
Etta Cox
notary
Barry Bradford
jail guard, entry hall
Rick Warner
county jail captain
James Francis Kelly III
lab van driver
Denise Dal Vera
Eugenie
Nazanin Boniadi
Elaine
Lisa Ann Goldsmith
female guard 2
Jeff Hochendoner
Alex’s thug buddy
Quantia Mali
phone operator
Trudie Styler
Dr Byrdie Lifson
David Flick
male nurse
Fabio Polanco
phone repairman
Sean Huze
Jonathan Berry
prison guards
Tamara Gorski
Patrick Brennan
hospital guards
Brenna McDonough
Brenda
Kathy Fitzgerald
neighbour
Tom Quinn
elderly man
Melissa Jackson
Air Canada clerk
Patrick F. McDade
airport security chief

Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
Colour/Prints by
DeLuxe
[2:35:1]

Distributor
Lionsgate UK

11,967 ft +1 frame

127 Hours

USA/United Kingdom/
Australia 2010

Director: Danny Boyle

With James Franco,
Amber Tamblyn, Kate Mara,
Clémence Poésy

Certificate 15 93m 34s

Danny Boyle has often stranded his leads in tight spots – marooned in paradise, stalked by zombies, banged up by Indian police – leaving audiences to wonder: “How’s he going to get out of this one?” The approach reaches a kind of literalist purity in *127 Hours*, whose hero is trapped between a rock and a hard place, the rock being a rock and the hard place being more rock. The film’s title refers to the length of time climber Aron Ralston (played by James Franco) spent wedged in a Utah crevasse, his right arm pinioned against a sandstone wall by a boulder. The fact that most viewers will know the outcome of the real-life incident on which the film is based – Ralston survived by using a blunt knife to sever his arm below the elbow – means that the film plays out less as a cliffhanger than as an extended exercise in dramatic irony and, eventually, grisly endurance viewing. The suspense, critically speaking, comes from wondering how as restlessly kinetic a director as Boyle will tackle a story about an immobile man in a confined location.

The answer, it turns out, is to treat it no less kinetically than any of his other subjects. *127 Hours* opens with overlapping shots of teeming masses (sports crowds, subway passengers, financial markets) and establishes a vibrant momentum as Ralston embarks on his solo excursion. Extreme close-ups, split screens, stunning landscapes and jittery, pixellating handlebar-cam – Ralston has his own video and stills cameras, as well as an iPod – establish a vivid aesthetic in keeping with the hyper-adrenalised lead. A chance encounter with two female hikers maintains the pace while establishing Ralston as a likeably cocky self-declared “weirdo” whose overconfidence is offset by childlike joie de vivre. This all lends the stillness that Boyle imposes after Ralston’s sudden entrapment a real potency, a jolting sense of awful indifference.

But such reticence is shortlived. As if compensating for the physical

confinement, Boyle offers an excitedly externalised take on Ralston’s thought-world: dream sequences, flashbacks and fantasies abound but remain tethered to the present experience. He imagines riding a rock to freedom; astrally projects himself back to a soft drink left in the car; regrets selfish behaviour towards parents and girlfriend. And when it comes to the crunch, Boyle goes into expressive overdrive, with flashes of lightning, bursts of grating, high-pitched atonality and shots that get closer to the subcutaneous action than might have been thought possible (or, for some, desirable).

Franco is a major asset here, winkingly charismatic then disarmingly humble; one can imagine worse people to be trapped in a crevasse with. Crucially, Franco’s Ralston retains a wicked sense of humour at his own expense: he muses, when the time comes to drink his own urine, that it tastes like “a bag of piss”. He seems the kind of guy to appreciate Boyle’s use of Bill Withers’s ‘Lovely Day’ on the soundtrack, or the nice irony of taking on the desert single-handed only to leave the desert single-handed.

This humility locates him somewhere in the middle of a map of recent cinematic lost boys: he’s in a more acute fix than Tom Hanks in Robert Zemeckis’s *Cast Away* (2000); less hapless than the Gerrys of Gus Van Sant’s *Gerry* (2002); more complacent than the climbers of Kevin Macdonald’s *Touching the Void* (2003); less doctrinaire than Christopher McCandless in Sean Penn’s *Into the Wild* (2007).

In other ways, *127 Hours* brings to mind the *Saw* franchise of torture-porn thought-experiments, its protagonist trapped in a tight space facing the consequences of his actions with distinctly limited options and a wholly unpalatable set of tools.

◆ Ben Walters

CREDITS

Directed by
Danny Boyle
Produced by
Christian Colson
Danny Boyle
John Smithson
Screenplay
Danny Boyle
Simon Beaufoy
Based on the book
Between a Rock and a Hard Place by Aron Ralston
Directors of Photography
Anthony Dod Mantle
Enrique Chediak
Film Editor
Jon Harris

Production Designer
Sutirat Larlarb
Music
A.R. Rahman

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SYNOPSIS Pittsburgh, present day. Teacher John Brennan and his wife Lara are breakfasting with their small son Luke when police burst in and arrest Lara for the murder of her boss. She’s convicted and sent to prison. After legal avenues are exhausted, and Lara attempts suicide, John realises he must take action. He seeks the advice of Damon Pennington, author and serial prison escapee. John then reconnoitres the prison routine, and acquires false passports and a gun – shooting a drug dealer and setting fire to his meths lab in the process. He breaks into the medical van carrying details of diabetic Lara’s regular blood test, and tampers with the results so that she is taken into hospital – where he’s able to abduct her. With detectives giving chase, John collects Luke from a children’s party and escapes the police cordon by offering an old couple a lift so that his vehicle isn’t stopped.

John, Lara and Luke board a flight to Venezuela. Investigators return to the scene of the crime but fail to spot the coat button that would prove Lara’s innocence.

SYNOPSIS Utah, 2003. Experienced 27-year-old climber Aron Ralston heads to Blue John Canyon for a weekend of hiking, not telling anyone of his plans. After walking for a while, he meets two less experienced hikers, Kristi and Megan. He shows them unmarked routes and a secluded swimming spot, then sets off alone. Losing his footing, Aron skitters down a crevasse and a falling boulder traps his right arm below the elbow. He fails to loosen it with the blunt knife of a multi-tool, which he drops and painstakingly retrieves. As night falls, he dreams of escape; the next day, he has flashbacks to his childhood. Another day passes. Food and water run low. As another day passes, he drinks his own urine, and carves his name and the dates of his birth and supposed death into the rock face. He has visions of his family at the bottom of the crevasse, including what he believes to be a premonition of his own son. Resolving to escape, Aron breaks his arm and uses the multi-tool to sever the tissue around the bones. Using his backpack as a tourniquet-sling, he abseils down a cliff and makes his way to a path where he meets other hikers. A postscript shows the real-life Aron, swimming and mountaineering with a prosthetic arm, alongside his wife, whom he met in 2008, and their son.

Pathé Productions
Limited and Dune
Entertainment III LLC (in
Brazil, Italy, Japan, Korea
and Spain)
Production Companies
Fox Searchlight Pictures and
Pathé present in
association with Everest
Entertainment a Cloud
Eight/Decibel Films/
Darlow Smithson
production
A Danny Boyle film
Executive Producers
Bernard Bellew
John J. Kelly
François Ivernel
Cameron McCracken
Lisa Maria Falcone
Tessa Ross
Co-producers
Tom Heller
Gareth Smith
Associate Producer
Diarmuid McKeown
**Unit Production
Managers**
John J. Kelly
Bernard Bellew
Production Supervisors
Duff Rich
Additional Unit:
Craig Ayers
**Production
Co-ordinator**
Craig Ayers
Production Accountant
Jack W. Haddox
Location Managers
Dennis Light
Larry Campbell
**Post-production
Supervisor**
Jeanette Haley
Assistant Directors
1st: David A. Ticotin
1st: J. Scott Smiley
2nd: Cody J. Harbaugh
2nd: Heather Toone
Johnson
Script Supervisors
Kristin Ludwin
Tracey Merkle
Casting
Donna Isaacson
**Aerial Director of
Photography**
David B. Nowell
Camera Operators
C: Mike Call
Underwater: Peter
Zuccanni
Gaffers
Thomas Nievelt
Justin Andrews
Key Grips
Alan Stoddard
Daniel Courtright
Visual Effects
Union Visual Effects Ltd.
Special Effects
Erich Mingebach
Co-ordinator:
Blair Foord
Art Director
Chris DeMuri
Set Decorator
Les M. Boothe
Property Master
Scott Arneman
**Construction
Co-ordinator**
Brent Astrope
Costume Designer
Suttirat Larlarb
Costume Supervisor
Jacqueline Newell
Co-department Head
Make-up Artists
Gina Horan
Stephanie Scott
Make-up Effects
Designed/Created by
Tony Gardner and
Alterian, Inc.
Department Head Hair
Jenna Kilgrew
Main/End Titles Design
Matt Curtis, AP
Choir
The Gleehive Children's
Choir
**Orchestrator/
Orchestral Conductor**
Matt Dunkley
Soundtrack
"Never Hear Surf Music
Again" – Free Blood;
"Scooby-Doo, Where Are
You"; "Nocturne No. 2 in
E flat" by Frédéric
Chopin; "If I Rise" by A.R.

Rahman, Dido
Armstrong, Rollo
Armstrong – Dido, A.R.
Rahman; "Heart and
Soul"; "Sleeping
Monkey"; "Lovely Day" –
Bill Withers; "Ça plane
pour moi" – Plastic
Bertrand; "If You Love Me
(Really Love Me)" –
Esther Phillips; "Festival"
– Sigur Rós
Sound Designer
Glenn Freemantle
Sound Mixers
Steven C. Laneri
Douglas Cameron
Re-recording Mixers
Ian Tapp
Richard Phryke
**Supervising Sound
Editor**
Glenn Freemantle
Stunt Co-ordinator
Patrick J. Statham

CAST

James Franco
Aron Ralston
Amber Tamblyn
Megan
Kate Mara
Kristi
Clémence Poésy
Rana
Kate Burton
Aron's mom
Lizzy Caplan
Sorja
Sean A. Bott
Aron's friend
Koleman Stinger
Aron age 5
Treat Williams
Aron's dad
John Lawrence
Bron
**Bailee Michelle
Johnson**
Sorja age 10
Parker Hadley
Aron age 15
Fenton G. Quinn
Blue John
P.J. Hull
boy on sofa
Pieter Jan Brugge
Eric Meijer
Rebecca Olson
Monique Meijer
Jeffrey Wood
Andy Meijer
Norman Lehnert
Dan
Xmas Lutu
helicopter co-pilot
Terry S. Mercer
helicopter pilot
Darin Southern
Zach

**Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS**
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Pathé Distribution

8,421 ft +0 frames

The Portuguese Nun

Portugal/France 2009

Director: Eugène Green

With Leonor Baldaque, Ana Moreira,
Adrien Michaux, Beatriz Batarda

The Portuguese Nun is our Film of the
Month and is reviewed on page 44.

CREDITS

A film by
Eugène Green
Produced by
Luís Urbano
Sandro Aguilar
Screenplay
Eugène Green
**Director of
Photography**
Raphaël O'Byrne
Editor
Valérie Loiseleux
Art Director
Zé Branco

©O Som e a Fúria, MACT
Productions
Production Companies
O Som e a Fúria, MACT
Productions present a
film supported by MC –
Ministério da
Cultura/ICA – Instituto
do Cinema e do
Audiovisual
Produced with
investment from FICA
With the participation of
CNC – Centre national de
la cinématographie, RTP
– Radiotevisão
Portuguesa
A film by Eugène Green
Executive Producer
Luís Urbano
Co-produced by
Martine de Clermont
Tonnerre
**Production Manager/
Portugal Production
Manager**
Ângela Cerveira
**Portugal Production
Supervisor**
João Gusmão
**Production
Co-ordinators**
Portugal:
Cristina Almeida
France:
Lydia Nataf
Corinne Accardo
Assistant Directors
1st: Bruno Lourenço
2nd: Patrick Mendes

Script Supervisor
Renata Sancho
**Portuguese Screenplay
Translation**
Marta Lisboa
Leonor Baldaque
Gaffer
Pedro Paiva
Key Grip
Paulo Miranda
Properties
João Paulo Santos (Kid)
Hair/Make-up
Susana Queiroga
Soundtrack
"Esquina de rua"; "Mote";
"Ser aquele" – Camané
(vocals), José Manuel
Neto (Portuguese guitar),
Carlos Manuel Proença
(violin), Paulo Paz (bass);
"Não vou"; "Xaile
encarnado"; "M.F." –
Âldina Duarte (vocals),
José Manuel Neto
(Portuguese guitar),
Carlos Manuel Proença
(violin)
Sound Recordists
Vasco Pimentel
Georges-Henri Mauchant
Stéphane Thiébaut
Vasco Pimentel
Georges-Henri Mauchant
Stéphane Thiébaut
Post-synchronization
Laurent Chassaingne

CAST

Leonor Baldaque
Julie de Hauranne
Ana Moreira
Sister Joana
Adrien Michaux
Martin Dautand
Beatriz Batarda
Madalena
Diogo Dória
D Henrique Cunha Mello
de Lencastre
Carloto Cotta
D Sebastião
Francisco Mozos
Vasco
Eugène Green
Denis Verde



Ana Moreira, Leonor Baldaque

Manuel Mozos
receptionist
Márcia Breia
sacristan
Camané
Aldina Duarte
fado singers
José Manuel Neto
Portuguese guitarist
Carlos Proença Ferraz
Miguel Ramos
viola players
Paulo Paz
bass player
Susana Queiroga
make-up artist
Paulo Miranda
key grip
Bruno Lourenço
Denis' assistant

film crew
Raphaël O'Byrne
director of photography
Lisa Persson
1st assistant camera
Hugo Azevedo
2nd assistant camera
Inês Pestana
video assist
Vasco Pimentel
sound recordist
Michelle Chan
boom operator
Renata Sancho
script supervisor
Margarida Morins
wardrobe

Cláudio Nascimento
Baixa official
Martim Grange
Luca
Pilar Grange
Pilar

Vera Grange
Catarina

tram passengers
António Santos
man with walking stick
Gracinda Lourenço
old lady
Eva Carvalho
child

João Gusmão
Lydie Barbara
Jão Nicolau
Mariana Ricardo
Luís Urbano
Ângela Cerveira
Miguel Gomes
Zé Branco
Maria Joana Figueiredo
Telmo Fernandes
audience at fado house

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
ICA Cinema

Portuguese theatrical title
A religiosa portuguesa
French theatrical title
La Religieuse
portugaise

Rabbit Hole

USA 2010

Director: John Cameron Mitchell

With Nicole Kidman, Aaron Eckhart,
Dianne Wiest, Tammy Blanchard
Certificate 12A 90m 54s

If the death of children and the
intolerable grief associated with it are
cinema's greatest taboo, it's perhaps
surprising how often films have broken
that taboo: the subject featured
prominently in Terry George's
Reservation Road (2007) and Clint
Eastwood's *Mystic River* (2003), and was
tackled as community-wide suffering
in Atom Egoyan's *The Sweet Hereafter*
(1997) and as a distanced half-life in
Lawrence Kasdan's *The Accidental Tourist*
(1988). But in James Cameron Mitchell's
faithful (if gently opened up) adaptation
of Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright
David Lindsay-Abaire's *Rabbit Hole*,
grief over the death of a child lies at
the dramatic heart of the movie – like
a silent, open coffin – and, as such, it
has few direct comparisons.

It is a sensitive, honest play,
sensitively and honestly adapted (by
the playwright) and sensitively and
honestly directed by Mitchell – but it
is circumscribed, albeit not cripplinglly,
by theatrical convention and cinematic
limitation. The loss of a child is "like a
brick. It never goes away. That's... good,"
Becca's mother (Dianne Wiest) confides
(her own drug-addict son, Becca's
brother, committed suicide), allowing
both for the inevitable continuity of
parental suffering, the unpredictable,
emotionally destructive and
individually defined nature of grieving,
and the slow gradations of acceptance.

But movies make no such
allowances: they (and their short
running times) demand dramatic
compression, structured organisation
and accelerated development – all of
which create problems here. Thus the
necessarily internalised, pressure-
cooked performances of Aaron Eckhart
and Nicole Kidman as grieving parents
Howie and Becca are compromised in
their effect by their characters being
assigned polarised values: viz, his need
to retain tokens of their dead son's
presence, to stay in the house, to
embrace the experience of similarly
afflicted parents and to start a new
family; her opposite reaction on all
those counts. Likewise, the licence
Mitchell exercises in either withholding
information – for a full 15 minutes
the explicit cause of Becca and Howie's
grief is kept from us – or in delaying
for the majority of the movie any sense
of the evidently disintegrating couple's
potential destiny, leads to a challenging
monotony of tone not entirely
conducive to audience sympathy.
Worse, Mitchell's retention of the
source play's rigid structural bifurcation
– from every scene of Howie with Gaby,
the woman he befriends at therapy
group, we cut unfailingly to Becca
with Jason, the teenage boy she reaches
out to – only serves to reinforce a sense
of theatrical mechanicalism.

As an auteur work, *Rabbit Hole* is
interesting. The no-holds-barred nature

SYNOPSIS Lisbon, the present. Parisian actress Julie de Hauranne arrives to
appear in a film version of Comte de Guillaumes's 17th-century novel about the
love affair between a Portuguese nun and a French naval officer. While exploring
the city, she meets Vasco, a six-year-old orphan being raised by Madalena, a family
friend. In a restaurant, Julie encounters D. Henrique Cunha Mollo de Lencastre,
an impoverished nobleman. After watching a nun who prays nightly in the Nossa
Senhora do Monte chapel near the hotel, she has a late drink with her director,
Denis Verde.

The following night, Julie visits Henrique's flat, where he explains how meeting
her has stopped him from committing suicide. They go to the chapel, where Julie
faints. The next day, she meets her co-star Martin Dautand, and they shoot a love
scene in the chapel. Martin describes his contented but passionless marriage back
in Paris, and the two make love. After filming his last scene, Martin flies home.

No longer able to afford Vasco's upkeep, Madalena will soon be forced to place
him in an orphanage. Julie proposes finding a family to adopt him in Paris. At
a disco, Julie tells a young man that she believes him to be the reincarnation of
16th-century Portuguese king D. Sebastião. In the chapel, Julie faints again when
the nun seems to vanish before her eyes. The nun – named Sister Joana – revives
her, and they have a long, mystical conversation.

In the morning, Julie shoots her final scene. Later, she offers to adopt Vasco
herself, and Madalena agrees. She tells the reincarnation of D. Sebastião that the
third time they meet, it will perhaps mean that he is the love of her life. Julie
teaches Vasco his first French word: *maman*.

of Mitchell's previous work – the emotionally headstrong transgender musical *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* (2001) and the rumbustiously, sexually explicit fresco of *Shortbus* (2006) – makes *Rabbit Hole* seem like an exercise in repression, for director and film alike, which is why the scenes in which Eckhart lets his anger explode, or Wiest freewheels with prattling honesty, feel so welcome. In concordance with the thespian containment – too undemonstrative, one feels, for Academy votes, though Miles Teller makes an impressive debut as Jason – Mitchell utilises highly disciplined *mise en scène*, leaving little room for exploration or expression in either Frank G. DeMarco's cinematography or the introspective, low-key score by Anton Sanko. Still, it's a brave – and honest – film, too discomfiting to be merely 'worthy' but, finally, too restricted to be fully emotionally or artistically satisfying.

♥♦ Wally Hammond

CREDITS

Directed by
John Cameron Mitchell
Produced by
Leslie Urdang
Dean Vanech
Nicole Kidman
Per Saari
Gigi Pritzker
Screenplay
David Lindsay-Abaire
Based on his play
Director of Photography
Frank G. DeMarco
Edited by
Joe Klotz
Production Designer
Kalina Ivanov
Music
Anton Sanko

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Production Companies
An Olympus Pictures,
Blossom Films, OddLot
Entertainment
production
Executive Producers
Dan Revers
William Lischak
Linda McDonough
Brian O'Shea
Co-producers
Caroline Jaczko
Geoff Linville
Associate Producer
Gemma O'Neill
Unit Production

Manager
Caroline Jaczko
Production Supervisors
Fran Giblin
2nd Unit:
Erik Weigel
Production Co-ordinator
Patricia De Paula
Accountant
Sarah Rubenstein
Location Manager
Eddy Collyns
Assistant Directors
1st: Karen Kane
2nd: Thomas K. Lee
2nd: Patrick Huber
2nd Unit
1st: David McWhirter
1st: Neil Daly
Script Supervisor
Dianne Hounsell
Casting
Sig De Miguel
Stephen Vincent
Camera Operator
George Bianchini
B. Michael Indursky
Steadicam Operator
George Bianchini
Gaffers
Radium Cheung
2nd Unit:
Brooks Toran
Key Grips
Caswell Cooke
2nd Unit:
Melissa Guimaraes
Special Effects Foreman

Edward A. Drohan IV
Art Director
Ola Maslik
Set Decorator
Diana Salzburg
Comic Book Design/Illustration by
Dash Shaw
Prop Masters
Yolan Fisher
2nd Unit:
Cynthia Nibler
Anna Butwell
Construction Co-ordinator
Peter Bundrick
Costume Designer
Ann Roth
Wardrobe Supervisor
Sonja Cizmazia
Make-up Department Head
Kyra Panchenko
Key Make-up Artists
Amy Spiegel
2nd Unit:
Angela Levine
Department Head Hair
Colleen Callaghan
Key Hair Stylists
Joe Whitmeyer
2nd Unit:
Linda de Andrea
Main Titles
Anthony Brandoniso
Orchestration
Joachim Horsley
Music Supervisor
Robin Urdang
Soundtrack
"Over the Moon" – Rick Riso; "Ivory Tickle" – Charlotte Politte; "Lay It Down" – Al Green featuring Anthony Hamilton; "No Better Love" – Angela Johnson; "Look at You Now" – Katie Herzig; "What Do You Know" – Beatphreak; "Don't Give Up on Us" – David Soul; "Miss High Heels" – The Steps; "Anthem" – Ron Founterberry; "Bored" – Zhang Zhene; "Nail" – Anton Sanko; "Oh Oh" – The Daylights
Production Sound Mixer
Jan McLaughlin
Re-recording Mixer
Ron Bochar
Supervising Sound Editor
Ben Cheah
Stunt Co-ordinator
Doug Crosby

CAST

Nicole Kidman
Becca Corbett
Aaron Eckhart
Howie Corbett

Dianne Wiest
Nat
Tammy Blanchard
Izzy
Miles Teller
Jason
Giancarlo Esposito
Auggie
Jon Tenney
Rick
Sandra Oh
Gabby
Patricia Kalember
Peg
Julie Lauren
Debbie
Stephen Mailer
Kevin
Mike Doyle
Craig
Roberta Wallach
Rhonda
Ali Marsh
Donna
Yetta Gottesman
Ana
Colin Mitchell
Sam
Deirdre Goodwin
Reema
Rob Campbell
Bob
Jennifer Roszell
Sotheby's receptionist
Marylouise Burke
librarian
Jay Wilkison
Gary
Ben Hudson
Sammy
Salli Saffioti
Lori
Ursula Clare Parker
Lilly
Phoenix List
Danny Corbett
Sandi Carroll
Abby
Teresa Kelsey
Mary
Sara Jane Blazo
Jason's mother
Brady Parisella
Caden

Dolby Digital In Colour [1.85:1]

Distributor
Metrodome Distribution Ltd

8,181 ft +0 frames

Road to Las Vegas

United Kingdom 2010
Director: Jason Massot

British documentary-maker Jason Massot set out in 2005 to explore the attraction of Las Vegas for the 200 people who arrive there each day to make a new start. What he ended up with four years later was not only a portrait of one doggedly hopeful African-American family but also an accidental snapshot of the US buckling under the weight of the recession. As *Road to Las Vegas* starts, Vanessa and Maurice have left their home in Anchorage, Alaska, on God's say-so: He told Vanessa in a dream to hit the road. So seriously does she take His advice that she later blames a spell of bad luck on the fact that she acquiesced to Maurice's request to visit his folks rather than heading straight to Vegas.

But Vanessa is no sap. It is her indomitable will that unites her large family – she and Maurice have ten children between them, the five youngest of whom accompany them to Vegas – and keeps them surging forwards long after their optimism should have dwindled to nought. For most people, sleeping seven (plus dog) in a rented car parked next to an airport runway and scraping by on small change won in a casino would represent the bottom of the barrel. Vanessa, though, rarely falters; this makes it all the more cataclysmic when she says, "I kinda think God's let me down," following a particularly grisly bust-up with Maurice after he returns to his old crack-smoking ways.

Road to Las Vegas could be seen as a rise-and-fall story, with the family progressing from initial destitution through a year of relative comfort when Vanessa lands a job, only for problems both internal (drugs, infidelity) and external (bereavement, the economy) to thwart them again. Except that the

evenness of temperament in Vanessa and her children, mirrored in Massot's own watchful but unexcitable direction, confounds this reading. Vertiginous drops and hairpin bends in their lives barely rattle them; Glenn Jones's acoustic guitar, which makes some detours late in the day into Ry Cooder/*Paris, Texas* bottleneck territory, plays its part in levelling out the peaks and troughs. The score also fits nicely with the many driving shots. The camera gazes out at passing motels and mighty mountain ranges, conveying the allure of the open road, which inspires seven million Americans a year to up sticks and scam.

The picture's resistance to melodrama in the face of so many opportunities is even more impressive given that Massot has spoken of almost being attacked during shooting, once by a junkie in downtown Las Vegas and on another occasion by Maurice (who, high on crack, had taken him for Vanessa's lover). A sensationalist director would have left those lip-smackers in the film, but Massot – never seen and rarely heard – keeps the material on an even keel and trusts that the details will speak for themselves. They do. Whether it's Maurice, fresh out of prison for the third time during the four-year shoot, clinging to the perimeter fence around the runway as a symbol of happier times, or the family dog sniffing out \$17 at the kerbside, or Vanessa tugging a Caesars Palace baseball cap over her eyes as the recession bites, Massot compiles a tender record of faith in the face of poverty. His *Road to Las Vegas* is paved with good intentions.

♥♦ Ryan Gilbey

CREDITS

Directed by
Jason Massot
Producers
Teddy Leifer
Jason Massot
Filed by
Jason Massot
Editor
Alan Mackay
Music
Glenn Jones

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Production Companies
More 4, RISE Films, Borderland Films
Executive Producer
Sandra Whiphram
Associate Producer
Joanna Pocock

Production Accountant
Matt Jones
Soundtrack
"David and the Phoenix"; "The Doll Hospital"; "This Is the Wind That Blows It Out"; "Heartbreak Hill"; "Cady"; "Friday Nights With"; "Sphinx unto Curious Men"; "Freedom Raga"; "The Teething Necklace (For John Fahey)" by Glenn Jones – Glenn Jones
Dubbing Mixer
Matt Skilton
Sound Editors
Andy Hodges
Ross Millership

WITH

Maurice Melton
Vanessa Melton
Marcel Melton
Maurice Melton Jr

Isis Melton
Malcolm Melton
Zeke Melton
on-screen participants
Bernice Mikes
Vanessa's mother
Les
Maurice's friend
Darren
Vanessa's friend
Shelana
Vanessa's eldest daughter
Andy
Vanessa's new boyfriend
Vegas Mike
on-screen participant
Lloyd Melton
Maurice's brother
Ruby Moore
Maurice & Lloyd's mother

In Colour [1.78:1]

Distributor
ICA Cinema

Opening title cards read
Road to Las Vegas
A Story of Love and Family
In the Years of Boom and Bust

SYNOPSIS Queens, New York, the present. Becca and Howie Corbett are grieving; it is later revealed that their four-year-old son Danny was run over and killed eight months ago, having dashed into the road after the family dog.

Becca plants shrubs in their garden, only for them to be accidentally trampled on by neighbour Peg. Howie regularly views footage of Danny on his iPhone. Becca's sister Izzy visits, and reveals that she's pregnant. Howie asks Becca whether she would consider having another child; she says it's too soon. Howie takes Becca to a therapy group where she is annoyed by the remarks of Christian members and asks to leave.

Later, Becca sees a teenage boy on a school bus and follows it. Her mother describes her own grief over the suicide of Becca's brother. Becca announces to Howie that they should sell their house. Following the school bus again, Becca makes contact with the boy, Jason. He reveals himself to be the driver of the car that killed Danny, and apologises to Becca. Howie secretly befriends Gabby, a member of the therapy group. Becca and Howie have their first stand-up row. Jason appears at the house with a comic book he's made, which depicts alternative universes for an imagined family; Howie explodes in anger. Becca visits Jason's house; seeing that he's leaving for a prom, she waits all night. Howie visits Gabby's house but turns back, realising his mistake.

Back home, Howie awakes to find Becca in the kitchen. In the dawn light, they come to a silent understanding. Later, at a family gathering, Becca and Howie resign themselves to observing the social niceties.

SYNOPSIS A documentary spanning four years in the life of one American family. In 2005, Vanessa has a dream in which God tells her to move from Anchorage, Alaska, to Las Vegas. With her husband Maurice and the youngest five of the ten children they have between them, she does just that. The family sleep in a rented car. Maurice tries to find work.

In 2006, the film returns to Vanessa, who now has a job and a house. After a violent argument over his drug habit, Maurice leaves. By 2007, the children have gone to live with Vanessa's oldest daughter, and Vanessa has moved in with her new partner, who proposes marriage. But in 2008, Vanessa and Maurice are back together, along with three of their children. Vanessa has lost her job and house in the recession. After the funeral of Maurice's brother, Vanessa and Maurice embrace, hopeful for the future.

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The Scar Crow

United Kingdom 2009
Directors: Andy Thompson, Pete Benson
With Anna Tolputt, Marysia Kay, Kevyn Connatt, Tim Major
Certificate 18 83m 32s

Opening in a 17th-century setting with a well-staged period witch-swimming and hanging in the woods and three sexily weird sisters dominated by a treacherous patriarch, Pete Benson and Andy Thompson's modest homegrown essay in the scarecrow-slasher subgenre (cf. *Scarecrows*, *Kakashi*, *Night of the Scarecrow*, *Scarecrow Gone Wild*, *Scarecrow Slayer*, *Messengers 2: The Scarecrow*) has a pleasant throwback feel that evokes 1970s items such as Piers Haggard's *Blood on Satan's Claw* or José Larraz's *Vampyres*. However, it soon develops into a scrappy present-day story that's more in line with the current trend for Brit-blokey horrors (*Severance*, *Doghouse*, *The Cottage*, *Stag Knight*, *Small Town Folk*, *Lesbian Vampire Killers*), as white-collar lads bunking off from a team-building exercise are beguiled by the witch sisters. In the local pub, exposition is delivered Hammer Films-style by nattering peasants the visitors unwisely ignore, and back at the farm things take a sexploitation turn as the older girls go to work on keeping the boys around in order to harvest various body parts.

After a long build-up, mostly ominous atmosphere and all-too-credible city-lout behaviour, the film jumps into 1980s gore-mongery as the first victim drunkenly staggers into a field to take a leak against a scarecrow and suffers a shock amputation in the manner of the unwary hiker in the Bigfoot 'video nasty' *Night of the Demon* (1980). With the supporting victims swiftly mangled, narrator Daz and his out-of-control friend Tonk carry the film: Daz is the go-along guy who draws a line, like Michael J. Fox in *Casualties of War* (1989), and breaks his best mate's nose to stop him raping the youngest girl. But Tim Major's performance as a drunken horndog capable of terrible things without really meaning them is much more interesting than Kevyn Connatt's wavery hero. Tonk also has a nice narrative shortcut moment as he tumbles that the seemingly innocent women are part of the horrors engulfing

him, and swiftly sees the sensible course of action with, "Oh shit, they're in on it, let's leave."

Marysia Kay, Anna Tolputt and Gabrielle Douglas are fun, enunciating arch period dialogue and smouldering like vintage spook starlets, or being alarmingly domestic as the menfolk go into panic mode – though there's a dissociation between the early scenes, which are grimly realistic in the depiction of a family of women dominated by a hypocritical rapist, and the more genially exploitative sex-and-gore business. ➡ **Kim Newman**

CREDITS

Directed by
 Andy Thompson
 Pete Benson
Produced by
 Andy Thompson
Written by
 Andy Thompson
 Pete Benson
Director of Photography
 Trevor Speed
Editors
 Jake Proctor
 Andy Thompson
Production Designer
 Melanie Light
Musical Score/Music Soundtrack
 Performed by
 Jon Samsworth

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Production Companies
 Dead On Arrival Digital presents a Gaia Media production
Associate Producers
 Melissa Waudby
 Crawford Anderson-Dillon
 Hub Media
 Paul Atherton
Production Managers
 Melissa Waudby
 Tim Major
Assistant Directors
 1st: Iain Rogerson
Special Effects
 Mike Peel
Costume Designer
 Neil Knudsen
Hair/Make-up Designer
 Sam Maxwell
Hair/Make-up
 Katie Fine
 Liz Hayes
Piano Solo
 Fiona Moran
Sound Design
 Stephen W. Taylor
Sound Recordist
 Matt Kemp
Sound Mix
 Stephen W. Taylor

CAST

Anna Tolputt
 Primrose, 'Prim'
Marysia Kay
 Vanessa

Kevyn Connatt
 Daz
Tim Major
 Tonk
Michael Walker
 Scar Crow/Joe
Darren McIlroy
 Nigel
Gabrielle Douglas
 Proper
Andrew Bolton
 Father Tanner
Anya Lahiri
 Rachel
Iain Rogerson
 commando 1
Markolai Bolkonsky
 commando 2
Mike Peel
 barman
Kevin Hallett
 justice general
Julie Barnard
 Elizabeth Tanner
Geoff Hammond
 old man
Cormac Thompson-Hale
 village boy
Carl Waters
 executioner
Matthew Brown
Toby Brown
Richard Croughton
Melissa Waudby
Melanie Light
Darren McIlroy
Katie Fine
Felix Coles
 villagers

In Colour
 [1.78:1]

Distributor
 Metrodome Distribution Ltd

7518 ft +11 frames

A Serbian Film

Serbia 2010
Director: Srđan Spasojević
With Srđan Todorović, Sergej Trifunović, Jelena Gavrilović
Certificate 18 99m 25s

Rivalling *The Human Centipede* as 2010's most notorious release, Srđan Spasojević's debut arrives in Britain minus four minutes, shorn by the British Board of Film Classification on the official grounds of sexual violence, sexualised violence and the portrayal of children in a sexualised/abusive context. Although Spasojević's blocking and cutting emphasise the fact that his child actors were filmed separately (so the uncut film might well evade prosecution under the normally draconian 1978 Protection of Children Act), it isn't hard to see why the BBFC played safe. It's not just the scenes with children that proved problematic: a quarter of the excised footage featured a woman deliberately asphyxiated by her rapist's penis.

That should ensure that most people will give *A Serbian Film* the widest possible berth: even the UK release is pretty strong meat. Stronger in some respects: its most notorious scene, originally incorporating a distinctly fake-looking baby (apparently born without umbilical cord or placenta) is arguably harder to take when greater reliance is placed on the viewer's imagination. At base, the film is a blatant piece of hucksterism, following marketing guidelines devised by its pornographer character Vukmir (Sergej Trifunović) in cynically exploiting Serbia's demonisation. Not since *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* has a title's geographical location proved so potent: *A Swiss Film*, *A Norwegian Film* or even (tellingly) *A Croatian Film* would have far less impact.

However, it's technically accomplished out of all proportion to its tiny budget, and has plenty of ideas, even if they take a back seat once the second half's atrocity exhibition gets going. Inspired by the pornography it lampoons, the film's central narrative could hardly be simpler: retired porn star Milos (Srđan Todorović, an Emir Kusturica regular) is lured back to his



Porn to be wild: Srđan Todorović

old profession by the promise of a whopping fee and an opportunity to push back the boundaries of art. However, the charming, saturnine Vukmir is keener on creating politicised snuff videos, with Milos kept docile (except where it counts) via a drug cocktail including cattle aphrodisiac.

An initially confrontational but gradually abandoned exploration of the debilitating effects of pornography on participants and consumers (the opening scene features Milos' young son Petar illicitly sampling his father's back catalogue) becomes an attempt at special pleading, with Vukmir complaining about Serbia's pariah status while producing highly specialised (and explicitly 'Serbian') porn for export. Presumably keen to avoid similar charges of hypocrisy, Spasojević and co-screenwriter Aleksandar Radivojević have repeatedly stressed their film's allegorical side (according to them, Serbia was collectively hypnotised and drugged by government Vukmirs), but it sheds less light on the national psyche than many recent Serbian films, whether genre efforts such as Dejan Zečević's amnesiac killer-thriller *The Fourth Man* (2007) or Mladen Djordjević's similarly taboo-busting but more overtly satirical *The Life and Death of a Porno Gang* (2009).

Where *A Serbian Film* undoubtedly does work (even in the BBFC cut) is as a straight-down-the-line horror film,

SYNOPSIS Serbia, the present. Retired porn star Milos has settled down with translator Marija and young son Petar, but reluctantly returns to the business after former co-star Lejla tells him that an acquaintance, Vukmir, will pay handsomely for Milos' sexual talents. Vukmir claims to have created a new kind of pornography, but refuses to elaborate.

Milos is directed via earpiece to perform in a series of sexual situations that he finds increasingly disturbing, thanks to the high level of violence and the presence of teenage Jeca, the daughter of a Serbian war hero. His policeman brother Marko discovers that Vukmir is a former child psychologist. Milos tries to break his contract; Vukmir shows him footage of a bodyguard raping a newborn baby. Milos leaves in disgust and collapses shortly afterwards, waking up three days later covered in bruises and dried blood. He returns to the now abandoned film location and discovers videotapes recording atrocities committed both by himself (beating and beheading Jeca's mother) and others (Lejla being suffocated). It transpires that Milos was taken then to a warehouse and ordered to rape one of two shrouded bodies, while a masked man did the same to the other. After discovering that they were Petar and Marija, and that the masked man was Marko, Milos killed Vukmir and his bodyguards while Marija killed Marko.

Milos returns home and kills his family (including himself) with a single bullet. A wealthy businessman arrives with a camera crew and orders his bodyguard to start violating the corpses.

SYNOPSIS Rural England, the 17th century. Elizabeth Tanner is hanged as a witch because her husband has informed against her in order to have unrestrained sexual access to their three daughters. Vanessa and Proper, the older sisters, prevent Tanner from raping Primrose, the youngest girl, by fatally injuring him and using their mother's witch books to turn him into an undead scarecrow. He inflicts a counter-curse on the three women, however, confining them to the farm forever.

In the present day, Daz wakes up from a nightmare and tells his fiancée Rachel about the events that led to his troubled sleep. Earlier, Daz and his work friends Tonk, Joe and Nigel were on an orienteering course in the countryside as part of a team-building exercise, and happened on the Tanner sisters' farm. In an attempt to lift the curses, the witch women lure the young men to their cottage; their scarecrow father murders Joe, Nigel and Tonk so that their body parts can be recycled to create a composite scarecrow to replace Tanner.

When Daz finishes his story, Rachel turns into a scarecrow and attacks him; his head ends up on the composite in the field.

staging its set pieces with sufficient flair and variety to retain attention, albeit frequently of the appalled fascination kind. Vukmir's climactic unveiling of 'the perfect Serbian family' in the form of a single incestuous tableau is too pat to have the intended emotional impact, although the film's actual ending, proposing that Vukmir is far from alone and that death offers no escape, is effectively nihilistic. But perhaps the most telling self-criticism comes at the start, when Milos' wife Marija describes his work as "cartoon films for grown-ups", an impression that's hard to shake when subsequently confronted by her naked, priapic husband roaring like a bull after despatching a one-eyed henchman with the aid of the hardest weapon immediately to hand.

♥ Michael Brooke

CREDITS

Director
Srdan Spasojevic
Producer
Srdan Spasojevic
Screenplay
Aleksandar Radivojevic
Srdan Spasojevic
Director of Photography
Nemanja Jovanov
Editor
Darko Simic
Production Designers
Nemanja Petrovic
Ivana Protic
Music
Sky Wikluh

© [none]
Production Company
Contrafilm presents a film by Srdana Spasojevic
Executive Producer
Dragoljub Vojnov
Unit Production Manager
Nikola Pantelic
Production Manager
Natasia Milojevic
Post-production Supervisor
Nikola Pantelic
Assistant Directors
Miroslav Stamatov
Working with Children:
Jasmin Cvistic
Camera Operators
A: Pablo Ferro Zvanovic
B: Bojan Brborca
Steadicam Operators
Milos Koderno
Nebojsa Ovuka
Gaffer
Dragan Tenjovic
Graphics Art Director
Kosta Rakicevic
Scenic Props
Aleksandar Putic
Props
Dejan Stojiljkovic
Milorad Kalanj
Costume Designer
Jasmina Sanader
Make-up
Dubravka Busatlija
Special Make-up Effects
Miroslav Lakobrija
Nenad Gajic
Title Animation
Marko Katanic
Soundtrack
"Zeko i potocić" –
Jelena Gavrilovic
Sound Design
Aleksandar Protic
Sound Recordists
Milos Drobniakovic
Dorde Durovic
Sound Mixer
Aleksandar Perisic
Spasic
Stunt Co-ordinator
Milica Popovic

CAST

Srdan Todorovic
Milos
Sergej Trifunovic
Vukmir
Jelena Gavrilovic
Marija
Katarina Zutic
Lejla
Slobodan Bestic
Marko
Ana Sakic
Jeca's mother
Lena Bogdanovic
doctor
Luka Mijatovic
Stefan
Angela Nenadovic
Jeca
Nenad Herakovic
guard 1
Miodrag Krcmarik
Rasa
Carni Deric
guard 2
Lidija Pletl
Jeca's grandmother
Tanja Divnic
nursery school teacher
Marina Savic
prostitute
Natasia Miljus
woman in labour
Marta Milosavljevic
'sponzorusa'; kept woman
Uros Jankovic
idler 1
Goran Macura
idler 2
Milena Zugic
girl in pool 1
Mila Milosevic
girl in pool 2
Miroslav Sencanski
film director
Ivan Cvetic
Milos Vrbica
bodyguards
Marijeta Goc
girl in bad porno film 1
Biljana Zurnic
girl in bad porno film 2
Dragana Jovanovic
butcher
Irena Korac
cashier
Dejan Bozovic
waiter
Sanja Spasojevic
Aleksandar Banjac
young couple

In Colour
[2.35:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Revolver Entertainment

8,947 ft +8 frames
(cuts of 4m 11s. For some cuts, other material was substituted.)

Serbian theatrical title
Srpski Film

Tangled

USA 2010

Directors: Nathan Greno,
Byron Howard

Voices of Mandy Moore, Zachary Levi, Donna Murphy, Ron Perlman

Disney returns to a classic fairytale for its 50th animated feature, the story of long-haired Rapunzel. Few elements of the Brothers Grimm version remain: Rapunzel is now a princess, captured by Mother Gothel (no mention of the word 'witch'). Rather than being under the spell of an enchantress, Rapunzel is the one with the supernatural power: Gothel relies on her magic hair for eternal youth. Love-interest Flynn is no prince but a thief – and one who's going to need a royal pardon.

While physically capable of escaping, this Rapunzel is a prisoner through fear and emotional blackmail: a sheltered, self-educated teen torn between devotion to her mother and adventure/romance. In order to gain independence, she must cut the apron strings – and her hair. Her unfeasibly long blonde mane is a symbol of her imaginative but impractical youth. It twists and turns playfully around her castle room but becomes more restrained as she experiences the world: she bundles it up, then ties it in a plait. Cutting it off will mark her arrival into adulthood, and release her from her prison. The power Gothel guards so jealously will be gone.

Initially an ambiguous character, Gothel frequently snaps in annoyance at Rapunzel before reassuring her that she's "only joking" and loves her deeply. Is she a loving but flawed adoptive mother who's selfish and vain, or simply a ruthless manipulator? It's a more sinister prospect than a clear-cut villain such as Cinderella's wicked stepmother. To Rapunzel, Gothel is more like the Wolf in 'Little Red Riding Hood': an apparently loving relative who will be unmasked as a predator.

Visually, directors Nathan Greno and Byron Howard (*Bolt*) have acknowledged their debt to Disney features from the 1940s and 1950s, housing their characters in classic fairytale palaces and affecting a painted style more commonly seen in older animations. They use 3D efficiently without resorting to gimmickry, saving the

SYNOPSIS A magic flower was once discovered by an old woman, Gothel, who became young every time she sang to it. In a nearby kingdom, the pregnant queen fell ill and was cured by the flower; her daughter Rapunzel was born with the same power in her hair. Gothel kidnapped Rapunzel, raising the child as her own in an isolated tower, and singing to her hair for eternal youth.

Unaware of her true identity, Rapunzel is now about to turn 18. Her 'mother' forbids her to go outside their tower. Flynn, a thief, climbs up the tower while fleeing palace guards. Rapunzel knocks him out and hides the crown he has stolen. She will return it when he guides her to the kingdom to see the floating lanterns that appear each year on her birthday – a tribute to the missing princess.

On the way to the kingdom Flynn and Rapunzel meet pub locals and befriend a horse called Maximus. Rapunzel is secretly approached by Gothel, who has followed them. Gothel gives Rapunzel the crown to test Flynn's loyalty. Rapunzel gives the crown to him after watching the lanterns; he promises to return to her. Flynn gives the crown to former cohorts the Stabington Brothers, now in league with Gothel. They strap him to a palace-bound boat with the crown. Gothel takes Rapunzel home, telling her that Flynn has traded her for the crown.

Maximus and the pub locals break Flynn out of prison. When Flynn arrives at the tower, Gothel stabs him. He cuts Rapunzel's hair short, reversing Gothel's rejuvenation. Gothel falls out of the window. Rapunzel's teardrop heals Flynn. Reunited with her parents, Rapunzel marries Flynn.

full impact for an emotive scene in which lanterns float through the sky and into the vision of the audience. This scene delivers an emotional punch, as does the climactic moment of self-sacrifice and redemption.

Animal sidekicks (a chameleon and a horse) stoke up visual humour effectively and occasionally inventively, but *Tangled* still lacks the laugh count of Pixar and DreamWorks counterparts such as the *Toy Story* and *Shrek* series. Musical numbers are well voiced but largely saccharine, with the exception of Gothel's 'Mother Knows Best', which combines a Broadway feel with lyrics of a darker intent ("Skip the drama, stay with Mamma..." she trills, trying to frighten Rapunzel away from the outside world).

Mixing fairytale plotting with strong female characters and modern dialogue, *Tangled* is a fairly typical contemporary Disney outing. It's not as epic as *The Lion King* (1994) but it has character, imagination and heart, as well as hair.

♥ Anna Smith

CREDITS

Directed by
Nathan Greno
Byron Howard
Produced by
Roy Conli
Screenplay
Dan Fogelman
Edited by
Tim Mertens
Production Designer
Douglas Rogers
Original Score
Composed by/Original
Songs Produced by
Alan Menken
Original Songs

Music by:
Alan Menken
Lyrics by:
Glenn Slater

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Production Company
Walt Disney Pictures
presents
Executive Produced by
John Lasseter
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Jennifer Christine Vera
Tim Pauer
Production Finance Lead

Belinda M. Hsu
Post-production Supervisor
Brent W. Hall
Casting
Jamie Sparer Roberts
Story
Head of Story:
Mark Kennedy
Production Department
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Story Artists:
Michael Labash
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Aurian Redson
John Ripa
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Chris Ure

Additional Story Artists:
Stephen Anderson
Paul Briggs
Dean Wellins
Chris Williams
Animation
Animation Supervisors:
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Clay Kaytis
Supervising Animators:
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Production Department
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Nicole P. Hearon
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Rebecca Wilson Bresee
Darrin Butters
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Youngjae Choi
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Renato Dos Anjos
Adam Dykstra
Chadd Ferron
Jason Figliozi
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Brent Homman
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Christopher Dennis
Lindsay
Sam Marin
Alexander Mark
Marlon Nowe
Patrick Osborne
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Zach 'Lazer' Parrish
Claus N. Pedersen
Daniel Martin Peixe
Malcolm B. Pierce III
Nik Ranieri
Joel Reid
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Henry Sanchez
Joe Sandstrom
Alli Sadegiani
Chad Sellers
Yuriko Senoo
Amy Lawson Smeed
Tony Smeed
Ron Smith
Michael Surrey
Wayne Unten
John Wong
Animation TD:
Ricky Rieckenberg

Effects
Effects Supervisor:
Michael Kaschak
Acting Production
Department Manager:
Mike Huang
Effects Animators:
Brett Boggs
Ian J. Coory
Peter Demund
David Hutchins
Kevin K. Lee
Dale Mayeda
Lighting
Lighting Supervisors:
Alessandro Jacomini
Brian Leach
Richard E. Lehmann
Robert L. Miles
Ernest J. Petti
Chris Springfield
Josh Staub
Technical Lighting
Supervisor:
Thaddeus P. Miller
Simulation Team
Simulation Supervisor:
Xinmin Zhao
Hair Process Lead:
Sean D. Jenkins
Hair Animation Lead:
Eric Daniels
Character TDs/Hair:
Brian Huffman
William D. Kastak
Anneet Kaur
Hubert Leo
Robert Rosenblum
Amy Shimano
Arun Somasundaram
Hidetaka Yosumi
Character TDs/Cloth:
Jay Banks
Craig Caton-Largent
Jeff MacNeill
Timmy Tompkins
General TDs:
Fabrice Ceugniet
Christopher Otto
Gallagher
Layout
Layout Supervisor:
Scott Beattie
Production Department
Managers:
Collin Larkins
Karen Ryan
Layout Artist/Camera
Polish:
Cory Rocco Florimonte
Layout Artists:
Allen Blaisdell
Rob Dressel
Todd Allen Erickson
Daniel Hu
Brian Kesinger
Terry Moews
Rick Moore
John Murrah
Christopher K. Poplin
Merrick Rustia
Wally Schaab
Richard Turner
David Wainstein
Doug Walker
Layout TD:
Jeff Sadler
Stereoscopic Supervisor
Robert Neuman
Editorial
Production Department

'Tangled'



Manager:
Yvett Merino
Associate Editor:
Shannon Stein
Art Director
David Goetz
Co-art Director
Dan Cooper
Visual Development/ Design
Design:
Mac George
Kevin Nelson
David Womersley
Character Design:
Kim Jin
Glen Keane
Shiyoon Kim
Bill Schwab
Visual Development
Artists:
Lauren Airriess
Gustaf 'Goose' Aspegren
Laurent Ben-Mimoun
Lorelay Bove
Justin Cram
Jim Finn
Claire Keane
Lisa Keane
Kent Melton
Craig Mullins
Scott Watanabe
Victoria Ying
Additional Visual
Development:
Seth Engstrom
Paul Felix
Mike Gabriel
Andy Harkness
Bill Perkins
Kyle Strawitz
Jeff Turley
Raffaello Vecchione
Look Development
Look/Lighting Director:
Mohit Kallianpur
Look Supervisors:
Colin Eckart
Heather Pritchett
Look Development Lead:
Chuck Tappan
Look Development
Artists:
Sara Virginia Cembalisky
Charles Colladay
Ryan Duncan
John Huikku
Hans-Joerg Keim
David Kersey
Kwon Ju Hee
Vicky Yu-Tzu Lin
Eric McLean
Michelle Lee Robinson
Leonard Robledo
Mitchell Allen Snary
Pamela Spertus
Lance Summers
Larry Wu
Jeannie Yip
Render Optimization
Lead:
Ramón Montoya
Vozmediano
Look Development TDs:
Hank Driskill
Andrew Kinney
Tal Lancaster
Adrienne Othón
Lewis N. Siegel
Nasheet Zaman
Modelling Supervisor
Greg Martin
Model Development
Production Department
Manager:
Audrey Ellen Geiger
Modellers:
Virgilio John Aquino
Leo Sanchez Barbosa
Yung-Lo Chang
Hiroki Itokazu
Yun Geuk Kang
Eryn Katz
Jon Krummel
Joe Kwong
David Mooy
Samy Segura
James E. Stapp
Chad Spencer
Stubblefield
Joe Whyte
End Title Designer
Mary Meacham Hogg
End Title Artist
Shiyoon Kim
Music Conducted by
Michael Kosarin
Songs Arranged/ Orchestrated by
Michael Starobin
Score Orchestrated by
Kevin Kliesch
Vocal Arrangements

Michael Kosarin
Music Supervisor
Tom MacDougall
Original Score
Produced by
Alan Menken
Kevin Kliesch
Soundtrack
"Incantation Song" –
Donna Murphy, Mandy
Moore; "When Will My
Life Begin"; "When Will
My Life Begin Reprise" –
Mandy Moore; "Mother
Knows Best"; "Mother
Knows Best Reprises" –
Donna Murphy; "I've Got
a Dream" – Brad Garrett,
Jeffrey Tambor, Mandy
Moore, Zachary Levi,
Ensemble; "I See the
Light" – Mandy Moore,
Zachary Levi;
"Something That I Want"
– Grace Potter
Sound Designer
Cameron Frankie
Original Dialogue
Mixers
Gabriel Guy
Doc Kane
Bill Higley
Roy Latham
Re-recording Mixers
David E. Fluhr
Dean Zupancic

VOICE CAST

Mandy Moore
Rapunzel
Zachary Levi
Flynn Rider
Donna Murphy
Mother Gothel
Ron Perlman
Stabbington brother
M.C. Gainey
Captain of the Guard
Jeffrey Tambor
big nose thug
Brad Garrett
hook hand thug
Paul F. Tompkins
short thug
Richard Kiel
Vlad
Delaney Rose Stein
young Rapunzel/little girl
Nathan Greno
guard 1/thug 1
Byron Howard
guard 2/thug 2
Tim Mertens
guard 3
Michael Bell
Bob Bergen
Susanne Blakeslee
June Christopher
Roy Conli
David Cowgill
Terri Douglas
Chad Eubinder
Pat Fraley
Eddie Frierson
Jackie Gonneau
Nicholas Guest
Bridget Hoffman
Daniel Kaz
Anne Lockhart
Mona Marshall
Scott Merville
Laraine Newman
Paul Pape
Lynwood Robinson
Fred Tatasciore
Hynden Walch
Kari Wahlgren
additional voices

Dolby Digital/SDDS
In Colour
US prints by
DeLuxe
International prints by
Technicolor
[1.85:1]
3D

Distributor
Buena Vista International
(UK)

The Tourist

USA/France 2010

Director: Florian Henckel von
Donnersmarck

With Angelina Jolie, Johnny Depp,
Paul Bettany, Timothy Dalton

Certificate 12A 102m 58s

Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck's second film following 2006's *The Lives of Others* is at first sight a surprise, and not a particularly welcome one to judge by its overwhelmingly negative critical response. It's a big-budget star vehicle for Johnny Depp and Angelina Jolie (together on screen for the first time), a tongue-in-cheek romantic-comedy thriller-caper of the 'wrong man' variety. It's Pink Panther-silly and partially formed Hitchcockian, but not without its enjoyable moments; there are a few funny lines, and even the abysmally directed and edited action scenes have a certain old-fashioned charm, the result perhaps of an admirable refusal to conform to Hollywood hyper-adrenalised norms *pace* Bourne.

It's a remake of *Anthony Zimmer* (2005), co-scripted by the director with heavyweights Julian Fellowes and Christopher McQuarrie, in which Depp's bumbling maths teacher and titular tourist is mistaken for super-thief Alexander Pearce, wanted by Scotland Yard for tax avoidance, and by Steven Berkoff's repellent gangster whom he swindled out of billions. Jolie is portrayed as a super-fetichised love-goddess who wavers romantically between her disappeared master-thief lover and Depp's more down-to-earth charms. In tone and mood there's an awkward attempt to recapture the lightness and romantic insouciance of a film like *To Catch a Thief* (1955).

We're clearly a long way from the horrors of East Germany in the early 1980s, but the biggest surprise is the congruence between this and the earlier film. The paraphernalia of spying is present once again, mistrust of which spills over into a mistrust of appearances *per se* – St Exupery's "What is essential is invisible to the eye" could easily be the motto of *The Tourist* (and there's a reassuring message for celebrities bent on remodelling their appearance through plastic surgery). As in the earlier film, love is a disruptive force, jolting characters out of professional codes of conduct. Jolie's character is in some odd way an



What have I done to deserve this?: Angelina Jolie, Johnny Depp

equivalent of Ulrich Mühle's Stasi officer in the previous film (with Paul Bettany's obsessive, uncomprehending policeman a minor variant).

All of which perhaps justifies the proud announcement "A Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck film" in the credits, suggesting an auteur working through a set of abiding preoccupations. The film's main motif, the two-faced Roman god Janus, as worn on a bracelet by Jolie, is explained by her character as a reminder to accept people's good and bad sides; which neatly points up the cosy humanism common to both von Donnersmarck films.

The problem is that the bad tends to get elided in favour of audience-friendly redemptiveness and, in the first film's case, a too tidy and superficial (and ultimately unrecognisable) version of history. At least that kind of incoherence or avoidance matters less in fluff like *The Tourist*; the Pearce character pays back the taxes he owes at the end, thereby having his criminal status revoked, and he only stole the remaining billions from a psychopath anyway (but why was such a supposed nice guy hanging out with him in the first place?). For all the nods to Janus-faced complexity, these are moral universes very clearly and reassuringly delineated. It transpires, in a less than subtle twist at the end, that there are two tourists in the film, but in fact there's a third, von Donnersmarck himself, a seeming dilettante with a sketchy grasp of the worlds he takes residence in, and possessed of a frustrating unwillingness to follow through on the implications of his material. ➡ **Kieron Corless**

CREDITS

Directed by
Florian Henckel von
Donnersmarck
Produced by
Graham King
Tim Headington
Roger Birnbaum
Gary Barber
Jonathan Glickman
Screenplay
Florian Henckel von
Donnersmarck
Christopher McQuarrie
Julian Fellowes
Based upon the motion
picture *Anthony Zimmer*
written and directed by
Jérôme Salle and
produced by Fidélité SAS
and Alter Films, SA
**Director of
Photography**
John Seale
Edited by
Joe Hutshing
Patricia Rommel
Production Designer
Jon Hutman
Music
James Newton Howard

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Production Companies
GK Films, Columbia
Pictures present in
association with Spyglass
Entertainment a GK
Films production
A Birnbaum/Barber
production
In association with
StudioCanal
A Florian Henckel von
Donnersmarck film
Produced with the
assistance of the Italian
tax credit provided for by
law no. 244 of 24
December 2007
Filmed with the
Assistance of the French
Tax Rebate for
International Productions
Production Services
Italy: Cineroma S.r.l.
France: Peninsula Film
Executive Producers
Lloyd Phillips
Bahman Naraghi
Olivier Courson
Ron Halpern
Co-producers
Denis O'Sullivan
Jeffrey Nachmanoff
Line Producers
Italy:
David Nichols
France:
John Bernard
**Unit Production
Manager**
Lloyd Phillips
**Supervising Production
Manager**
Gregor Wilson
Production Managers
Francesco Marras
Paris Unit:
Giles Castera

**Production
Co-ordinators**
Claudia Cimmino
Paris Unit:
Agnès Berméjo Lainé
Production Controller
April Janow
**Supervising Location
Manager**
Fabrizio Cerato
Location Managers
Anna Maria Rocca
Train:
Leonardo Semplici
Paris Unit:
Arnaud Kaiser
**Post-production
Supervisor**
Lisa Rodgers
Assistant Directors
1st: Steve E. Andrews
Key 2nd: Jonny Benson
Italy:
1st: Alberto Mangiante
2nd: Barbara Pastrovich
Paris Unit:
1st: Gilles Kenny
2nd: Mathilde Cavillan
Script Supervisor
Dianne Dreyer
Casting
Susie Figgis
Italy:
Beatrice Krüger
Alberto Mangiante
France:
Stéphane Foenkino
**Aerial Director
of Photography**
John Marzano
Camera Operators
B: Daniele Massaccesi
C: Marco Sacerdotti
C: Emiliano Leurini
Steadicam Operator
Daniele Massaccesi
Gaffers
Morris Flam
Stefano Marino
Paris Unit:
Jean-François Drigeard
Desgarrie
Key Grips
Tommaso Mele
Paris Unit:
Cyril Kuhnholz
Visual Effects
Supervisor:
Ted Rae
Producer:
Tom Ford
Visual Effects by
Peerless Camera
Company, London
Filmworks / FX, Inc.
Zen Haven Studios, Inc.
VFX Collective, Inc.
At the Post, Inc.
**Special Effects
Supervisor**
Dominic Tuohy
Miniatures
New Deal Studios, Inc.
**Supervising Art
Director**
Marco Trentini
Art Directors
Susanna Codognato
Paris Unit:
Stéphane Cressend
Set Designer
Antonio Tarolla

Set Decorators
Anna Pinnock
Paris Unit:
Emmanuel Délis

Property Masters
Brad Torbett
Italy:
Antonio Fraulo
Paris Unit:
Olivier Crespini

Construction Manager
Claudio Magrini

Costume Designer
Colleen Atwood

Costume Supervisors
Suzi Turnbull
Paris Unit:
Laurence Tallon Caines

Wardrobe Supervisor
Catherine Buysse

Key Make-up Artist
Maurizio Silvi

Key Make-up
Paris Unit:
Françoise Quilichini

Hair Designer
Italy:
Giorgio Gregorini

Key Hair Stylist
Paris Unit:
Frédérique Arguello

Main Title Sequence
Imaginary Forces
Main Title Designers:
Ahmet Ahmet
Joan Lau

End Credit
Scarlett Letters

Orchestra Conductor
Pete Anthony

Orchestrators
Pete Anthony
Conrad Pope
Jeff Atmajian
Jon Kull
John Ashton Thomas

Soundtrack
"Cat's Pyjamas"; "No Fear of Heights" – Katie Melua; "Dance in F" by Gabriel Yared; "Starlight" – Muse

Sound Design
Mel Wesson
Ryeland Allison

Sound Mixers
Mark Ulano
Paris Unit:
Michel Kharat

Re-recording Mixers
Scott Millan
David Parker

Supervising Sound Editors
Wylie Stateman
Renée Tondelli

Stunt Co-ordinator
Simon Crane

Stunt Co-ordinator
Wade Eastwood

CAST

Angelina Jolie
Elise Clifton-Ward
Johnny Depp
Frank Tupelo

Paul Bettany
Inspector John Acheson

Timothy Dalton
Chief Inspector Jones

Steven Berkoff
Reginald Shaw

Rufus Sewell
the Englishman

Christian De Sica
Colonnello Lombardi

Alessio Boni
Sergente Cerato

Raoul Bova
Conte Filippo Gaggia

Daniele Pecci
Tenente Narduzzi

Giovanni Guidelli
Tenente Tommassini

Bruno Wolkowitch
Capitaine Courson

Marc Ruchmann
Brigadier Kaiser

Julien Baumgartner
Brigadier Ricourt

François Vincentelli
Brigadier Marion

Clément Sibony
Brigadier Rousseau

Jean-Claude Adelin
Brigadier Cavilan

Jean-Marie Lamour
Jean-Michel, café waiter

Nicolas Guillot
Jérôme, café head waiter

Mhamed Arezki
Achmed Tchabali, courier

Igor Jijikine
Virginsky

Vladimir Orlov
Lebyadkin

Vladimir Tevlovski
Liputin

Alec Utgoff
Fedka

Mark Zak
Shigalyov

Neri Marcorè
Alessio, hotel concierge

Gabriele Gallinari
Luca, hotel bell boy

Riccardo De Torrebruna
Guido, hotel waiter

Maurizio Casagrande
Antonio, waiter

Nino Frassica
Brigadiere Mele

Gwilym Lee
Mountain, senior technician

Steven Robertson
Pinnock, junior technician

Iddo Goldberg
Whitfield, Jones' assistant

Renato Scarpa
Arturo the tailor

Giancarlo Prevati
gala co-ordinator, Dalla Pietà

Giovanni Esposito
Coppa, interpreter

Marino Narduzzi
Stefano, Elise's driver

Tino Giada
Mauro, Elise's driver

Bruno Bilotta
Giordani, sniper chief

Ralf Moeller
Lunt, jail bird

Davide Bernardi
Enrico Bertolotti

Elena Biasi
Emanuele Buzi

Valdimiro Buzi
Valerio Cossu

Matteo De Anna
Antonio Galligioni

Giacomo Grespan
Antonio Iorio

Andrea Nocerino
Lorenzo Parravicini

Filippo Pastore
Giodano Pegoraro

Giulio Sensolo
Patrizio Shlude

Giancarlo Trimboli
gala musicians

Roberta Mastromichele
Irma Di Paola

Massimiliano Belsito
Francesca Nerozzi

Davide Cipolleschi
Francesco De Simone

Salvatore Dello Iacono
Antonio Fiore

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Manuela Guastalli
Damiano Bisozzi

Jennifer Iacono
Claudia Mancinelli

Etienne Cacciari
Gianluca Frezzato

Iaria Cavola
Brooke Antonello

Kim Fasano
Jonathan Redavid

Marcello Sacchetta
Karin Dal Pezzo

Martina Fanton
Silvia Omicciuolo

dancers at gala

Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Optimum Releasing

9,267 ft +4 frames

Travellers

United Kingdom 2010

Director: Kris McManus

With Shane Sweeney, Tom Geoffrey,
Alex Edwards, Celia Muir

While boxing of the modern, gloved sort has been a cinematic staple since the medium's invention (as chronicled in Dan Streible's outstanding study *Fight Pictures*), its bare-knuckle antecedent is, unsurprisingly, seldom glimpsed nowadays beyond the DVD market's shadier margins. The most notable recent exceptions are both courtesy of Guy Ritchie: his *Sherlock Holmes* (2009) re-imagined the cerebral sleuth as a *demi-monde* pugilist; and *Snatch* (2000), a larkishly raucous gangland fantasia, brought the word 'pikey' back into Britain's linguistic mainstream.

In the intervening decade, 'pikey' has become a controversial term, especially among those on the receiving end: members of itinerant communities variously known as Roma, Gypsies or simply Travellers. Indeed, the drama of *Travellers*, a scrappily low-budget debut from writer/director Kris McManus, is sparked when investive-spewing city-dweller Andy (Tom Geoffrey), holidaying with three friends, impulsively sprays a Travellers' caravan with the phrase 'pikey scum'. This sets in motion a chain of reprisals and counter-reprisals that quickly (and semi-accidentally) spirals into a rural bloodbath.

While this grimly downbeat film is, perhaps inevitably, more nuanced, even-handed and disturbing than the last notable British foray into such terrain, James Watkins's crass *Eden Lake* (2008), it is nevertheless an amateurishly uneven affair, aimed squarely at small-screen exposure. And though McManus punctuates proceedings with several messy slayings, there's far too much talky downtime to satisfy his sensation-hungry target demographic. Indeed, the bare-knuckle action is relegated, almost as an afterthought, to the final reel, via a protracted, choppy edited bout in which one of our hapless adventurers – Irish-accented Chris (Shane Sweeney), himself of Traveller ancestry – takes on hardened brawler Martin (Dean Jagger) for reasons the script never quite makes clear.

Chris's background ensures that he is by some way the most intriguing of the holidaymakers, but it's Jagger's Martin who makes the most forceful impact: initially presented as a two-dimensional thug, the furrow-browed bruiser emerges as a decent, fair-minded sort – encapsulating the film's (hardly groundbreaking) thesis that appearances can be deceptive, and that deeply entrenched social prejudices often yield dire consequences for all.

The most jaundiced of our nominal 'heroes' is baby-faced Territorial Army dropout Andy, slowly (and implausibly) revealed as far more lethal than any of the Travellers he demonises. It's a recapitulation of Wes Craven's thesis from *The Last House on the Left* (1972) and *The Hills Have Eyes* (1977), that 'civilised' urban folk are capable of just as much

SYNOPSIS England, the present. City-based friends Andy, Chris, John and Dan travel to the countryside for a motorbiking holiday. Camping in a field, they come across a caravan seemingly recently abandoned by travellers. Andy sprays the caravan with an abusive message and looks inside, spotting what appears to be the corpse of a young woman. When the caravan's occupants unexpectedly return, Andy, Chris and John flee into the nearby forest. Dan is knocked unconscious and tied up inside the caravan alongside the 'corpse' – in fact a traveller named Lucy, who had been sleeping off a wild night.

In the woods, John is disembowelled by an unseen assailant, while Andy and Chris are pursued by the travellers. Dan slowly befriends Lucy, whose brother Martin is preparing for a boxing bout later that night. In the forest, Andy becomes increasingly paranoid, killing one of the travellers in self-defence. Captured by the travellers, Chris is forced to participate in a bare-knuckle fight with Martin, who emerges victorious after a long, bloody contest. Returning to the caravan, Chris and the travellers are confronted by an unhinged Andy, who sets fire to the trailer before killing Lucy and another traveller, and shooting Martin. Martin recovers, strangling Andy as a traumatised Chris and Dan stumble away into the night.

Some time later, Dan discovers YouTube evidence that Chris has become immersed in the world of underground boxing.

savagery as their country cousins. McManus's main influence, however, is clearly John Boorman's enduringly seminal *Deliverance* (1972) – signalled by an awkward first-reel cameo from Boorman's son Charley as a glowering saloon-bar philosopher quoting John Locke: "The dread of evil is a much more forcible principle of human actions than the prospect of good."

It's a contention that's duly illustrated by the grisly shenanigans which subsequently unfold, though any stabs at deeper significance are undone by the ostentatiously foul-mouthed dialogue ("He's as much use as a shit-flavoured fucking Tic Tac, but at the end of the day he's a mate"), excessively ragged handheld digital-video camerawork and editing that skirts incoherence at key junctures.

◆ Neil Young

CREDITS

Directed by
Kris McManus

Produced by
Brian Levine
Kris McManus
Ben Richards

Written by
Kris McManus
Director of
Photography
Kris McManus

Edited by
Phil Eldridge
Kris McManus

Music
Adam Langston
Dicken Marshall

©Travellers Film Limited
Production
Companies

Animus Pictures,
Delachery Films,
Inroad Pictures in
association with
Spitfireboy Productions
and V1 Media
A Kris McManus film
Altadena Films

Executive Producers
Jon Barfoot
Alex Edwards
Thor Hayton
Jonathan Vanderkar

Production Manager
James Privett
Visual Effects
Inroad Pictures

Make-up
Stephen Byrne
Animated Titles
V1 Media
Music Performed by
Dicken Marshall

Jim Mortimer
Kate Mumford
Sam Walker
Soundtrack
"Was It Was"; "Island Time"; "Keep It Up" – Dicken Marshall; "Options" – Jerserit
Sound Design
Inroad Pictures
Sound Recording
James Liskutin
Fight Choreography
Kris McManus
Dean Jagger

CAST

Shane Sweeney
Chris Hughes
Tom Geoffrey
Andy Baxtor
Alex Edwards
Dan Marsden
Celia Muir
Lucy Tiernan
Dean Jagger
Martin Tiernan
Chris Manns
Big Man Barrett
Charley Boorman
Brian Seaborn
Ben Richards
Jon Woodard
James Privett
Aine Tiernan
Kris McManus
Fay Madigan
Joe Bowers
fair play man
Sydney Howard
barmaid
Mike Perkis
chief
Rob 'Stoneman'
Frampton
pub bodybuilder 1
Glenn Nobes
pub bodybuilder 2
Adam King
Shane Curran
Toby Thornhill
young fighter

Darren Sellen
cornerman
Jamie Careless
car husband
Sarah Haskett
car wife
Kevin Paddock
pub patron 1
'Wild' Bill Besant
pub patron 2
Mick Williams
fight security 1
Jamie Gunner
fight security 2
Dave MacRae
rooftop fighter
Steven Humpherson
rooftop fairplay man
Nick Fearn
rooftop cornerman
Mark Thomas
tattooed fighter
Ben Freeman
Andrew Squires
Mark Logan Benn
Kris Moss
Rachael Sherwood
Gavin Ryan
Dan Munday
Georgina Rennie
Alexandra Jones
Steve Byrne
Dean Mainwaring
David Heaver
Lee Gilbert
Steven Hynes
Elizabeth London
Samill Choudrey
Simon Pyke
Connor Ryan
fight crowd

In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
High Fliers Distribution



Knuckling down to it: Dean Jagger, Shane Sweeney

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True Grit

Directors: Joel Coen, Ethan Coen
With Jeff Bridges, Matt Damon,
Josh Brolin, Barry Pepper

For the epigraph to their new adaptation of Charles Portis's 1968 novel *True Grit*, Joel and Ethan Coen adopt one of its narrator's chosen sayings: "The wicked flee where none pursueth." It's from the Book of Proverbs and continues, "but the righteous are bold as a lion." Mattie Ross (Hailee Steinfeld) is bold, all right. The 14-year-old daughter of a murdered man, she's out for justice or, failing that, vengeance, and displays disarmingly precocious efficacy: she's a formidable horse-trader both literal and metaphorical, securing cash for her father's livestock and using it to obtain the services of agreeably pitiless marshal 'Rooster' Cogburn (Jeff Bridges), whom she accompanies – along with self-regarding Texan ranger LaBoeuf (Matt Damon) – as they track Tom Chaney (Josh Brolin) through the Chocktaw Nation. The Coens' pictures are studded with such capable, no-nonsense women. Yet there's also something of the avenging fury about Mattie: the Coens' Cogburn calls her a "harpie" and Portis has her ejaculate, "I would not rest easy until that... cur was roaring and screaming in hell!" Is she, then, kin to *Fargo's* Marge Gunderson or *No Country for Old Men's* Anton Chigurh? And would being heir to either lineage count for more than her being a child?

Portis's novel is terse, witty, unsentimental and compulsive, its style not too many days' ride from Cormac McCarthy, its action peppered with God, gore and law-talk. Henry Hathaway's 1969 adaptation was highly faithful, though the Technicolor palette, sprinkling of Wayne-isms and ameliorated ending – not to mention the cheesy theme song – softened things. The film won John Wayne his Oscar and delivered a character, ornery but good, who was thought to warrant further prospecting. But 1975's *Rooster Cogburn*, a collision of *True Grit* and

The African Queen with Wayne and Katharine Hepburn, and a 1978 TV pilot with Warren Oates, failed to take. Now the story lets the Coens fully engage the western, a genre whose motifs have long laced their work, and reteam with Bridges, their Big Lebowski. His Cogburn is meaner than Wayne's but no less heroic. And the Coens' movie is less faithful than Hathaway's but stronger – the production, by their regular team, is formally superb – and weirder.

Bridges's Cogburn is first heard in the outhouse and seen in court, a bear with a sore head and neatly parted hair. The Coens play up his dry realism (his understated "Well, that didn't pan out," recalls *No Country's* "It'll do till the mess gets here") and add notes of cruelty to an already hardened character: he kicks a child for the hell of it and makes agonising sport of a comrade's fresh wounds. This ambivalence sharpens the crucial moment when Cogburn seems to desert Mattie, and is underscored by Carter Burwell's music, which is derived from 'Leaning on the Everlasting Arms', the hymn made strange by *The Night of the Hunter* (1955). *True Grit* is less unsettling than that story – the male authority figure is, in the end, a good and reliable man – but the Coens inject something of its macabre fairytale timbre, retaining the book's grotesque touches and adding more. They make Mattie sleep in a funeral parlour and add a forest sequence with a hanged, bird-pecked man, a mysterious Native American and a big bearded dentist who looks like a bear on horseback; they send the grandiloquent LaBoeuf away twice and mangle his tongue; and the story's final, desperate ride becomes a swooning fantasia through which sweep stars and knives and bodies in the dirt. The tone is apt: for all her sharpness, this Mattie more than any other is plainly childlike, with her puppy fat, pigtails and too-big clothes, her moments of joy and terror. "I don't believe in fairytales or sermons or stories about money, baby sister," Cogburn tells her. Yet he proves himself to be the good hunter after all.

👊 **Ben Walters**
Credits for this film were unavailable at the time of going to press and will be published in the March issue.

SYNOPSIS Fort Smith, Arkansas, the 1880s. Frank Ross is shot dead by his drunken employee Tom Chaney, who flees. Ross's precociously capable 14-year-old daughter Mattie hires grizzled marshal Reuben 'Rooster' Cogburn to apprehend Chaney, who has joined 'Lucky' Ned Pepper's gang. LaBoeuf, a self-regarding Texas ranger pursuing Chaney for different reasons, teams up with Cogburn despite Mattie's objections. When they set out without her, she impresses Cogburn by riding through a river to catch up.

LaBoeuf leaves after a squabble. Cogburn and Mattie track the Pepper gang. Suspecting that LaBoeuf is following them, they seek shelter at a dugout where they encounter outlaws Quincy and Moon. After being shot in the leg, Moon reveals that the Pepper gang are coming; Quincy fatally attacks him and Cogburn kills Quincy. Spoiling Cogburn's ambush plan, LaBoeuf arrives at the cabin just before the gang, who grievously attack him. Cogburn sees them off, killing two, but their trail goes cold. Frustrated, LaBoeuf leaves again.

Fetching water, Mattie discovers Chaney. She shoots him but he seizes her and rejoins the gang. Pepper offers to spare Mattie if Cogburn departs; he does. The gang also depart, leaving Mattie with Chaney. Before he can kill her, LaBoeuf, whom Cogburn encountered, floors him. Cogburn faces down the four remaining gang members, killing three; LaBoeuf shoots Pepper. Chaney strikes LaBoeuf and Mattie shoots Chaney but falls into a pit, breaking her arm. She is bitten by a rattlesnake before Cogburn rescues her.

In 1903, Mattie, one-armed and unmarried, has Cogburn's body moved to the Ross lot.

The Warrior's Way

USA/Australia/Republic of Korea/India 2010
Director: Lee Sngmoo
With Geoffrey Rush, Kate Bosworth,
Jang Dong Gun, Danny Huston
Certificate 15 100m 7s

Lee Sngmoo's expensive English-language wuxia-western has been described in Korea as a *bibimbap* (mixed dish), but it's more of a dog's breakfast. *The Warrior's Way* isn't so much a foolhardy *folie de grandeur* as an idiosyncratic, genre-busting attempt to break Jang Dong-gun, the handsome, dramatically limited South Korean star of 2004 megahit *Taegukgi* (*Brotherhood*) and others, in Hollywood.

Jang plays master swordsman Yang who, sickened by the centuries-old war between his clan and rival ninjas, leaves his home country behind and ends up working in a laundry in Lode, a dilapidated desert town somewhere in America. Debut writer-director Lee's quoted cinematic favourites include George Stevens's *Shane* (1953) and Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai* (1954), but his vision of the Old West is wackier than that of neo-exploitation maestro Robert Rodriguez: Lode's rogue's gallery of stranded circus-folk has been perambulating their crumbling kiosks and Ferris wheels, audienceless and workless, for close to a decade, donating to proceedings not an aura of baroque threat but rather a sense of arbitrary unreality. Lee indulges the racism of these strange townsfolk and cloaks his hero in a silence and passivity that in Jang's performance betoken not the accepted discipline of a potentially vengeful coiled spring, but rather a languid, tension-dispelling forgetfulness.

Lee riskily rations the competent, stylised, kendo-style ballet and dark, choreographed ninja-fighting sequences to the film's overture and the final, showdown reel. The rest is elaborately if irregularly digitalised, rotoscoped and chromaticised in the manner of Rodriguez's *Sin City* (2005) or Zack Snyder's *300* (2006), in an effort to harmonise the film's surface with that of contemporary video/arcade-game footage – a laborious endeavour that feels more like a deliberate act of

artistic self-enfeeblement than an accommodating homage to an audiovisual cousin.

In concert with this solicitous sensitivity to juvenile sensibilities, Lee is similarly prepared to sacrifice Yang's continually advertised New Man status – shots of the ex-warrior happily cradling a gurgling baby, ironing thoughtfully in the laundry – by a reversion to the conventions of the lone avenger, but not before a coy, hour-long dalliance between Yang and Lynne that's almost guaranteed to confound even the most indulgent of the film's target audience. These scenes are clearly mounted to showcase Jang's crossover potential – he even essays some stumbling words of English – but their being staged as formalised sword-training exercises against blood-red 'blue-screened' sunsets on bizarre basketball-style dust mounds hardly makes for a romantic consummation to capture the hearts of the many hoped-for young female viewers. It all adds up to quite a strange mess – not so much a glowing exemplar of east meets west as an embarrassing instance of global misunderstanding, perhaps – but one, charitably, mostly innocent of cynicism and, by virtue of its naivety, largely inoffensive. 🍀 **Wally Hammond**

CREDITS	Associate Producers
Director Lee Sngmoo	Carol Kim
Producers Barrie M. Osborne	Stacy Ruppel
Lee Jooick	Liz Tan
Michael Peyser	Yoo Eunjung
Writer Lee Sngmoo	Production Manager Moira Grant
Director of Photography Kim Woo-Hyoung	Production Supervisor 2nd Unit: Roh Soon Jai
Editor Janno Woodford-Robinson	Production Co-ordinators Sarah Spurway
Production Designer Dan Hennah	2nd Unit: Jo Tagg
Composer Javier Navarrete	Production Accountant Rebecca Hulton
	Location Manager Janne Harwood
	Post-production Supervisor Rosemary Dority
	2nd Unit Director Charlie Haskell
	Assistant Directors 1st: Chris Webb
	2nd: Quentin Whitwell
	2nd Unit: 1st: Axel Paton
	2nd: Rachael Boggs
	Script Supervisors Oksana Sokol
	2nd Unit: Monique Knight
	Casting US Wendy O'Brien
	Casting NZ Luz Mullane
	Script Editor Vanessa Alexander

SYNOPSIS The late 19th century. Yang is the world's greatest swordsman. Sickening of the war between his ninja clan, the Sad Flute, and a rival, he refuses to kill the last enemy, a mewling baby, thus placing himself at the head of his own clan's hit list. Leaving his home country with the baby, April, Yang arrives in Lode, a desert town in America, to be greeted by stranded circus performers, including Ron, 8-Ball and Lynne, a feisty young sword-thrower. Flashbacks reveal that, years before, Lynne was the victim of a group of hell-riders; the gang's leader, the Colonel, killed Lynne's parents and attempted to rape her. Further flashbacks reveal that Yang's parents were also murdered; he was then trained as an assassin by the Master, who taught him to cut all emotional attachments. Yang teaches Lynne sword-throwing and swordfighting. Sad Flute ninjas, journeying towards America, attack a sailing ship and massacre the crew. The Colonel's gang return to attack Lode, resisted unsuccessfully by the resurgent townsfolk. Lynne, disguising herself as a prostitute, tries to trick and kill the Colonel. Yang, forced to take up his sword again, saves Lynne from the Colonel's henchmen but leaves her alone to battle – and kill – the Colonel. In a second battle, Yang vanquishes the Master and his Sad Flute army. Leaving April with Lynne, Yang departs alone.

Additional Writing
Scott Reynolds
Camera Operators
Dana Little
2nd Unit
Andrew McGeorge
Steadicam
Dana Little
Gaffers
Danny Williams
2nd Unit:
Marc Mateo
Key Grips
Kevin Donovan
2nd Unit:
Simon Hawkins
Visual Effects Supervisor
Jason Piccioni
Visual Effects
Mofac
Digital Dimension
Photon NZFX Ltd.
PRPVFX Ltd.
Digipost
Geon
Vram FX
Special Effects
Supervisor:
Mike Latham
Co-ordinator:
Paul Verrall
Additional Editing
Paul Maxwell
Supervising Art Director
Phil Ivey
On-set Art Director
Ross McGarva
Set Designer
Nick Connor
Set Decorator
Megan Vertelle
Property Master
Matt Cornelius
Construction Supervisor
Fraser Harvey
Costume Designer
James Acheson
Costume Supervisor
Erin O'Neill
Make-up/Hair Designer
Jane O'Kane
Key Make-up/Hair Artist:
Vinnie Smith
2nd Unit Supervisor:
Vanessa Hurley
Main/End Titles
Chris Mills
Natasha Dahlberg
Score Performed by
New Zealand Symphony Orchestra
Choir
Orpheus Choir
Orchestrator/Conductor
Nicholas Dodd
Soundtrack
"Kim Duk Soo Samulnori Best" – Kim Duk Soo & Samulnori; "Jesse James" by Ry Cooder – The Range Band; "D'amor sull'ali rosee" from "Il Trovatore" by Giuseppe Verdi – Maria Callas, the Coro e Orchestra del Teatro alla Scala; "Silent Night" – Mary Jane Ballou; "Calliope" – Plan 9; "Solenne in quest'ora" by Giuseppe Verdi – Mario Del Monaco, Ettore Bastianini, the Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia
Choreographer
Carla Martell
Supervisor/Sound Designer
Tim Prebble
Production Mixer
David Madigan
Re-recording Mixers
Gethin Creagh
Gilbert Lake
Stunt Co-ordinator
Augie Davis
Fight Choreographer
Yuji Shimomura
Horse Co-ordinator
Steve Old
Head Wrangler/Rider
Len Baynes

Kate Bosworth
Lynne
Jangra Dong-gun
Yang
Danny Huston
the Colonel
Tony Cox
8-Ball
Ti Lung
Saddest Flute
Analin Rudd
baby April
Markus Hamilton
Baptiste
Rod Lousich
Craig
Matt Gillanders
Geysir
Christina Asher
Esmerelda
Jed Brophy
Jacques
Carl Bland
Billy
Ian Harcourt
Lofly
Tony Wyeth
Smithy
Ryan Richards
Slug
Nic Sampson
Pug
Ash Jones
Rug
Phil Grieve
Ivar
Eddie Campbell
Colonel's deputy
Ebony Sushames
Mexican daughter
Airnee Renata
Mexican daughter
Patricia Santana
Mexican wife
Isbert Ramos
Mexican husband
Ross Duncan
barkeep
Murata Makoto
Sad Flute deputy
Chontelle Melgren
young Lynne
Cath Harkins
Lynne's mother
Neill Rea
Lynne's father
Elliott Officer
Lynne's baby brother
Ken Smith
young Yang (5 years)
Cho Youngmin
young Yang (10 years)
Helene Wong
grandmother
Lee Han Garl
greatest swordman
Michael Deane
sailor
Ken McColl
lion tamer
David Austin
one-man band
Brent Crozier
cook
Mathew Burgess
young Slug
Phoenix Brown Rigg
young Rug
Jack Rogers
young Pug
Peter Daube
John Rawls
Itai Biran
Josh Randall
Andy Conlan
Matthew Morris
Reuben De Jong
Hell Riders
Robert Wootton
Wayne Gordon
Brenton Surgenor
Richard Coningham
clowns
Angela McInemey
Sandra Terry
Louise Shadbolt
Anna Giordani
women with bad teeth

Dolby Digital/DTS/SDDS
Colour by
Park Road Post Production
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Entertainment Film Distributors Ltd

9,010 ft +12 frames

The Way Back

Director: Peter Weir
With Jim Sturgess, Ed Harris, Saoirse Ronan, Colin Farrell
Certificate 12A 132m 32s

It's a long way from Siberia to India. A long, long, long way. Peter Weir's first film since 2003's *Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World* is an impressively mounted reconstruction of a cross-continental journey described by Polish exile Slavomir Rawicz in his 1956 memoir *The Long Walk*, recalling how he and some fellow prisoners escaped from a Soviet Gulag in 1940 and trekked thousands of miles to freedom in India over the course of a year. The veracity of his story has been cast into doubt by recent research, but there is documentary evidence that someone, if not Rawicz, completed this extraordinary feat, and a film version has been in and out of development since the 1960s. Arguably, the reasons why it hasn't made it to the screen before now are discernible in the flaws in Weir's film: as a tale of bravery and endurance, it ought to be a classic adventure story – it's just that, somehow, nothing exactly happens.

Weir is known as a stickler for detailed research and you can see it in every frame here, from the carefully reconstructed squalor of the freezing, louse-ridden labour camp to the stages of physical disintegration suffered by the band of escapees as they cross the scorching sand of the Gobi desert. There are some meticulous performances among the weary plodders too: Jim Sturgess embodies monomaniacal focus as the group's leader Janusz, determined to find his lost wife; Ed Harris is majestically still as Smith, the grizzled American wise man who says little and sees much; and Colin Farrell – an acquired taste in many ways – is surprisingly good as Valka, the hardcore gangster who combines a childlike dependence on hierarchy with a bloodthirstily pragmatic survivalism. The other men – particularly the usually very watchable Mark Strong – get the short straw in a script that sketches all its characters as simple archetypes, then hides them in a blizzard, under identical beards, hats and overcoats, so that it's impossible to tell them apart.

The biggest clanger, though, is the introduction of a saccharine waif, Irena



Grizzly men: 'The Way Back'

(Saoirse Ronan), who drifts into the group somewhere along the way and cheers them all up with her cute chatter and Pollyanna outlook. You can see why she's there – to dilute all the taciturnity and testosterone, and expiate the men's sins with her innocence – but Weir would have done better to find a way to develop that redemption from his characters' internal growth rather than relying on a thinly disguised Christ-symbol.

Indeed, for a film so concerned with propitiation and so laden with evangelical morality, it's surprising how little the characters learn during their extended ordeal. Janusz's tormented determination – his inability to stop walking, even when he's reached safety – has a pathological quality that isn't explained, beyond the visions he has of his lost home. The goal of the trek seems to become the trek itself, its grinding hardship and its endlessness; and whereas there might be an interesting film to be made about what it takes to reduce a man to this kind of demented restlessness, Weir prefers to paint Janusz as a hero and leave it at that.

The psychological void at its heart is why, despite its ambulatory array of incident, this feels like a film about nothing. It's a long way to go for no apparent reason.

❖ **Lisa Mullen**
Credits for this film were unavailable at the time of going to press and will be published in the March issue.

SYNOPSIS Poland, 1940. A young Pole, Janusz, is convicted of spying after his wife is tortured into falsely informing on him. Sent to a Siberian Gulag, he immediately starts plotting his escape. He gathers a band of conspirators to accompany him, including Smith, an American, and violent criminal Valka. Once they have broken out of the camp they will have to walk beyond the outer reaches of the Soviet Union, thousands of miles south to British-controlled India. Their trek takes them through Siberian wastes, mosquito-plagued Mongolia, the Gobi desert and the Himalayas; they struggle to find food along the way. A girl, Irena, joins them; her sympathy and vulnerability bring the team together, and her death from exhaustion is a devastating blow.

Finally, Valka decides to remain in the Soviet Union, which is all he knows, and take his chances as a fugitive; Smith stays in a Tibetan monastery to regain his strength before attempting a return to the US; Janusz, driven by the determination to find his wife, reaches India.

Only as an old man, after the fall of the Iron Curtain, does he return to Poland to find his wife waiting for him.

CREDITS UPDATE

The reviews of these films were published in our December (*Jackass 3D*) and January (*Cuckoo, Love & Other Drugs*) issues but unfortunately credits were unavailable at the time of going to press. We are still waiting for credits for *Adrift*, *Megamind*, *Skyline* and *Waiting for "Superman"*.

Cuckoo

United Kingdom 2010
Certificate 15 89m 8s

CREDITS

Directed by
Richard Bracewell
Produced by
Tony Bracewell
Richard Bracewell
Written by
Richard Bracewell
Director of Photography
Mark Partridge
Editor
Craig M. Cotterill
Production Designer
Simon Scullion
Music by/Orchestrator & Conductor
Andrew Hewitt

©Cuckoo Films Ltd
Production Companies
Verve Pictures presents
a Cuckoo Films Ltd
production
Supported by Screen
East, UK Film Council,
Prime Focus
Executive Producer
Nicholas Tanner
Line Producer
Adrian Kelly
Associate Producers
Keith Tutt
Raj Dutta
Sam Lewis
Production Manager
Sarah-Jane Wheale
Production Co-ordinator
Niccolò Cioni
Production Accountant
Sarah Hulls
Location Managers
David Kellick
Christian Reynish
Assistant Directors
1st: Phil Reeves
1st: Toni Staples
2nd: Roger Thomas
2nd: Anna Kemp
Script Supervisor
Julie Daly-Wallman
Casting
Dan Hubbard
Gaffer
Kenny Redford
Key Grip
David Logan
Special Effects Supervisor
Jeremy King
Art Director
Tim Blake
Property Master
Ewan Robertson
Construction Manager
Simon Pickup
Construction Supervisor
Stefano Ferrara
Costume
Susie Phillips
Make-up Designer
Serena Loreti
Orchestra
The Composers
Ensemble
Cello Solos
Adrian Bradbury
Sound Recordist
Jonathan Wyatt

Sound Re-recording Mixer
Martin Jensen

CAST

Laura Fraser
Polly
Antonia Bernath
Jimi
Adam Fenton
Chapman
Tamsin Greig
Dr Simon Livingstone
Richard E. Grant
Professor Julius
Greengrass
Richard Brake
Lone Wolf
Ben Righton
Nick
Ken Drury
Mr O'Brien
Claire Price
Gemma
David Maybrick
man at bonfire
Stephen Aintree
running man
Helen Betty Knott
medical student

In Colour

Distributor
Verve Pictures

8,022 ft +0 frames



CREDITS UPDATE

Jackass 3D
USA 2010
Certificate 18 93m 52s

CREDITS

Directed by
Jeff Tremaine
Produced by
Jeff Tremaine
Johnny Knoxville
Spike Jonze
Concepts by
Jeff Tremaine
Johnny Knoxville
Bam Margera
Steve-O
Chris Pontius
Ryan Dunn
Jason 'Wee Man' Acuna
Preston Lacy
'Danger Ehren'
McGhehey
Dave England
Spike Jonze
Loomis Fall
Barry Owen Smoler
The Dudesons
Dave Carnie
Mike Kassak
Madison Clapp
Knaté Gwaltney
Derek Freda
Trip Taylor
Sean Cliver
Dimitry Elyashkevich
JxPx Blackmon
Rick Kosick
Director of Photography
Dimitry Elyashkevich
Edited by
Seth Casriel
Matthew Probst
Matthew Kosinski
Production Designer
JxPx Blackmon

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Production Companies
Paramount Pictures and MTV Films present a Dickhouse production
Executive Producers
Van Toffler
Derek Freda
Trip Taylor
Segment Producers
Jennifer Welsh
Robert Zappia
Co-producers
Sean Cliver
Dimitry Elyashkevich
Bam Margera
Line Producer
Greg Iguchi
Associate Producers
Shanna Zablou
Greg Wolf
Knaté Gwaltney
Barry Owen Smoler
Unit Production Manager
Derek Freda
Production Supervisor
Mark Swenson
Production Co-ordinators
Terrance Colgan Martin
Lindsey Shupe
Stereoscopic:
Louis Moulinet
Production Accountant
Sarah Morse
Location Manager
Craig W. Van Gundy
Post Producer
Volney Howard IV
Digital Production Co-ordinator
Mike Bodkin

Researcher
Selina Becker
2nd Unit Director
Spike Jonze
Assistant Directors
1st: Craig Conolly
2nd: Rachel Dickson
2nd Unit
1st: Thomas P. Smith
1st: Kate Greenberg
2nd: Zach Hunt
Stereographic Photography Services
Provided by
Paradise FX
Stereoscopic Conversion
Stereo D. LLC
Camera Operators
A: Rick Kosick
B: Donny Anderson
B: Lance Bangs
B: Joseph Frantz
B: Tyler Swain
B: Whitey
McConaughy
2nd Unit
Lance Acord
Phantom: Sean Coles
2nd Unit Gaffer
Marcelo L. Colacilli
2nd Unit Key Grips
Rocky S. Rodriguez
Stephen B. Martinez
3D Supervising Producer
Aaron Parry
Special Effects Supervisor:
Elia P. Popov
Co-ordinator:
Joe Pancake
Consultants:
Elia P. Popov
Oscar Albuerne
Beavis and Butthead Animation by
Film Roman
Animation Segment Writers
John Altschuler
Dave Krinsky
Art Director
Seth Meisterman
Set Decorator
Mike Kassak
Property Master
Scott Manning
Make-up Artist
Liz Mendoza
Make-up Effects Designer:
Tony Gardner
Artists:
Barney Burman
Jamie Kelman
Stephen Prouty
Aaron Romero
Justin Stafford
Puppeteer
Peter Chevako
Title/Graphics Design
Johannes Gamble
MUSIC SUPERVISOR
Ben Hochstein
SOUNDTRACK
"Corona (Jackass Opera Mix)" – Squeak E. Clean;
"Corona" – Minutemen;
"The Kids Are Back" – Twisted Sister; "Brand New Key" – Melanie;
"Gonna Fly Now (Theme from Rocky)" by Bill Conti; "Ride of the Valkyries" by Richard Wagner; "I Got Your Number" – Cock Sparrer; "You Can't

Rollerskate in a Buffalo Herd"; "Peer Gynt – Morning" by Edvard Grieg; "Knockwe Boogie" – Deke Dickerson; "Fun Time Rag"; "Electric Avenue" – Eddy Grant; "Egypt in a Nutshell" – The Deadly Syndrome; "Your French Is Out"; "The Oortolan"; "Charge!" – The Deadly Syndrome; "Boom Boom Pow" – Black Eyed Peas; "Legacy of Blood" – Internal Corrosion; "I'm Shakin'" – The Blasters; "Mr Touchdown, U.S.A." – The University of Michigan Band; "Drum Line #4" – Benjamin Forrest Davis; "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" – Hale & Wilder; "Rose's Abattoir" – Brendan Canty; "Party in My Pants" – Roger Alan Wade; "Invisible Man" – Smut Peddlers; "Talkin' Baseball (Willie, Mickey & the Duke)" – Terry Cashman; "1812 Overture" – Abridged Version" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky – George Wilson; "Afterworld" – CKY; "If You're Gonna Be Dumb, You Gotta Be Tough" – Karen O; "Memories" – Weezer
Sound Mixer
Cordell Mansfield
Re-recording Mixers
Joe Barnett
Matthew Waters
Supervising Sound Editor
Mike Wilhoit
Stunt Co-ordinators
Charles Grisham
Roy Farfel
Jason Rodriguez
Dunk Tyndall

WITH
Johnny Knoxville
Bam Margera
Ryan Dunn
Steve-O
Wee Man
Preston Lacy
Chris Pontius
Danger Ehren
Dave England
Loomis Fall
Tony Hawk
Eric Koston
April Margera
Phil Margera
Spike Jonze
Trip Taylor
Rick Kosick
Dimitry Elyashkevich
Greg Iguchi
Brandon Novak
Manny Puig
Erik Roner
Jeff Tremaine
Judd Leffew
Lance Bangs
Gregory J. Wolf
Josh Brown
Mat Hoffman
Rake Yohn
Omar Von Muller
Wendy Decoito

Madison Clapp
Jack Polick
Sean Cliver
Mike Kassak
Seamus Frawley
Jukka Hilden
Jarppi Leppälä
HP Parviainen
Jarno Laasala
Erik Ainge
Jared Allen
Seann William Scott
Will Bakey
Andy Bell
Mark Zupan
Tommy Passemante
Parks Bonifay
Jess Margera
Will Oldham
Gary Leffew
Brett Leffew
David Weathers
Rip Taylor
John Taylor
Jesse Merlin
Eddie Barbanell
Dr David Kipper
Kerry A. Getz
Priya Swaminathan
Scott Shriner
Brian Bell
Rivers Cuomo
Terra Jolé
Stevie 'Puppet' Lee
Bobby Tovey
Dana Michael Woods
Chris 'Little Kato'
Tony 'Teo' Elliott
Mark Povinelli
Kevin Thompson
Anne Bellamy
Angie Simms

voice of Beavis and Butthead
Mike Judge

Dolby Digital/SDDS In Colour [1.78:1] 3D

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK

8,448 ft +0 frames

Love & Other Drugs
USA 2010
Certificate 15 112m 11s

CREDITS

Directed by
Edward Zwick
Produced by
Scott Stuber
Edward Zwick
Marshall Herskovitz
Charles Randolph
Pieter Jan Brugge
Screenplay
Charles Randolph
Edward Zwick
Marshall Herskovitz
Based on the book *Hard Sell: The Evolution of a Viagra Salesman* by Parks Reidy
Director of Photography
Steven Fierberg
Film Editor
Steven Rosenblum
Production Designer
Patti Podesta
Music
James Newton Howard

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Production Companies
Fox 2000 Pictures and Regency Enterprises present a New Regency/Stuber Pictures/Bedford Falls production
An Edward Zwick film
Made in association with Dune Entertainment
Production services provided by Soho Square Productions
No 11 LLP
Executive Producers
Annon Milchan
Margaret Riley
Associate Producers
Troy Putney
Darin Rivetti
Unit Production Manager
Pieter Jan Brugge
Production Supervisor
Julie M. Anderson
Production Co-ordinator
Robb Earnest
Production Accountant
Julie Snow
Supervising Location Manager
John Latenser V
Location Manager
Shawn Boyacheck
Assistant Directors
1st: Darin Rivetti
2nd: Francesco Tignini
Script Supervisor

Rebecca Robertson-Szwaja
Casting
Victoria Thomas
NY:
Mele Nagler
Pittsburgh:
Donna Belajac
Aerial Directors of Photography
David B. Nowell
Additional Aerial Photography:
Dino Parks
Camera Operators
A: Chris Hayes
B: Rick Davidson
Additional Aerial Photography
Dino Parks
Steadicam Operator
Rick Davidson
Gaffer
Steven R. Mathis
Key Grip
Bartholomew Flaherty
Visual Effects Supervisor
Alan Munro
Visual Effects by
Moving Target
Special Effects Co-ordinator
Ray Bivins
Associate Editor
Cynthia E. Thornton
Art Director
Gary Kosko
Set Decorator
Meg Everist
Maggie's Artwork Photographs by
Martin Cohen
David James
Maggie's Artwork by
Judie Bamber
Kristin Beinmer James
Property Master
Tim Wiles
Construction Co-ordinator
Buster Pile
Costume Designer
Deborah L. Scott
Costume Supervisor
Amy L. Arnold
Department Head Make-up
Elaine Offers
Key Make-up Artist
Vivian Baker
Department Head Hair
Jerry Popolis
Key Hair Stylist
Cheryl Daniels
Titles
Moving Target
Vocals
Vonda Shepard
Orchestra Conductor
Gavin Greenaway
Orchestrator
Conrad Pope
Music Supervisor
Randall Poster
Soundtrack
"Two Princes" – Spin Doctors; "Cannonball" – The Breeders; "Also sprach Zarathustra" by Richard Strauss – Symphony Orchestra Baden Baden; "Macarena (Bayside Boys Mix)" – "Macarena (River Remix)" – Los Del Rio; "Rude Boys Outta Jail" – The Specials; "Supernova" – Liz Phair; "Standing in the Doorway" – Bob Dylan; "A Well Respected Man"

– The Kinks; "Praise You" – Fatboy Slim; "Heaven Is a Place on Earth" – Belinda Carlisle; "Way over Yonder in the Minor Key" – Billy Bragg, Wilco; "Show-Biz Blues" – Fleetwood Mac; "Sleep Together" – Garbage; "Engine Heart" – Mirah; "Jack-ass" – Beck; "Fidelity" – Regina Spektor
Sound Mixer
Edward Tise
Re-recording Mixers
Andy Nelson
Anna Behlmer
Supervising Sound Editor
John A. Larsen
Stunt Co-ordinators
Stephen Pope
G.A. Aguilar

CAST

Jake Gyllenhaal
Jamie Randall
Anne Hathaway
Maggie Murdock
Oliver Platt
Bruce Winston
Hank Azaria
Dr Stan Knight
Josh Gad
Josh Randall
Gabriel Macht
Trey Hannigan
Judy Greer
Cindy
Jill Clayburgh
Nancy Randall
George Segal
Dr James Randall
Kate Jennings Grant
Gina
Kathryn Winnick
'Lisa'
Kimberly Scott
Gail
Peter Friedman
California man
Nikki DeLoach
Christy
Natalie Gold
Dr Helen Randall
Megan Ferguson
Farrah
Michael Benjamin
Washington
Bingo O'Malley
Sam
Dorothy Silver
Sophie
Lucy Roucis
Un-Convention
Orchestra Conductor
Parkinson's speaker
Joan Augustin
Joan
Michael Chernus
Jerry
Kate Easton
Amber
Michael Buffer
Pfizer convention MC
Maite Schwartz
Texas
Max Osinski
Ned
Ian Harding
Josh Breslow
Jan Novick
Tess Soltau
Constance Brenneman
Nicole Thomas
Jasper Soffer
Pfizer trainees
Kwame Rakes

doctor in parking lot
Scott Cohen
Ted Goldstein
Sharon Wilkins
La Boheme receptionist
Brian Hutchison
homeless man
Dana Dancho
smiling receptionist
Lisa Ann Goldsmith
Nurse Janice
Rick Applegate
Viagra doctor
Ray Godshall
friendly senior
Jean Zarzour
Viagra sample nurse
Harry O'Toole
man with walker
Jennifer Delaao
Viagra receptionist
Deidre Goodwin
Viagra nurse 1
Geneva Carr
Viagra nurse 2
Vanessa Aspillaga
Viagra nurse 3
Patricia Cray
kindly-looking woman
Frank Catanzano
Brian E. Jay
Frank Ferraro
Judy Pergl
Kim Cagni
Kerry Huffman
themselves
Kristin Spatafore
convention girl 1
Larissa S. Emanuele
convention girl 2
Loretta Higgins
PET scan doctor
Kimberly M. Rizzo
front desk receptionist
Jason Bernard
quack doctor
Nicole Perrone
determined receptionist
Jo Newman
Bree
Christina Fandino
Khae
Teri Clark Linden
ER receptionist
Kevin McClatchy
Justin
Daniel Ezralow
choreographer
Kimberly Bressi
Mia Gatto
Kaylee Lohr
Mallory Mikita
Gabriella Deakin
Joan Heeringa
Marissa Magnuson
Brooke Miyasaki
Kendra Dennard
Joli W. Irvine
Alison Manning
Ashley Munzek
Lauren Eldridge
Ashley Klingner
Amanda L. McCormick
Jenna Rifkind
Karen A. Fuhrman
Gwyneth Larsen
Megan Melville
Jillian Weinstein
dancers

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The daddy of them all

Elia Kazan's explorations of post-war society reveal him to be one of America's greats, argues **Graham Fuller**

The Elia Kazan Collection

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn/Boomerang/Gentleman's Agreement/Pinky/Panic in the Streets/A Streetcar Named Desire/Viva Zapata!/Man on a Tightrope/On the Waterfront/East of Eden/Baby Doll/A Face in the Crowd/Wild River/Splendor in the Grass/America America

Elia Kazan; US 1945-63; Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment/Region 1 NTSC; 128/88/118/102/96/122/113/105/108/115/114/126/109/124/168 minutes; Features: 'A Letter to Elia' documentary directed by Martin Scorsese and Kent Jones (2010); 'Streetcar' and 'East of Eden' are packaged with separate discs of extras

In curating this formidable box-set, Martin Scorsese has chosen to include 15 of Kazan's 19 features – a body of work that comprises the most sustained inquiry into psychological and social flux by any American filmmaker in the post-war period. It includes critiques of poverty ('A Tree Grows in Brooklyn'), anti-Semitism ('Gentleman's Agreement'), racism ('Pinky'), communist oppression in Eastern Europe ('Man on a Tightrope') and the Red Scare in America (allegorically in 'Panic in the Streets'), female dependence on men in the South via Tennessee Williams ('A Streetcar Named Desire' and 'Baby Doll'), revolution ('Viva Zapata!'), union corruption ('On the Waterfront'), puritanism and generational conflict ('East of Eden', 'Splendor in the Grass'), the manipulative power of television ('A Face in the Crowd'), rugged individualism, the New Deal and segregation ('Wild River'), and the immigrant dream ('America America').

Nobody else at their peak in 1950s Hollywood – not Hitchcock, Wilder, Sirk, Stevens, Minnelli, Zinnemann or Kazan's old hitchhiking buddy Nicholas Ray – matched Kazan for energy, eclecticism, the strength of his liberal convictions, or the ability to inspire and manipulate actors. Although he couldn't cure Dorothy McGuire of her ladylike mannerisms in 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn', or melt the rigidity of Dana Andrews in 'Boomerang' and Gregory Peck in 'Gentleman's Agreement', those dated 1940s films were Kazan's apprentice efforts, and it was he who presided over the Method-driven evolution of American film-acting from the unenunciative to the naturalistic.

Following 'On the Waterfront', in which Marlon Brando's longshoreman morphs from Mafia stooge to stool pigeon



Oh brother: left to right, Julie Harris, Richard Davalos and James Dean in Elia Kazan's 'East of Eden'

One of Kazan's great strengths was rooting the political in the intimate

to hero, characterisation in Kazan's films meanwhile expanded from the simplistically black or white to the ambivalent. Thus the 'bad' son Cal (James Dean) and the 'good' son Aron (Richard Davalos) change places in 'East of Eden'. Archie Lee (Karl Malden) remains the ridiculous, shabby Southern aristocrat in 'Baby Doll' but grows in what Kazan called 'humanness', as does his teenage virgin bride (Carroll Baker) and his rival (Eli Wallach). Jo Van Fleet's obdurate landowner and Montgomery Clift's idealistic government lackey, who has come to evict her from her Tennessee home, are both right and both wrong in 'Wild River', which increasingly looks like one of Kazan's finest films. Even the sexually repressive mother who drives the fragile Deanie (Natalie Wood) mad in 'Splendor in the Grass' senses by the end that she may not have acted in her daughter's best interests.

One of Kazan's great strengths was rooting the political in the intimate. Peck's journalist character learns more about bigotry against Jews from his

supposedly liberal fiancée (McGuire) than from his undercover foraging as a Gentile pretending to be Jewish. Stanley and Blanche in 'Streetcar', Cal and Abra in 'East of Eden', Baby Doll and Silva, Marcia and Lonesome in 'A Face in the Crowd', Chuck and Carol in 'Wild River' and Deanie and Bud in 'Splendor' all dance sexual pas de deux that highlight their social dilemmas. And stylistically, Kazan, coolest of metteurs en scène, sometimes out-Sirked Sirk: the smashing of the mirror that symbolises Stanley's rape of Blanche destroys her fragile narcissistic existence; the attempt by Bud's dissolute sister to kiss her autocratic oil baron father, both doomed, on the New Year's Eve before the Wall Street Crash, suggests that his business and his blood are symbiotically tainted.

This fraught intimacy extends to the relationships between fathers and sons in Kazan – Cal and Adam in 'East of Eden', Bud and Ace in 'Splendor', Stavros and Isaac in 'America America'. In the television documentary directed, co-written and presented by Scorsese that's included here, he explains with utmost tenderness how, on seeing 'East of Eden' as a 12-year-old boy, he identified with Cal as an underappreciated younger brother desperate to please his father – and how as a result he started to cast Kazan "in the role of a father".

(Frightened of his father and made to feel that he was a disappointment, Kazan too had identified with John Steinbeck's original Cal.)

The Kazan films that Scorsese has omitted from the set are his second, 'The Sea of Grass' (1947), an anonymous Tracy-Hepburn ranching melodrama on which he was constrained by MGM, and his last three: 'The Arrangement' (1969), based on a semi-autobiographical bestseller about commercial compromise; 'The Visitors' (1972), a minimalistic post-Vietnam War revenge drama shot in 16mm; and 'The Last Tycoon' (1976), which suffered from Harold Pinter's incomplete Fitzgerald adaptation and Kazan's apparent lack of appetite for fighting producer Sam Spiegel over key creative decisions. The key absence may be 'The Visitors', which explores the personal cost of assigning guilt rather less self-servingly than did 'On the Waterfront', made two years after Kazan had named eight former fellow communists from his Group Theater days before the House of Un-American Activities Committee in 1952. His momentous decision to do so, which he considered the lesser of two evils, scarcely detracts from his power as an artist. Scorsese, for one, believes it turned him from a 'director' into a 'filmmaker'.

NEW RELEASES

A Bay of Blood

Mario Bava; Italy 1971; Arrow Video/Region 0; Certificate 18; 81 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1 anamorphic; Features: commentary, 'Joe Dante Remembers Twitch of the Death Nerve', 'Shooting a Spaghetti Splat Classic', 'The Giallo Gems of Dardano Sacchetti', trailers, radio spots

Film: It's probably a coincidence that Mario Bava's *giallo* splatter classic had a UK reissue within days of Masters of Cinema's revival of *La signora di tutti* (see page 89), but the brief presence of Isa Miranda adds an intriguing real-life pendant to Max Ophüls's study of the trajectory of 20th-century fame, as glossy 1930s/40s glamour segued into 1960s/70s blood-drenched exploitation. But this is one of the genre's defining entries, a tortuously convoluted multiple murder(er) mystery in which an old woman's inheritance leads to a spate of killings, some victims directly involved, others unfortunate passers (or swimmers)-by. Released in the US under the far superior title *Twitch of the Death Nerve* (apparently at Bava's own suggestion), it became the direct ancestor of the 1970s slasher outbreak, though few American filmmakers matched Bava's visual brio.

Disc: It's hard to imagine a more definitive edition. Two cuts of the film are included, but the Italian-language print is only fractionally longer, visually inferior and just as obviously post-synched as the English version, which has had all previous BBFC cuts waived. Several Bava fans and colleagues pay homage, starting with *S&S* contributor Tim Lucas's encyclopedic commentary and continuing through Joe Dante's affectionate reminiscence, Edgar Wright's analysis of two of the trailers, and interviews with assistant cameraman Gianlorenzo Battaglia and prolific *giallo*/horror screenwriter Dardano Sacchetti. The Blu-ray edition was not supplied for review. (MB) (MFB 556)



Franz Kafka's A Country Doctor

A nervous-breakdown masterpiece, a spooky panic-attack of a film with a Ralph Steadman-like wickedness

La ciénaga

Lucrecia Martel; Argentina 2001; ICA Films/Region 2; Certificate 12; 103 minutes; Aspect Ratio 16:9

Film: Dripping with sweat and torpor, Lucrecia Martel's atmospheric debut drama has more than a touch of Southern gothic, as the wine-soused adults of a decaying Argentine family let their teenage children run wild on a remote estate. The subtly rendered themes of Martel's later work appear more broadly here, in the plight of the estate's Amerindian servants, and the covert, incestuous alliances that surround self-pitying matriarch Mecha. Despite the film's metaphor overkill – a stagnant swimming pool and shaky ladder loom large, and thunder rumbles ominously – Martel's style is already flutteringly deft and light, building unsettling tensions throughout with the oblique shooting style that would mature into the elegant ambiguity of *The Headless Woman* (2008). Where Antonioni

echoes through that piece, here Martel's sprawling, fractious provincial gentry are channelling Chekhov, without the chuckles.

Disc: A more than passable transfer, presented without extras. (KS)

Deep Red

Dario Argento; Italy 1975; Arrow Video/Region 0; Certificate 18; 121/100 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1 anamorphic; Features: Claudio Simonetti introduction, commentary, trailers, 'From Celluloid to Shop', 'Lady in Red', 'Music to Murder For!', 'Rosso Recollections'

Film: The major transitional work in Dario Argento's career, still notionally a *giallo* thriller but with a marked tendency towards the surreal and supernatural that signposted the emergence of *Suspiria* and *Inferno* by the decade's end. On one level, it's a Hitchcockian tease that compiles a number of virtuoso suspense set pieces, but on the other it's a logical successor to the previous Italian-made David Hemmings vehicle, Antonioni's *Blow-up*, in that Argento's extraordinary command of screen space is used constantly to goad his audience into questioning their own perception of events. A second viewing reveals that a climactic flashback doesn't lie: the face of an ostensibly mysterious killer is clearly visible immediately after the murder for those who know where to look.

Disc: This jam-packed edition kicks off with two excellent transfers of the Italian and European cuts (the first in Italian, both in English, optional subtitles where necessary and previous BBFC cuts waived). Four featurettes (totalling over an hour) showcase interviews with Argento, co-star Daria Nicolodi and composer Claudio Simonetti, and profile Luigi Cozzi's

Roman horror memorabilia shop Profondo Rosso. The commentary by Danish director Thomas Rostock is worth a listen but tends to describe what is already obvious. The Blu-ray edition was not supplied for review. (MB) (MFB 610)

Franz Kafka's A Country Doctor & Other Fantastic Films by Koji Yamamura

Yamamura Koji; Japan 1987-2007; Zeitgeist/Kimstim/Region 1 NTSC; 124 minutes total; Aspect Ratio 16:9/4:3; Features: essay

Films: In a sheeny anime world of style homogeneity and apocalyptic hyperbole, there are quite naturally Japanese animators exploring other palettes and radical strategies, and of these arguably the most arresting is Yamamura Koji, for whom an animated film experience is an occasion for nerve-racking expressionism, hand-drawn manic seizures and perspectival nightmares.

In the two decades of work represented here, Yamamura comes off as savagely surrealist and childlike in turn; his techniques and attitudes run the gauntlet and defy categorisation. The disc is aptly titled, because *Franz Kafka's A Country Doctor* (2007), Yamamura's longest work at 21 minutes, is a nervous-breakdown masterpiece, an intensely spooky panic-attack of a film that has a Ralph Steadman-like wickedness to its lines but a wholly distinct visual character. Kafka's schizoid little tale is realised perfectly, down to the shuddering snowstorm, the haunted horses, the maggotty wound and the externalised sense of madness, with Yamamura applying layers of suggestive imagery, from raw pencil to foreground 3D objects, all of it moving at a speed and jittery texture that's truly alarming. The other films, though consistently inventive, are warm-ups that sometimes veer towards Norman McLaren cuteness. The best are the Oscar-nominated *Mt. Head* (2002); *The Old Crocodile* (2005), which apes the primitive drawings of the tale's author Léopold Chauveau; the beguiling *Kipling Jr.* (1995), which is animated, strangely, from photographed images of clay figures; and *Perspektivenbox* (1989), a flat-out explosion of multimedia surrealist esprit. Yamamura is a wonder who will, one hopes, follow the eye-glue pathway suggested by his Kafka adaptation and make a feature already.

Discs: Sparkling transfers of very restless movies, with only an essay by Canadian J-film blogger Chris MaGee, who clarifies Yamamura's new place in the animation canon by mentioning the filmmaker's devotion to the work of Yuri Norstein and Pritt Parn. (MA)

Hammer & Tongs

The Hammer & Tongs Collection

Garth Jennings & Nick Goldsmith; UK 1998-2000; Optimum Home Entertainment/Region 2; Certificate TBC; 129 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: ▶



Swamp woman: 'La ciénaga'

NEW RELEASES

audio commentaries by directors and Graham Coxon, Vampire Weekend, Jarvis Cocker, Fatboy Slim, Gaz Coombes, Badly Drawn Boy, Adam Buxton, Par Wiksten, Róisín Murphy and Mark 'E' Everett

A Town Called Panic

Stéphane Aubier & Vincent Patar;
Belgium/Luxembourg/France 2009;
Optimum Home Entertainment/
Region 2; Certificate PG; 74 minutes;
Aspect Ratio 1.78:1

Films: Along with *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (2005) and *Son of Rambow* (2007), Garth Jennings and Nick Goldsmith (aka Hammer & Tongs) have made quirky and engagingly original videos, initially for Britpop's finest, which form the bulk of this collection. What's novel are the endearingly candid phone chats with the musicians that make up the audio commentaries: "We rang up the artists because we don't really watch our work, and we don't talk about it." Thus we learn that Blur chose them because they weren't "arty buggers" and that Moloko's Róisín Murphy still doesn't love 'The Flipside'.

The 20-plus videos amply demonstrate the pair's enviable range and ingenuity, from the speeded-up larkabout of Vampire Weekend's 'A-Punk' to the technically astonishing nest of mini-narratives crammed into a single 20-second wide shot in REM's 'Imitation of Life'. Their greatest hits

are filled with visual wit, notably the wandering milk carton of Blur's 'Coffee & TV', and the much copied amoeba-to-modern-man Darwinian parade of Fatboy Slim's 'Right Here, Right Now', but Badly Drawn Boy's 'Spitting in the Wind' wrings a weird poignancy from Joan Collins's heartbroken diva. A hefty packet of home movies gives a good insight into the work behind the video-making, though the inclusion of only three early animated shorts by Jennings (including the manic *Toast the Cat*) gives this retrospective a slightly lopsided feel.

Hammer & Tong's taste for the loveably low-fi is also evident in their UK backing of *A Town Called Panic*, a timely and beautifully crafted stop-motion riposte to the current wave of shiny 3D animated spectacles. Belgian animators Stéphane Aubier and Vincent Patar's hit TV series has expanded into a deliriously zany kinetic fantasy starring Cowboy and Indian, two bumbling plastic figurines whose attempts to build a birthday barbecue for their long-suffering housemate Horse catapult all three of them into a series of slapstick adventures that span the globe – via a succession of gloriously intricate papier-mâché sets peppered with sly visual jokes. Endlessly inventive, the film fizzles with a manic busyness that nods at the filmmakers' admitted love of silent comedy as the hapless trio battle



Canadian beauty: Guy Maddin's 'Careful'

a giant robot penguin and a family of devious underwater mutants. Moderating its somewhat shrill, episodic feel, however, is a plethora of surreal touches, ranging from hordes of kamikaze cows to a hesitant equine love affair. Shooting in widescreen gives it a lushly cinematic look, though its amiably anarchic narrative doesn't make an equally seamless big-screen transition. **Discs:** Hammer & Tongs' back catalogue scrubs up very nicely, and sports a hilarious interactive menu, practically a short in its own right. *A Town Called Panic* receives an almost edible transfer, full of densely saturated colours. While the snippets of interview with Aubier and Patar are informative about their earlier work and the influence on them of Tati, Keaton and Aardman, one wonders what happened to *La Fabrique de Panique*, the full-works 'making of' that was a highlight of the Region 1 release. (KS)

I Am a Camera

Henry Cornelius; UK 1955; Park Circus/
Region 2; Certificate 12; 100 minutes;
Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: trailer,
photo gallery

Film: Earlier in his career, the South African-born Cornelius made two well-observed and justly celebrated comedies, *Passport to Pimlico* (1949) and *Genevieve* (1953), and also produced some of the best Ealing films. It's surprising then that he makes such a mess of this drama based on Christopher Isherwood's Berlin stories – there's little here of the verve found in *Cabaret*, Bob Fosse's later musical foray into the same territory.

Laurence Harvey plays Isherwood, who is first seen as a successful and self-satisfied writer in post-war London. When he attends a launch party for a book by a certain Sally Bowles, the mention of her name provokes a flashback to early 1930s Germany, where he first met her. The portrayal of Berlin is resolutely unconvincing; try as he might, Cornelius can't capture the decadence of the city or the sense of anxiety about the rise of the Nazis, managing instead to make it seem like suburban London. (Isherwood's digs

are strangely reminiscent of the East Cheam dwelling of Tony Hancock.) The cheeriness is disconcerting too. Julie Harris, who had already played Sally Bowles on stage, is a likeable but strangely wholesome presence to find in the Berlin demi-monde – she's no Dietrich. Meanwhile Harvey's Isherwood is smug and supercilious, his conceit of looking at other characters as though through a lens making him seem all the more aloof. **Disc:** Minimal extras but a perfectly serviceable transfer. (GM) (MFB 262)

The Quintessential Guy Maddin

Archangel/Careful/Twilight of the Ice Nymphs/Dracula: Pages from a Virgin's Diary/Cowards Bend the Knee

Guy Maddin; Canada 1990/1992/1997/2003/2004; 90/100/91/73/60 minutes;
Zeitgeist/Region 1 NTSC; Aspect Ratio 4:3/1.85:1; Features: multiple audio commentaries, behind-the-scenes footage, production artwork, radio interviews, TV news reports, set design documentary, personal-collection photographs, 'blueprints' from 'lost' Maddin feature, short films

Films: There may be no greater romance nowadays for the hardcore cinephile – the moviehead for whom cinema-ness is not merely a cultural obsession but a way of seeing life – than with the corpus of Guy Maddin, Winnipeg's almighty retro-meta-ironist and smoke-and-mirrors reinventor of the movies' melodramatic soul. You can't quite 'get' a Maddin film without being devoted to the medium's history and craziness and transformative power – the passion must come first. When it does, Maddin's films are blessings, as *Sight & Sound* readers probably know well, and this collected DVD set is an opportunity for full Maddin immersion. One can hope that Zeitgeist may come out with a 'Quintessential, Too' box including *Tales from the Gimli Hospital*, *Brand upon the Brain!*, *My Winnipeg* and another half dozen of Maddin's 20-odd other shorts. But for now you can submerge into the lost-talkie Soviet daydream of *Archangel*, the Francophile-Alpine papier-mâché Walser-world of *Careful*, the Pixie-stick

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netherlands of *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs*, the gothic ballet camp of *Dracula: Pages from a Virgin's Diary* and the twisted autobio silent-psycho-drama of *Cowards Bend the Knee*.

Fans need no persuading; for others, merely understand that Maddin's films – pulpily grave yet hilariously deadpan, intensely emotional yet absurd, comprised of little more than shadow and cardboard yet vividly visual, incestuously and farcically spliced with antique film modes and yet unmistakable as the contemporary work of one man – are *sui generis*, but they are movies at their movie-est.

Discs: New and optimum transfers abound but it's the aggregation of supplements that makes the set must-have. All nearly-seven-hours of the commentaries (led by Maddin but including droll compatriots like screenwriter George Toles and producer Greg Klymkiw) are acidic and hilarious, the methodological material from Maddin's eccentric production process is fascinating, the shorts named above are justly famous (and foot for foot the match of any filmmaking happening in the western hemisphere), and the four 'Love-Chaunt Workbooks' – silent sketch-edits for a film Maddin never made – are as plaintive in their fragmented way as the mythical-memoir trilogy that began with *Cowards*. (MA)

Man Hunt

Fritz Lang; US 1941; Optimum/Region 2; Certificate PG; 106 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: trailer

Film: Fritz Lang's rip-roaring anti-Nazi thriller is in a similar vein to Alfred Hitchcock's *Foreign Correspondent* (released one year earlier). The screenplay, written by Dudley Nichols from Geoffrey Household's novel *Rogue Male*, combines the kind of escapist narrative you find in John Buchan yarns with an unflinching look at Nazi brutality.

This double edge is apparent right from the outset. Shortly before the war, Walter Pidgeon's big-game hunter Alan Thorndike turns up in the undergrowth outside Hitler's mountain retreat in Berchtesgaden, ready to shoot at the Führer. When captured, he claims that he never intended to pull the trigger, and that he was there just for the thrill of the chase. Nevertheless, he's brutally tortured by Hitler's henchmen on the orders of Gestapo officer Quive-Smith (a monocle-wearing George Sanders in purring villain mode), who wants Thorndike to confess that his attempt on Hitler's life was backed by the British government. The rest of the film is one long manhunt as Thorndike escapes back to Britain and is pursued by the Nazis every step of the way.

Lang brings style and ingenuity to predictable genre fare: the scenes of Thorndike being chased through the shadowy docks and London streets rekindle memories of the hunting down of Peter Lorre's child killer in Lang's earlier masterpiece *M* (1931). Joan Bennett's cockney accent is wildly

A night's tale

At long last, says Tom Charity, Charles Laughton's sinister Southern tale gets the DVD release it richly deserves

The Night of the Hunter

Charles Laughton; US 1955; Criterion Region 1 DVD/Region A Blu-ray; 93 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.66:1; Features: audio commentary, outtakes and behind-the-scenes footage, documentary, booklet, interview with Laughton's biographer Simon Callow, 'Moving Pictures' feature, 'Ed Sullivan Show' clip, interview with cinematographer Stanley Cortez, sketch gallery, theatrical trailer, video conversation between archivist Robert Gitt and critic Leonard Maltin

For years, this beguilingly sinister and heartfelt Southern gothic – the most singular in Hollywood history – was only available in a barebones MGM DVD in the wrong aspect ratio (it's 1.66:1). Criterion has put that right, and then some.

Although it's long since accrued the halo of a classic around these parts, it's worth remembering that in its day – 1955 – 'The Night of the Hunter' was seen as something of a stray dog. It was scary – except when it was laughable – and in his first film as director Charles Laughton lacked discipline. 'Variety', while allowing that the movie was "rich in promise", nevertheless suggested it might have been better served by "straight storytelling without the embellishments". 'Time' found it "garish, unbelievable, but fairly exciting", while 'The New Yorker' decided it was "alternately really artistic and dismally arty, with the latter... alas predominating". In Britain the reviews were if anything worse: "Confused and far from pleasant" ('Kinematograph Weekly'); "A horrible yarn... repulsive" ('Daily Mirror'); "A failure" ('The Times').

Trust François Truffaut to see it more clearly, even if he complained about "failures of style": "It's like a horrifying news item retold by small children," he said. "The film runs counter to the rules



Let us prey: Robert Mitchum in 'The Night of the Hunter'

of commercialism; it will probably be Laughton's single experience as a director. It's a pity... Laughton isn't afraid to knock over a few red lights and some traffic cops in his unusual film. It makes us fall in love again with an experimental cinema that truly experiments."

Neither the critics nor the public cared for the sight of Robert Mitchum's crazed preacher chasing after two young children – he knows they know where their dead daddy hid a stash of stolen money – and slaying their mother to get ahead of them. A morality tale that was also about the evils of sexual repression, the story was probably too near the knuckle for its time, though Davis Grubb's rich, Faulknerian novel was a bestseller. But it was Laughton's decision to resurrect the antiquated styles of silent cinema that truly bewildered his contemporaries – even Truffaut, who

didn't like to see Griffith's sentiment slammed up against Germanic expressionism so brusquely.

The Criterion edition almost goes overboard with its copious attention to the film's production – but then it was an extraordinary shoot in so many ways. There's an audio commentary (featuring second unit director Terry Sanders, critic F.X. Feeney, archivist Robert Gitt and author Preston Neal Jones), a 37-minute documentary featuring producer Paul Gregory, author Jeffrey Couchman and many of the above; an interview with Laughton biographer Simon Callow; a 15-minute piece from the BBC's 'Moving Pictures'; a 13-minute interview with cinematographer Stanley Cortez for French TV; a clip in which Shelley Winters and Peter Graves act out a scene from the story (not in the film) for 'The Ed Sullivan Show'; and a gallery of sketches Davis Grubb sent to Laughton.

A second disc is given over entirely to 'Charles Laughton Directs The Night of the Hunter', a two-hour-plus compilation of outtakes prepared by Robert Gitt for the UCLA film archive that has screened occasionally at festivals over the past decade. Gitt in effect recreates the film through Laughton's rejected takes, a rare privilege, not least because Laughton thought nothing of giving his actors line readings even as the cameras rolled. It's as if we're on the set with Mitchum et al.

Truffaut was right: Laughton never directed another film. But there's a great irony here, as Simon Callow perplexedly acknowledges: almost no one under the age of 35 now knows Laughton as an actor. Yet this terrifying, innocent film remains a touchstone. It's one for the ages.



Charles Laughton directs Robert Mitchum and Peter Graves

BE STILL, FUSTERS AND DESIGNS (3)

Under the influence

Tim Lucas is finally won over by Guillermo del Toro's remarkable debut 'Cronos' – hand-me-down horrors and all

Cronos

Guillermo del Toro; Mexico 1993; Criterion/Region 1; 92 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.78:1; Features: optional Spanish voiceover introduction, audio commentaries by del Toro and his producers, video interviews with five principals, a video tour of del Toro's 'Bleak House' offices, US trailer, stills gallery, 'Geometria' (1987 horror short by del Toro with video interview), 42-page booklet containing essay by Maitland McDonagh and excerpts from del Toro's notes for the film

The greatest challenge facing any critic writing about the films of Guillermo del Toro is that, since he began recording audio commentaries for his work, the Mexican director has established himself as his own most thoughtful, insightful and exhaustive critic. He is somehow able to look at his creations with both passion and objectivity, and even when he's speaking in English (his second language) his vocabulary is expansive and precise, casually gathering words such as 'homeopathic' and 'totemic' even in a conversational tense, while always maintaining a sense of humour and warm approachability. His wit and intelligence also combine to coin useful new English terms such as 'eye protein' – that more nutritious complement to Hollywood's contemporary main course, 'eye candy'. And yet the most generous yield of his self-awareness may be the sense of perspective he brings to his self-criticism, which is perhaps more useful when applied to his directorial debut 'Cronos' than to any of his other films.

'Cronos' is the story of an ageing antiquarian, Jesús Gris (Federico Luppi), devoted to his orphaned granddaughter Aurora (Tamara Shanath), who discovers inside an ancient statue's base an object like a Fabergé egg which attaches painfully to his hand and – unbeknown to him – fuels him with the juice of the immortal slug-like insect living inside it. He uses it blindly, not having access to the user's manual designed by its creator, the 16th-century alchemist Fulcanelli; this is in the hands of a dying millionaire (Claudio Brook of 'Simon of the Desert') whose American gangster nephew Angel de la Guardia (future Hellboy Ron Perlman) is ordered to retrieve it from Gris, who has been rejuvenated at the cost of a new appetite for human blood. Though made with a mature grasp of craftsmanship, and possessed of beautiful cinematography and strong performances, 'Cronos' is very much a young man's film, which is both its fault and its charm. The character names are



Toy story: Tamara Shanath and Federico Luppi in 'Cronos'

too baldly symbolic, and there is not enough bitter in the sweetness of the relationship between the young girl and her grandfather; but when we see Aurora convert her toy chest into a day bed for her vampiric abuelo, and the lid closes on the image of this monster cuddling with two smiling toy companions, there's no mistaking that we're in the presence of an important new voice in filmmaking.

Seeing 'Cronos' again for the first time since discovering del Toro in the mid-1990s, I couldn't help but see it not as the highly original work most commonly lauded, but as a remarkable repository of influences. Anyone well schooled in genre cinema should be able to look at 'Cronos' and see the ghost image of the Lament Configuration puzzle box from Clive Barker's 'Hellraiser' superimposed over the Cronos device, or discern various biological and biomechanical horrors culled from any number of David Cronenberg films, or identify – by content or emotional resonance alone – parallels to scenes in Paul Morrissey's 'Blood for Dracula' (the pathetic vampire lapping blood from the floor), Terence Fisher's 'Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed' (the thought-to-be-dead man reaching out to a widow who can't recognise him), or even Orson Welles' 'The Stranger' (the climax set high above the street in front of a giant clock face). It employs as a character the alchemist Fulcanelli, also central to the mythos of Dario Argento's 'Inferno' and Michele Soavi's Argento-produced 'The Church'. There is something in the critical

Del Toro rationally states that because 'Cronos' was his first film, it is 'a kind of exploded view of my brain'

mind (at least mine) that notes such accumulations of second-hand material as laziness, convenience and unoriginality, no matter how brilliantly assimilated they may be. And yet del Toro disarmed my reservations at once when, in one of his on-camera interviews in this deluxe Criterion offering, he rationally states that because 'Cronos' was his first film, it is "a kind of exploded view of my brain". In the interview, he then proceeds to guide us on a delightful 10-minute tour of Bleak House, the curiosity museum 'man cave' housing his lifetime of collecting – an even truer exploded view of his brain. The parsimonious critic has no recourse but to look at the film again, not as derivative, but as an immense summoning of love for the maestri of his chosen genre. It would take a harder heart than mine to recognise Aurora's concealment of the Cronos device inside her teddy bear as a reference to 'The Night of the Hunter' and claim that it doesn't sweeten the storytelling.

The definitive audio commentaries included in Criterion's single-disc set (available in SD and Blu-ray) have been ported over from Lionsgate's 10th anniversary DVD of 2004, but many new extras are also included and the feature presentation, a new and meticulously cleaned HD transfer from the original camera negative, is magnificent. Roughly 45 minutes of informative video interviews with del Toro, his gifted cinematographer Guillermo Navarro and actors Perlman and Luppi are included, along with a choice example of del Toro juvenilia, 'Geometria'. Loosely based on Frederic Brown's story 'Zero in Geometry', it's an anecdotal story staged with Italian horror trimmings, and quite grisly – but most notable for its sense of whimsy, with the young del Toro himself dubbing all the characters in Italian. The stills gallery, courtesy of del Toro, is so thorough about every facet of production that he proves his own best archaeologist as well.

askew but she's affecting as the street girl who takes pity on the hunted man. **Disc:** Regrettably there are no extras beyond the trailer. This is one of Lang's most underrated films and it's a pity that Optimum hasn't been able to provide any notes or contextual material. (GM)

Middletown

Peter Davis et al; US 1982; Icarus/Region 1 NTSC; 457 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: booklet

Films: *Hearts & Minds* director Peter Davis began this Public Broadcasting mega-project a few years after his 'Nam documentary's Oscar, and six years later ended up with an epic portrait of America's 'middle' municipality – Muncie, Indiana – an average small city smack in the centre of the country that happened to be designated as prototypical in 1929, when sociologists Robert and Helen Lynd published the book *Middletown: A Study in Contemporary American Culture*. The 1970s being what they were, it wouldn't be odd to assume that Davis came to town sceptical of the idyllic fabulousness of Middle American life, or that out of everything he and his team of filmmakers (including doc vet Richard Leacock) filmed they ended up emphasising the dramatic and the socially piquant simply because it was interesting. But whatever the reason, *Middletown* ends up being a dire vision, in which generational tension, economic struggle and endemic dissatisfaction ("Shit-town, that's what it is," grumbles one industrial-development-plagued homeowner) boil relentlessly under the town's every friendly surface. Seven independent sections train in on everything from a mayoral campaign to a crucial high-school basketball game, weddings, family life, churchgoing, small-business work and teenage issues, and the approach is standard, interviewing occasionally but mostly just hanging back and observing in the classic 'direct cinema' tradition.

The accumulative negative thrust caught *Middletown* a measure of criticism at the time; one powerful section, 'Seventeen', was effectively censored by the PBS for its frank portrait of adolescent rebelliousness and was released as a standalone film to theatres.

Today, free from the demanding pretension of being somehow representative of an entire national culture and depicting rather just a specific time and place, the films are compelling and eloquent, and do in fact reveal great skeins of character in the American psyche, many of which perplex us to this day. (Much of American reactionary politics stands as an effort to return to the perfect temperate Middle America that Muncie was supposed to be but clearly wasn't.) In his accompanying essay, Davis discusses how much "wanting" he sees in *Middletown* now, and he's right – every layer of society is caught in a state of anxious, frustrated desire, which itself is as astute a cultural

diagnosis as any film has ever made, even if it wasn't intentional.

Discs: *Middletown* is the sort of project that's been waiting for the DVD format; it is its own supplements, and the individual, thematically focused sections can be watched in any order. Roughly shot film perfectly presented. (MA)

Pinter's Progress & The Homecoming

Philip Saville/Peter Hall; US/UK 2009/1973; Fremantle/Region 0; Certificate 12; 256 minutes total; Aspect Ratio 16:9 anamorphic; Features: interviews, stills and poster galleries, article reprints

Films: Although clearly intended as a tribute to the late Nobel laureate, what's most striking about this pairing of Peter Hall's film adaptation of Pinter's most important mid-1960s play and his former colleague Philip Saville's posthumous documentary about his early years is how effectively it rehabilitates the reputation of the playwright's first wife Vivien Merchant by providing ample evidence to support the contention that she was his primary muse throughout his first creative decade. She's riveting in *The Homecoming* in the role she created, as the only woman in a house otherwise packed with testosterone in the form of her husband's family. Hall doesn't bother disguising the piece's stage origins, and opening it out would arguably have done it a disservice by diluting the almost intolerably oppressive atmosphere of a reluctant family gathering, where single words (or well-timed pauses) cut like a Stanley knife in a darkened alley.

Disc: An excellent transfer from a well-preserved print: the desaturated colours seem true to the source. Substantial illustrated interviews with Peter Hall, cinematographer David Watkin, executive producer Otto Plaschkes (who also discusses Pinter's directorial debut *Butley*), an onstage introduction by film programmer Richard Peña at the film's 2002 revival, a stills gallery and reprints of various articles by and about Pinter round off an impressive package. (MFB 505) (MB)

Shed Your Tears and Walk Away

Jez Lewis; UK 2009; Drakes Avenue/Region 2; Certificate 15; 88 minutes; Aspect Ratio 16:9; Features: Nick Broomfield and Jez Lewis interview

Film: Jez Lewis's patient and probing film sees him returning to Hebden Bridge in Yorkshire, where he grew up, and reconnecting with childhood friends. What he finds is a town whose youngsters seem to have given up on life. The toll is dismaying: some have committed suicide, others are drug addicts and alcoholics. Lewis's old pal Cass – someone Lewis remembers as charismatic and athletic – now spends his days swigging Special Brew; he's been told he's two years away from death. So what's gone wrong?

Certain theories are advanced by interviewees. Incomers have 'colonised' the community, buying up the houses



La signora di tutti The charting of film star Gaby Doriot's rise and fall anticipates the similarly flashback-driven 'Citizen Kane' by nearly a decade

that locals can no longer afford and taking control of school committees. Cass talks about an abusive stepfather. Others, too, have been let down by their parents' generation. They're a forlorn and lost bunch, but also personable and articulate – though their deadpan Yorkshire humour can't disguise their desperate plight.

Lewis is the one who escaped – it's a familiar enough story. Indeed at times *Shed Your Tears* brings to mind Fellini's *I vitelloni* (1953), with its account of youngsters trapped in a hometown where they have no opportunities and from which few ever manage to escape.

Disc: The sole extra is an interview between Lewis and his executive producer Nick Broomfield, whom he credits with persuading him to make this film. Initially, Lewis considered the idea "too much of a can of worms"; even when he started filming he thought he was making a 15-minute journalistic piece, but gradually the project snowballed. (GM)

La signora di tutti

Max Ophuls; Italy 1934; Eureka/Masters of Cinema/Region 0; Certificate PG; 86 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: Tag Gallagher video essay 'So Alone...' (30 minutes), 44-page booklet including essay by Luc Moullet

Film: Watching Ophuls's second masterpiece (after *Liebelei*) some 76 years on, what's most startling is how modern it seems. It's an Italian production with synchronised sound, whose camera movements have a fluidity that defies the technology of the time, and whose charting of film star

Gaby Doriot's rise and fall anticipates the similarly flashback-driven *Citizen Kane* by nearly a decade. Isa Miranda's star-making turn as 'everybody's lady' is the first great female role in Ophuls's output, a blonde bombshell in a universe of cigar-chomping males she happily uses as stepping stones until the inevitable emotional fallout catches up with her.

Disc: This package looks skimpy on paper but quality trumps quantity, starting with what may be the best transfer of a 1930s European feature yet seen on DVD. Even the inescapably low-fi soundtrack is a model of clarity, and the subtitles are optional.

Tag Gallagher's superb 'video essay'



Pipe show: Jacques Tati as Monsieur Hulot

highlights the limitations of the audio commentary format by offering close, graphically augmented analysis of individual scenes (sometimes alongside similar clips from other Ophuls films) as well as a wealth of background detail, not least the parallels between Gaby's fictional career and Isa Miranda's subsequent relationship with real-life Svengali Angelo Rizzoli. The 44-page booklet offers a lengthy essay by Luc Moullet, a reminiscence by Miranda about Ophuls's sometimes cruel methods, and a dossier of shorter oral recollections. (MFB 584) (MB)

Films by Jacques Tati

Les Vacances de M. Hulot

France 1953/1978; BFI DVD/Region B Blu-ray/Region 2 DVD; Certificate U; 88 minutes (restored 1978 re-edit), 95 minutes (1953 original release version); Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: dual-format edition with both versions of the feature on both discs, trailer, Richard Lester interview, essay and biographical notes by Philip Kemp

Playtime

France 1967; BFI DVD/Region B Blu-ray/Region 2 DVD; Certificate U; 124 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1; Features: dual-format edition, trailer, short making-of and biographical documentaries, commentary by Philip Kemp, audio highlights from Tati's onstage interview at the NFT in 1968, essays by David Furnham and Kevin Brownlow

Films: At first glance, these two very different titles would seem to represent the twin poles of Jacques Tati's achievement as performer and filmmaker. In 1953 *Les Vacances de M. Hulot* introduced the world to his signature turn, the gangling, accident-prone pipe-smoker whose irrepressible curiosity unleashes unwitting chaos. Grounded in fleet footwork and a bouncy angled-forward walk, Tati's performance obviously draws on his skills as a music-hall mime, and suddenly early 1950s Brittany doesn't seem so far away from the world of the great Hollywood silent clowns, as the gags keep coming. Still, the film's rhythm of set-up and payoff can seem rather short-termed when set beside the controlled unfolding of events in 1967's *Playtime*, the *folie de grandeur* that bankrupted Tati, cost him his career and has long been regarded as his masterpiece. Shooting in 70mm

widescreen and creating a clinically elegant modern city of steel and glass on huge sets, Tati here makes the Hulot figure just one element in the overall fresco, pitting human foibles against the pre-packaged brave new world of contemporary design. With its radical storytelling, which favours ensemble interaction over linear narrative, its big themes and mastery of cinematic resources, Tati's directorial achievement here amply rewards multiple viewings.

Oddly, however, watching at home in these museum-quality

NEW RELEASES

presentations somehow affects one's experience of the films themselves, bringing their thematic consistency to light. Seen in the theatre with an audience, the laughter makes them more about communal recognition, yet in a domestic context the films' underlying bleakness strangely becomes more evident. The hotel lounge and beach activity in *Les Vacances* may be on a smaller scale but, just like the tourists shunted around the cityscapes of *Playtime*, the film's characters are trapped in the social rituals of leisure and entertainment yet find only fleeting moments of human connection. Hulot himself is a kindly soul but his seems a life of romantic disappointments, missed connections and solitude masked by bustling activity. Instead of seeming like twin poles of Tati's artistry, both films now appear a fundamental reflection of the actor-director's own habitual status as distanced observer, amused by humanity's peccadilloes yet forever a man apart. Are we having fun yet?

Discs: Anyone still unconvinced of the merits of Blu-ray should do an A/B comparison with the *Playtime* discs of the BFI's handsome new dual-format editions: the higher resolution captures every glint on the sheeny surfaces, while neon signs pop vividly out of the steely grey palette, and the extra detail on view allows us to pick up everything right to the back of Tati's densely populated frames. The standard definition disc, by comparison, lacks the same life and precision. With both films, the useful background extras are split across the formats. (TJ)

Also released

Black Orpheus

Marcel Camus; Brazil 1959; Criterion/Region 1 DVD; 107 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: optional English-dubbed soundtrack, archival interviews with Marcel Camus and actress Marpessa Dawn, 'Looking for Black Orpheus' documentary, booklet with essay by 'S&S' contributor Michael Atkinson

Shogun Assassin

Robert Houston; Japan/US 1980; Eureka/Region 2 DVD/Region B Blu-ray; Certificate 18; 85 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1; Features: video appreciation by Samuel L. Jackson, two commentary tracks, original theatrical trailers

The Thin Red Line

Andrew Marton; US 1964; Optimum/Region 2; Certificate 15; 95 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1

This month's DVD releases reviewed by Sergio Angelini, Michael Atkinson, Michael Brooke, Trevor Johnston, Geoffrey Macnab and Kate Stables

Reviews in Monthly Film Bulletin and Sight & Sound are cited in parentheses

TELEVISION

A Dance to the Music of Time

Top Table Productions/Channel 4; UK 1997; Acorn Media/Region 2; 413 minutes; Certificate 15; Aspect Ratio 14:9 anamorphic

Programme: Adapting Anthony Powell's 12-volume roman à clef *A Dance to the Music of Time* for television with any degree of fidelity was always going to be a bit of a poisoned chalice for anyone prepared to take up the challenge. On top of its vast panoply of characters and gargantuan length (a million words, give or take) comes the sheer structural difficulty of maintaining viewer interest without dispensing with the author's reliance on coincidence and chance as an organising principle within a standard episodic format. Dennis Potter was the first to make the attempt, with an ambitious plan for a series of a dozen 90-minute plays; sadly this went unrealised following his epic spat with the BBC in the late 1970s.

Eventually, after another failed attempt, this time by Ken Taylor, it was producer-director Alvin Rakoff and playwright Hugh Whitmore who got a version on to the screen, but with considerable sacrifices made along the way to accommodate Channel 4's paltry allocation of eight hours (including adverts). What emerges from this process of condensation is a palimpsest of the original, one cruelly denuded of its Proustian aspirations, as literally signalled by the opening in which Nicholas Jenkins (dashing James Purefoy), Powell's authorial proxy, goes to his girlfriend's house, where she greets him at the door completely undressed. For the following 100 minutes, as he recounts ironic anecdotes about his family and friends, she (a roseate Claire Skinner) listens quietly, patiently, naked and yet, emotionally, unexposed and unmoved.

The serial is similarly lovely to look at but also detached and disconnected, hurtling forwards at such speed that the succession of comic characters and dramatic incidents (political assassination, suicide, necrophilia, hot and cold wars) barely have a chance to register, let alone leave an impression. Watching this presentation is like the televisual equivalent of being asked to lie back and think of England – a passionless encounter in a vast chamber full of fascinatingly ornate bric-a-brac that's always just out of reach. The overall lack of involvement with the characters and their fates isn't helped by having some of the parts played by actors of different ages as the story progresses – Jenkins for instance is portrayed by three actors, most notably John Standing in the closing instalment – while others become increasingly unrecognisable under unconvincing sheaths of latex.

What ultimately elevates the proceedings is Simon Russell Beale's portrayal of the pompous, ridiculous, tragic and utterly unforgettable Kenneth Widmerpool. From our first



A Dance to the Music of Time As tragic Kenneth Widmerpool, Simon Russell Beale emerges as the glue that holds the piece together

encounter in his late teens, huffing and puffing across a Cambridge field, to his pantheistic farewell nearly five decades later, Beale's is an utterly entrancing performance. As one of the only actors to play his role convincingly all the way through, he emerges as the glue that holds the piece together as we wait to share the latest of his increasingly perverse humiliations. **Discs:** The anamorphic transfer and two-channel stereo are well up to par. (SA)

Ellery Queen

Fairmont-Foxcroft/Universal/NBC; US 1975-76; Madman Video/Region 4; 1,300 minutes; Certificate PG; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: 'Don't Look Behind You' TV movie, William Link interview, 'Too Many Suspects' feature-length pilot, booklet

Programme: In 1929, two cousins from New York, Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee, created 'Ellery Queen', a mystery novelist who helps his NYPD inspector father to solve crimes (the cousins also used the Ellery Queen name as their joint pseudonym).

Often prizing ingenuity above all things, Dannay and Lee's complexly plotted novels provide formalist experiments of dazzling inventiveness: their second book has a 30-page summing-up, with the killer's name reserved for the last two words of the story; their final effort, published 40 years later, uses the killer's name only twice in the entire text. Their protagonist went on to become a genuine multimedia star, featuring in

movies, comic strips, radio shows and several television series. By the time Jim Hutton came to the role in 1975, he was the tenth onscreen incarnation of the character, a little softer around the edges than previous versions and less of a towering intellectual snob.

Riding high after their back-to-back successes with *Mannix* and *Columbo*, writer-producers Richard Levinson and William Link crafted a highly entertaining, subtly postmodern valentine to the 1940s heyday of the softboiled detective, even retaining Dannay and Lee's 'Challenge to the Reader' in which Ellery breaks the fourth wall to see if audiences have guessed whodunit yet. The plots are always clever and the cast of Hollywood venerables, including Ida Lupino, Dana Andrews, Joan Collins, Ray Milland and Vincent Price (as the harried director of an 'Ellery Queen' movie), provide great nostalgia value, while David Wayne routinely steals the show as the acidic inspector.

Discs: The episodes are uncut (the 'Match Wits with Ellery Queen' pre-credit teasers remain) and images are sharp and colourful. Extras include an affectionate if occasionally unreliable onscreen memoir by Link, and the feature-length 'Don't Look Behind You', an earlier attempt by Levinson and Link to adapt a Queen novel from which they removed their names (using their 'Ted Leighton' pseudonym instead) after it was rewritten to accommodate the hilarious miscasting of Peter Lawford as the intellectual super-sleuth. (SA)

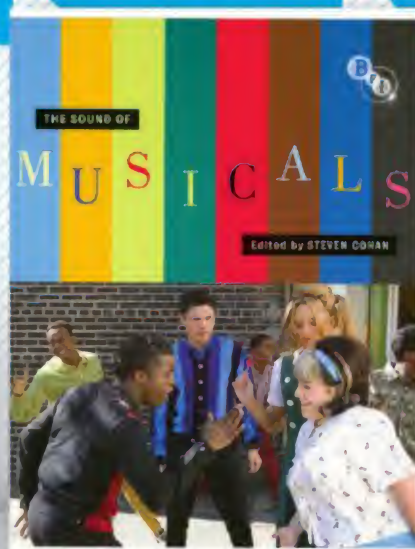
Read



Shadows of Progress: Documentary Film in Post-War Britain

Edited by Patrick Russell and James Piers Taylor, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 448pp, paperback, £19.99, ISBN 9781844573219

The received wisdom is that British documentary went into decline after the war, resurrected only by Free Cinema and the arrival of TV documentary. *Shadows of Progress* demolishes these assumptions, presenting instead a complex picture of the sponsored documentary in flux. The book explores the reasons for the period's critical neglect, and addresses the production, distribution and key themes of British documentary. It also provides career biographies of key filmmakers of the period, from Lindsay Anderson to neglected figures such as John Krish, Sarah Erulkar and Eric Marquis. www.palgrave.com/bfi



The Sound of Musicals

By Steven Cohan, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 232pp, paperback, £9.99, ISBN 9781844573462

From the ever popular classic *The Sound of Music* to the recent rise of *High School Musical* and the television series *Glee*, everyone has a favourite. This new, richly illustrated publication explores the key issues, traditions, stars and films of one of the public's most loved film genres. Featuring 16 original essays by leading international scholars, this illuminating collection addresses the complex history and global variety of the movie musical, and considers the delight and passionate engagement that musicals continue to inspire in audiences around the world. www.palgrave.com/bfi



Shoah

By Sue Vice, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 100pp, paperback, £9.99, ISBN 9781844573257

In this insightful study, Sue Vice explores *Shoah* both as cinema and as an example of Holocaust representation. In addition, the author follows director Claude Lanzmann's declaration that "*Shoah* is a fight against generalities" in emphasising the importance of the detail in both dialogue and filmic technique. Vice uses close readings of some of the film's interviews to explore the background to the film, the difficulties in its financing and production, and the long process of editing that led to Lanzmann's realisation that "the subject of my film is death itself – death and not survival." www.palgrave.com/bfi



Mad Men: Dream Come True TV

Edited by Gary R. Edgerton, I.B. Tauris, 304pp, paperback, £12.99, ISBN 9781848853799

Don and Betty Draper live in a picture-perfect world. He is a hard-living advertising executive – a "mad man" – on the fast track. She's a Bryn Mawr graduate and former fashion model, now a suburban princess, mother of three children. If they've got everything, why are they so unhappy? Why is their dream come true not enough? This book explores, analyses and celebrates the world of *Mad Men* in all its aspects, and includes an interview with its executive producer, Scott Hornbacher, and an episode guide. www.ibtauris.com

BOOK OF THE MONTH

The world of Ray

Philip Kemp *welcomes two contrasting studies of the great Indian director Satyajit Ray*

The Apu Trilogy: Satyajit Ray and the Making of an Epic

By Andrew Robinson, I.B. Tauris, 224pp, £12.99, ISBN 9781848855168

Cinema, Emergence and the Films of Satyajit Ray

By Keya Ganguly, University of California Press, 274pp, £16.95, ISBN 9780520262171

In 1980 the Indian actress turned MP Nargis Dutt, star of the 1957 Bollywood classic 'Mother India', launched an attack in parliament on Satyajit Ray, accusing him of distorting the image of India and damaging the country's reputation. She repeated her attack in a magazine interview, claiming that Ray portrayed "a region of West Bengal which is so poor that it does not represent India's poverty in its true form", and pandered to foreigners who "want to see India in an abject condition". Ray, she added, should be showing "Modern India", by which she apparently meant "dams".

The inanity of Dutt's comments – apart from anything else, she seems not to have noticed that 'Pathar Panchali' (1955), the film she chiefly had in mind, is set in the 1910s – was predictably mocked by Ray's supporters. (Ray himself, with his usual dignity, didn't trouble to respond.) But her remarks, though ludicrous, are indicative of a strangely persistent trend in discussions of Ray's work, whether by his supporters or his critics: that although he made nearly 30 features (plus a batch of documentaries), many of them of exceptional sophistication and complexity, attention always seems to focus on the very outset of his career, when he was still finding his way as a filmmaker – on the Apu trilogy, and on 'Pathar Panchali' in particular. It's an odd perspective, as though we should always view Kurosawa's work through the prism of 'Judo Saga', or Renoir through 'La Fille de l'eau'.

Both Andrew Robinson and Keya Ganguly cite the Nargis Dutt interview, Robinson in his final chapter on 'The Trilogy and Ray today', and Ganguly at the outset of her book. Robinson has written more extensively on Ray than any other English-language writer, and his new book is an expansion and elaboration of the chapters on the trilogy in his definitive study of Ray's work and career, 'Satyajit Ray: The Inner Eye'. Ganguly casts her net wider, and writes with a more specific aim: to consider Ray's films "in terms of the avant-garde".

The story of the making of the trilogy has often been told, not least by Ray himself: how a young man with a deep



Modernist or traditionalist?: with no filmmaking training, Ray found his own style

love of cinema but no filmmaking training whatever – aided by a group of equally inexperienced friends, and with such exiguous funding that they had to haul the rented equipment to their locations on public transport – succeeded against all the odds in making a film that forever changed the international image of Indian cinema, and then followed it up with two sequels of equal stature; how Ray drew from his actors – most of them non-professionals, few of whom had appeared before a movie camera before – performances of astonishing naturalism and truth.

Robinson tells the tale with warmth, lucidity and a wealth of detail. He quotes an illuminating letter Ray wrote in 1950 to his friend Bansi Chandragupta (who would become his lifelong art director), enthusing over De Sica's 'Bicycle Thieves' before adding: "If your theme is strong and simple, then you can include a hundred little apparently irrelevant details which, instead of obscuring

He contrasts the subtlety of the trilogy with the 'crass' Slumdog Millionaire

the theme, only help to intensify it by contrast, and in addition create the illusion of reality better." This, in a nutshell, is the method behind the Apu trilogy, and indeed all Ray's work. In his final chapter, Robinson contrasts the compassionate subtlety of the trilogy with Danny Boyle's "crass and exploitative" 'Slumdog Millionaire', a film that "reveals luridly in the desperate slum poverty of Bombay".

Keya Ganguly has a rather different agenda. Singling out six of Ray's films for particular attention – 'Ghare Baire' (1984), 'Charulata' (1964), 'Devi' (1960), 'Jalsaghar' (1958), 'Mahanagar' (1963) and the concluding film of the trilogy, 'Apar Sansar' (1958) – she sets out to establish Ray's credentials as a modernist and a member of the cinematic avant garde. It's an unconventional view – most critics would probably consider Ray a traditionalist in terms of cinematic technique; but she argues her case well, if sometimes in overly academic language, presenting several facets of his work in a convincing new light. Both she and Andrew Robinson succeed in doing what all good critical writing about cinema should do: they make us want to go back and watch the films again, with new eyes.

FURTHER READING

100 Animated Feature Films

By Andrew Osmond, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 246pp, £20, ISBN 9781844573400

The year (or so) of *Avatar* and *The Illusionist*, two films that ballyhoo the art of the new and mourn the old, seems a good moment to wrap hard covers around a survey of the animated feature. *SSS* contributor Andrew Osmond's upsized contribution to the BFI Screen Guides series intersperses full-colour pics with briefly essayed A-Y recommendations – ending on *Yellow Submarine*. "The animated feature film is one of the most unruly changelings in cinema," Osmond writes in his introduction, sketching a history of its escape from the confines of Disney and children's-cartoon associations to a form that can encompass anime sci-fi, Czech puppet surrealism, cel-animated studies of Israeli war guilt (*Waltz with Bashir*) and one-woman computer mash-ups of 1930s blues, modern romance and the *Ramayana* (*Sita Sings the Blues*, 2008).

Features, of course, are far from the whole of animation (so there's no Chuck Jones, Tex Avery or Brothers Quay, while the Russians are represented only by Ivan Ivanov-Vano's two versions of *Ivan and His Magic Pony*). I wanted Osmond to elaborate on his by-the-by insinuation that the animated feature form "may have been stunted by the world's most powerful studios – Disney, Pixar, Ghibli, DreamWorks."

The list itself is deliberately Western populist. Half the titles are from the USA, including 15 Disneys and six Pixars, and nearly another quarter from Japan, the focus being on "films that the Anglophone viewer can see fairly easily with a multiregion DVD player". A few choices feel forced (he doesn't seem much to like *Up*). You can feel him enjoying the expanded contextual histories introducing the less familiar films (from 1917's lost Argentinian *El Apóstol*, likely the first animated feature, to the Norwegian Ivo Caprino's 1975 *Pinchcliffe Grand Prix*).

Osmond's good on making connections between his entries, and particularly sharp on gender readings, be it the "essentialism" of *Wall-E* or the "looking-glass recursion" of *Beauty and the Beast* (1991). And he's generous enough to recommend deeper tomes, though you don't have to agree that "this book is a skewed and partial appreciation of the medium" – just a usefully indicative one.

✦ Nick Bradshaw



Essentialist: 'Wall-E'

Goodbye Cinema, Hello Cinephilia: Film Culture in Transition

By Jonathan Rosenbaum,
University of Chicago Press, 376pp, £16,
ISBN 9780226726656

When he bowed out as film critic on the *Chicago Reader* in 2008, Jonathan Rosenbaum gave a valedictory interview on the paper's website in which he said that there was a great advantage to retirement: he would have more time to watch films. Many jaded members of his profession, you suspect, would find something deeply perverse about such tireless enthusiasm. But for Rosenbaum cinephilia is more than just an appetite or a passion, it is an attitude to the world. His latest collection emerges from an intelligence that is profoundly committed to watching films, and reflecting on them, in an intensely engaged way – and I mean 'engaged' in its true political sense.

The central premise of Rosenbaum's book, stated in the title essay, is that, at a time when modes of film viewing are changing so drastically, one could easily be pessimistic about the future of film culture; and yet, Rosenbaum contends, there is every reason to be positive, even utopian. With the increased availability of long-inaccessible titles on DVD and online, a new cinephilia has evolved. The explosion of online discussion means that film can be debated more widely and immediately, and new communities formed – not least political ones, as in the vigorous culture of dissident documentary that emerged during the Bush years. In place of the old model of cinema as movies projected on screens, Rosenbaum



Eclectic cinephilia: Jia Zhangke's *The World* is usefully compared to Tati's *Playtime*

proposes a larger picture of cinephilia, seen "less as a specialized interest than as a certain kind of necessity – an activity making possible things that would otherwise be impossible".

Culled from various sources – print, online, academic papers – and ranging from the early 1970s to his very recent writing, this new collection displays Rosenbaum's passions for exegesis, advocacy and, indeed, the cataloguing of cinema's rare birds. Included are espousals of several filmmakers overlooked by canonical film history – among them Eduardo de Gregorio, Sara Driver and the veteran Catalan experimentalist Pere Portabella. Another is an exemplary outsider, French critic and filmmaker Luc

Moulet, whose defiantly artisanal comedies and crypto-documentaries prompt Rosenbaum to make his most passionate declaration, a manifesto-like 'Invocation' inveighing against "our enslavement to production values".

The theme of a new cinephilia, active and critical, runs through the collection, including the closing piece on Thom Andersen's *Los Angeles Plays Itself* (2003), a documentary essay in which the activities of film watching, filmmaking and criticism converge almost perfectly. Key words throughout the book are "intelligence" (a quality Rosenbaum defends where it is often ignored, in Charlie Chaplin and Marilyn Monroe) and "community" – which especially comes into play in an inspired

comparison of Jacques Tati's *Playtime* (1967) and Jia Zhangke's *The World* (2004) as depictions of monumental dystopias. Key pieces include a 'trailer' written in 1997 for Godard's *Histoire(s) du cinéma*, then still a work in progress; here Rosenbaum provides an insightful introduction to a project that proposed a new visual grammar for thinking about cinema, history and the world. The several explicitly political pieces include 'Bushwhacked Cinema', about American cinema and oppositional voices in the Dubya era, and 'What Dope Does to Movies', an entertaining and provocative account of how 1960s drug consumption, and the communities it spawned, redefined cinema – for better or worse – as an "art of the present tense".

Rosenbaum's obsessiveness and the habit of writing long online pieces mean that he isn't always inclined to cut to the chase: no one honestly needs to know in which order he came to watch Pedro Costa's films, at which festivals, and which titles he was sent on VHS. But occasional prolixity and pedantry come with the package. This very diverse collection doesn't quite have the cohesion of his earlier *Movies as Politics* (1997), but it consistently shows a generous and restlessly questioning intellect at work. You could say of Rosenbaum's writing what he says of Godard's methodology in *Histoire(s)*: "It's a way of saying that cinema is concerned with the world, not with an alternative to it, and that cinema belongs to the world, including us."

♦♦ Jonathan Romney

The Faber Book of French Cinema

By Charles Drazin, Faber and Faber, 446pp,
£25, ISBN 9780571218493

Writing a single volume on the whole history of French cinema is no small task. The author needs to assert his own voice while avoiding partiality, and to give sufficient detail without turning the book into a catalogue. Charles Drazin's *The Faber Book of French Cinema* is more successful at the latter than the former. It's a fluently written survey, from the Lumière brothers to *A Prophet*, taking in the inescapable milestones en route: the pioneers, the 1920s avant garde, the 1930s 'golden age', the German occupation, the New Wave.

Right from the attractive cover featuring Anna Karina in *Vivre sa vie* (1962) and the opening anecdote of the young Drazin's discovery of Eric Rohmer, the book nails its colours to the mast of art cinema. As part of the 'Faber Book of...' series, it aims at a non-specialist audience, but this shouldn't prevent a widening of the horizon, so it's disappointing to see, yet again, the vast range of French popular genres and stars marginalised.

It's a shame, because when a non-canonical director like Julien Duvivier is discussed, Drazin offers an enlightening



Iconic: Anna Karina in Jean-Luc Godard's *'Vivre sa vie'*

comparison between his *Poil de carotte* (1932) and Truffaut's *The 400 Blows* (1959). Yet it's revealing that Jean-Pierre Melville's early films *Le Silence de la mer* (1948), *Les Enfants terribles* (1949) and *Bob le flambeur* (1956) – made when the director was a struggling young auteur – are extensively discussed, while his hugely popular films of the 1960s are barely examined. Of course Drazin is not the first to take Truffaut's polemic against mainstream French cinema at face value, nor the first to repeat tenacious myths such as the

catastrophic reception of Renoir's *La Règle du jeu* in 1939 (which is now challenged by French historians). "When the legend becomes fact, print the legend!" as a character in a rather different film once put it.

From the start Drazin rightly argues that French cinema should be better known outside France. He is right, too, that Anglophone critics seeking novelty and difference (from Hollywood) tend to pigeonhole French cinema in the quirky auteur corner, and ignore French genre cinema. But this leads him to a (to my

mind) excessive focus on Anglo-American views of French cinema rather than an examination of the films in their French context. Thus Duvivier's *Pépé le Moko* (1937) is discussed in relation to its American remake *Algiers*, Brigitte Bardot is seen mostly in terms of the US promotion of her films, and much space is devoted to the views of *The New York Times*' Bosley Crowther – all unwittingly reinforcing the Anglo-American bias.

This is an engaging and capable account of classic French art cinema, and as such will be a useful introduction. But this emphasis also means that recent decades are reduced to a handful of films and auteurs, leaving exciting recent French developments unexamined – to name but four: the rise of women directors, who directed 20 per cent of French features in 2009, a higher proportion than anywhere else in the world; the remarkable development of romantic comedy; the emergence of actors of North African origins in mainstream roles; and the internationalisation of French cinema with the likes of Michael Haneke and Hou Hsiao-Hsien. Sometimes fact is more exciting than legend. ♦♦ Ginette Vincendeau

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The classics

Does Ryan Gilbey, author of a BFI Modern Classic on *Groundhog Day*, really think the term "classic" is meaningless (Letters, S&S, January)? By using it to describe a film as recent as *The Social Network* (Reviews, S&S, November), I was well aware that decorum was being breached, but didn't want to use the weasel qualifier 'instant', still less 'modern' or 'American' – and the high valuation holds for me after a second viewing.

Obviously there is some kind of statute of limitations in effect before a film gets to be a classic; but what is it, exactly? How many times do we need to see it before we make the call, or assent to someone else's?

Henry K. Miller
By email

Proper Charlie

Following Ryan Gilbey's complaint about clichéd reviewing having no place in a magazine of record such as *Sight & Sound* (Letters, S&S, January), I wondered what it was that Michael Atkinson could possibly have swallowed to write as he does about the DVD *Chaplin at Keystone* (DVDs, S&S, January).

The blind assertion that "Chaplin is in the DNA of virtually every line of high and low culture that exists on the globe" is such obvious and nonsensical claptrap that Mr Atkinson doesn't do himself (or Chaplin) any favours. Mr Atkinson then continues: "The history that Chaplin helped make and helped make permanent [I don't follow this distinction] should be as crucial to us as the thrill of the present-day blockbuster – which will in turn become a captured yesterday sooner or later." Unfortunately this overblown phrasing – particularly the idea that the thrill of the blockbuster is crucial to us – is totally wrong-headed and presumptuous.

While by no means denigrating Chaplin, may I respectfully suggest that a more measured style, omitting uncomfortable words like 'epochal' and citing evidence, would do much

The only way is up:
'Citizen Kane'



LETTER OF THE MONTH

One last job

I was interested in Nick James's citation of Richard Fleischer's almost forgotten 1971 thriller *The Last Run* as an antecedent of Anton Corbijn's new film *The American* ('Shadow of a Gunman', S&S, December). Fleischer's underrated movie seems to me to belong to a sub-species of the gangster film in which a sympathetic veteran criminal tries – and ultimately fails tragically – to put everything right with one last ingenious but desperate throw of the dice. Perhaps the greatest exemplar of this sub-genre was Jacques Becker's *Touchez pas au grisbi* (1954); Brian De Palma's *Carlito's Way* (1993) provides a more recent example.

However, it seems to me that Corbijn's *The American* also contains echoes from a slightly earlier and perhaps even less remembered Hollywood crime film than *The Last Run*. S. Lee Pogostin's *Hard Contract* (1969), starring James Coburn, is the story, set in Brussels and Spain, of a professional assassin who – like Clooney's Jack/Edward in *The American* (right) – has been given a last, unwanted assignment, and who (also like Jack) wants to break out from his (literally) soul-destroying lifestyle. Coburn's killer also shares with Jack the American a taste for prostitutes.



Hard Contract is not such a good film as *The American*, but it does have its moments, not least one in which Lee Remick asks Coburn whether he believes in God and – when Coburn lobs the question back to her – replies: "Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't." This memorable exchange might be compared to the small-town Italian priest Father Benedetto's address to Jack about hell, with its Marlovian "why this is hell, nor am I out of it" subtext.

Other filmic influences on *The American* abound, one of the

most striking being the 1946 Robert Siodmak/Anthony Veiller expansion for the screen of Hemingway's short story 'The Killers', in which the protagonist-victim – the Swede Ole Andersen, played by the young Burt Lancaster in his screen debut – is, like Clooney's Jack, seeking peace and anonymity in a small town – with the difference that Jack's pursuers are Swedes, whereas in *The Killers* it is a Swede who is the pursuit victim.

John Owston
Southall, Middlesex

more for the accuracy of the review, while giving a better idea of its subject.

Kevin J. Last
Haslemere, Surrey

Viva la resistance

Creating a canon – the subject of your editorial (S&S, January) – is an expression of critical thought. It is negative if the canon hardens into an arrogant assumption of infallibility, but positive when it continues to grow and change. After all, the major tool of criticism is comparison, which allows us to evaluate. Criticism, in relation to film reviews, will never be an exact science, but surely it is reasonable to expect a reviewer in a journal such as *Sight & Sound* to give us the basics?

Anton Bitel, in his review of *Skyline* (S&S, January), does not do this. Apart from the special effects, this movie is a total mess. The reviewer clearly had access to much information about the making of the

film, but it seems to have clouded his judgement.

He sums up the characters by stating that the writers "may sketch their characters with minimal nuance but" – as if this helps – "they [the writers] show plenty of genre savvy." In fact there are no characters to speak of. Instead there are actors about whom we learn virtually nothing (for example all we learn about the concierge

is that he is a concierge), and none of whom we care about.

According to Bitel, the filmmakers propel "their horrifically bleak vision to its bitter end", but there is no end in terms of dramatic shape, and the "horrific vision" is simply a mishmash of bits and pieces from the *Alien* and *Matrix* movies, to name but the obvious. The film itself simply stops dead without any kind of resolution in sight.

According to Bitel, this film "dazzles viewers into sitting back and enjoying the amazing light show" – is he writing for *Hello!* magazine? – "possibly at the expense of their own brains. Resistance is futile." Really? I always thought that it was the job of the critic to resist crap, or at the very least to acknowledge a guilty pleasure but warn others of basic faults.

Brian McAvera
Downpatrick, Northern Ireland

Leave Welles alone

David Thomson ('The Mark of Kane', S&S, January) belongs to a group of people (which includes Simon Callow, Pauline Kael and others) dedicated to promoting the idea that Orson Welles was a 'flash in the pan' director who peaked with *Citizen Kane* and then mostly created unfinished mediocre work that was a product of his 'troubled' personality.

On the other hand, there is a group of people (which includes director Peter Bogdanovich, critics Jonathan Rosenbaum and Joseph McBride, and

of course myself) that find Welles' work fascinating in all its forms and decades, from his radio and theatre work in the 1930s to his groundbreaking cinematic work from *Kane* to *F for Fake*.

In his piece Thomson offers no evidence for 'toppling' *Citizen Kane* other than the fact that he thinks it's been at the top for too long. In Thomson-esque fashion, he writes a lot without saying much. What is evident from his article is that his vendetta against Orson Welles (even more perverse because it's disguised as admiration) has not stopped, and will not stop until *Kane* is stripped of its title as the best film of all time.

Whatever your opinion of Orson Welles and *Citizen Kane*, the poll is there as a serious, authoritative survey of critical opinion on what we call the canon. David Thomson can vote like everyone else in 2012. Why try and persuade voters to pursue a strategic vote policy? If we can't vote with our hearts for things like films, what's left?

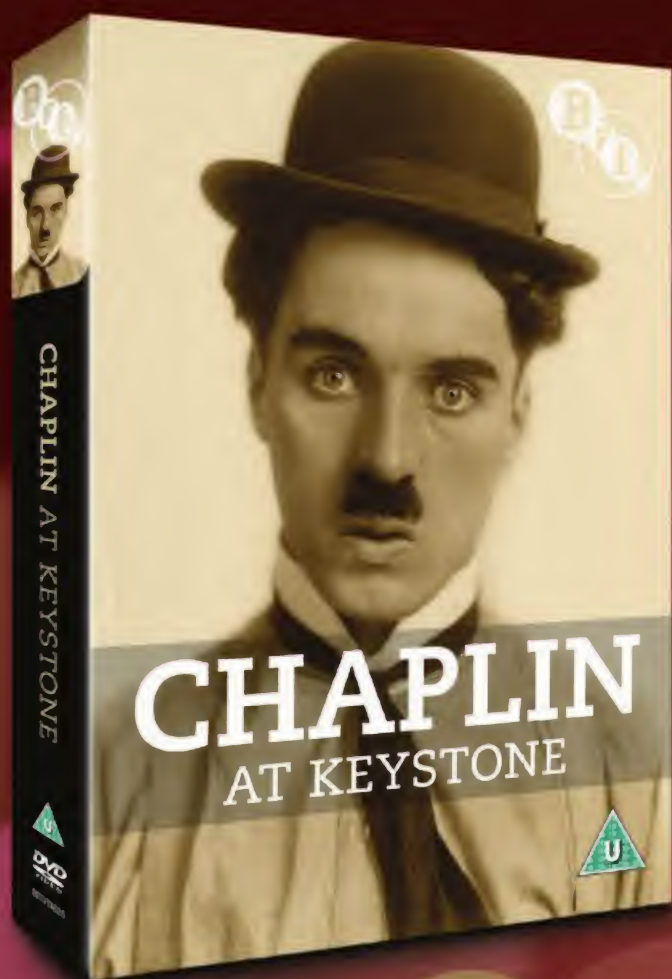
Jon Barrenechea
By email

Additions & corrections

January 2011 p.65 *Easier with Practice* Cert 15, room 8s, 9,012 ft +0 frames; p.69 *In Our Name* Cert 18, 92m 49s, 8,353 ft +8 frames; p.70 *Loose Cannons* Cert 12A, 112m 49s, 10,153 ft +8 frames; p.72 *Love Life* Cert 15, 112m 59s, 10,168 ft +8 frames; p.78 *On Tour* Cert 15, 111m 28s, 10,032 ft +0 frames; p.79 *Outcast* Cert 18, 97m 39s, 8,789 ft +4 frames; p.87 *The Thorn in the Heart* Cert PG, 86m 1s, 7,741 ft +8 frames
December 2010 p.64 UK title should be: *The Girl Who Kicked the Hornets' Nest*

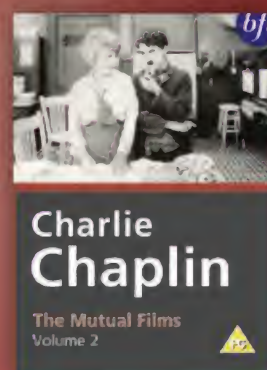
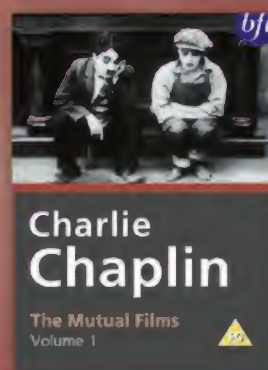
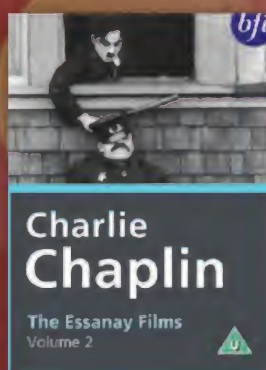
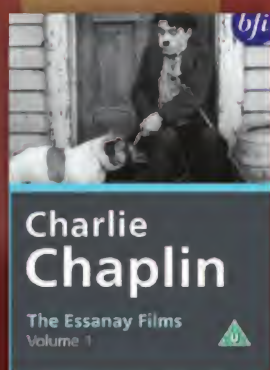
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